

PHOTOPLAY

OCTOBER

25 CEN



**WHY MALE STARS
MARRY PLAIN GIRLS**

**JOAN
CRAWFORD**

**BEGINNING A THRILLING
MURDER MYSTERY -**

PP 6-7 41R 27-E 2Y
GILBERT J TUCKER
1841 W 70TH ST
LOS ANGELES CALIF

1725-1798
CASANOVA

Chevalier de Seingalt
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
LOVER



Take a tip from **CASANOVA**

HE left a trail of broken hearts from Warsaw to Naples and from Constantinople to Paris, this swashbuckling, diplomatic, engaging soldier of fortune known to history as Casanova. Women high and women low, women brilliant and women dull, all found him fascinating . . . And not the least of his charms was his astonishing fastidiousness. Centuries before halitosis was a household word, he realized that unpleasant breath was a fault that could not be forgiven even in him. Consequently, before he awooing went, it was his habit to chew the leaves of certain fragrant herbs

that would quickly render his breath sweet and agreeable.

If halitosis (bad breath) were an uncommon condition, few would be concerned about it. Unfortunately, however, it is an ever-present threat. Everyone is likely to have it at some time or other for this reason: even in normal mouths fermentation of tiny food particles constantly goes on. Unpleasant odors are released *without the victim knowing it.*

Don't take a chance

Since it is impossible to know when this condition is present, the wise course is to take sensible precautions

against it. The quick, wholly delightful method is to use Listerine as a mouth rinse before any engagement at which you wish to appear your best. Because it is antiseptic, Listerine instantly halts fermentation. Then it overcomes the odors fermentation causes. The breath—indeed the entire mouth—becomes cleaner, purer and sweeter.

Keep a bottle of this delightful mouth wash handy at all times. It is your assurance that you will not offend others needlessly; that you will be welcome.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine puts your breath beyond offense

QUICKLY CHECKS HALITOSIS

THE YEAR'S OUTSTANDING ROMANTIC COMEDY!

It happened in Mexico when two fugitive young lovers went over the border and then found out that they couldn't get back! You'll roar with laughter at the fast-moving series of amusing difficulties that almost wrecked their motor trailer and their constantly interrupted romance!



HARRY M. GOETZ presents

an Edward Small production

**BARBARA
STANWYCK**

in

RED SALUTE

with

ROBERT YOUNG

HARDIE ALBRIGHT • RUTH DONNELLY
CLIFF EDWARDS • GORDON JONES

PAUL STANTON

A Reliance Picture

Directed by
SIDNEY LANFIELD

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

Greta **GARBO**
Fredric **MARCH**



"ALL THAT I KNOW... I KNOW BY LOVE ALONE"

The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love", it said, "and love is all." Heart answered heart. With eyes open to what she was leaving forever behind her, she went where love called...to dark despair or unimaginable bliss. It is a drama of deep, human emotions, of man and woman gripped by circumstance, moved by forces bigger than they—a great drama, portrayed by players of genius and produced with the



fidelity, insight and skill which made "David Copperfield" an unforgettable experience.

**F R E D D I E
BARTHOLÓMEW**

(You remember him as "David Copperfield")

with MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
MAY ROBSON · BASIL RATHBONE

CLARENCE BROWN'S
Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture . . . Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

WHO'S CALLED "THE FRETTERING FROG" AND WHY?

She's one of the most glamorous girls on the screen but you will never understand her until you read this amusing story on her written by her most recent director.

WHY VIRGINIA BRUCE WON'T MARRY FOR FIVE YEARS

She has more escorts than any girl in Hollywood, yet this beautiful young divorcee says she won't marry now and tells why.

THE SONGS THAT MAKE STARS AND HOW THOSE SONGS ARE CREATED

If you've ever wanted to break into the song writing game (and who hasn't?) read the trials and tribulations of the big boys who write the Hollywood hits.

WHAT MATTERS MOST IN LIFE?

Dolores Del Rio, Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell, Gene Raymond each choose a different ideal.

Why does beautiful Merla Smith scream three times as she runs from the shadowy house? You'll have to read the second installment of "Face Down" by Charles J. Kenny, the finest mystery ever written about Hollywood, to get the answer.

These are just a few of the many features that will be in the November Photoplay on sale October 5th.

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PHOTOPLAY

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VOL. XLVIII NO. 5

OCTOBER, 1935

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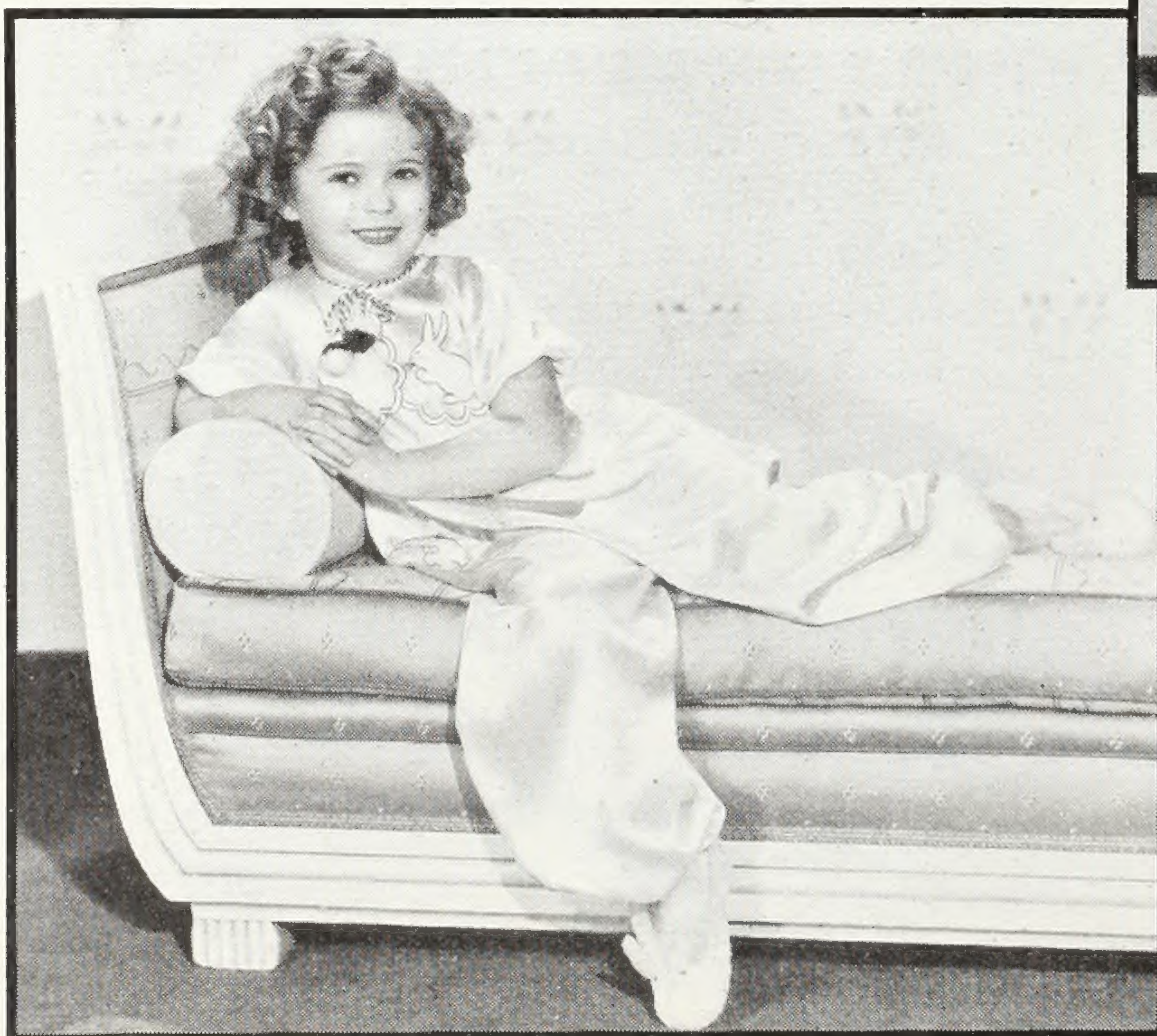


"Curly Top" Sets the Fashion for Little Girls

Madam, will you walk with me, in your little crêpe frock and velvet capelet with perky hat to match



Buttercup yellow crêpe forms a background for Shirley's daisies in "Curly Top," Fox. How does the garden grow?



Bunnies peep from under Shirley's pajama sleeve, her pocket; white plush twin bunnies, her boots. Styles by René Hubert

THE GRANDEST ROMANCE EVER BORN FROM THE FIRE-DIPPED PEN OF DUMAS!

Reckless sons of the flashing blade ride and fight for love again! This month a real thrill comes to the screens of the world as RKO-RADIO gives you one of its finest pictures.

The THREE MUSKETEERS

WALTER ABEL, dashing young Broadway stage star as D'Artagnan, gay and audacious, as Dumas must have dreamed him! Beloved PAUL LUKAS as Athos, MARGOT GRAHAME, who soared to dramatic heights in the year's most praised picture, "The Informer", plays the alluring Milady de Winter together with a superb cast including Heather Angel, Ian Keith, Moroni Olsen, Onslow Stevens, Rosamond Pinchot, John Qualen, Ralph Forbes and Nigel de Brulier as Richelieu. Cast to perfection! Produced with a lavish hand by Cliff Reid. Superbly directed by Rowland V. Lee. Don't miss The Musketeers! Fencing Arrangements by Fred Cavens

RKO-RADIO PICTURES YOU WILL WANT TO SEE!

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "TOP HAT."
Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin . . . Katharine Hepburn as Booth Tarkington's most loved heroine "Alice Adams" . . . The superb screen play from Mazo de la Roche's prize novel "Jalna" . . . Lionel Barrymore in David Belasco's greatest stage success "The Return of Peter Grimm" and Merian C. Cooper's spectacle drama "The Last Days of Pompeii"



Letters

Don't say it, write it! You can only tell a few people what you think of one or several pictures. You reach thousands in "Letters"



Hollywood's beauty on parade—Jean Harlow, more fetching than ever, and alluring Marlene Dietrich, leave the Trocadero. Like posies?



Left, the brunette and the blonde of it. Dolores Del Rio and Virginia Bruce are always pairing off, and they make a most beautiful contrast

CHEERS FOR LUISE

I SHOULD like to be among the first to throw my hat in the air and give a few lusty cheers for the new Viennese importation, Luise Rainer, who made such an auspicious beginning of her Hollywood career in "Escapade."

With the notable exceptions of Garbo and Dietrich, none of the foreign movie actresses has made a very startling success in spite of the avalanche of publicity with which they were launched.

Miss Rainer's case, I believe, will be very different.

I can only hope that the movie moguls will refrain from bleaching her hair, plucking her eyebrows, and damning her with the twin epithets "exotic" and "glamorous." She distinctly has something to offer, being a remarkably clever and finished actress with an odd sort of beauty all her own.

J. S. H., Washington, D. C.

AND TECHNICOLOR

HURRAY for Technicolor! We have always appreciated the black and white films, but deep in our hearts we have been dreaming of the day we should see our favorites as they really are. Then, too, what an advantage Technicolor is to the stars. It could never be hoped for them to display their true beauty in the drab, colorless films.

MARIA LUPASZEWSKA, San Francisco, Cal.

TO MR. McLAGLEN

"THE Informer"—the best picture of this or any other year. Direction and photography were top-notch, and as a reward, Victor McLaglen deserves more rôles as great as his *Gypo Nolan*. An art in itself, it is a splendid example of the movie of tomorrow. Please give us more dramatic punches like "The Informer."

A. M. M., Bremerton, Wash.

VICTOR McLAGLEN'S acting in "The Informer" was very fine.

GLADYS PEET CARPENTER, St. Paul, Minn.

NOT SINCE VALENTINO

NOT since Valentino have I seen any performance like Charles Boyer's in "Break of Hearts." Katharine Hepburn, John Beal, and Jean Hersholt too were splendid.

Charles Boyer, Leslie Howard, and Valentino have put a rare and very much needed something into the cinema—something indefinable because it eludes words, but which is very much akin to soul. In my own mind there is only Boyer—strange, composite blend of fire and music, cool logic, delightful whimsy, arrogance and gentleness, half-sophisticate and half-pagan—who deserves to be ranked with the incomparable and never-forgettable Valentino.

EVELYN PIERCE, Champaign, Illinois
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 11]

"PAGE MISS GLORY"

...and you'll find magical Marion Davies in her first picture for Warner Bros.—her finest for anybody!



Look who's Marion's new screen sweetheart... Yessir, it's Dick Powell! And when he sings to Marion he does things to her—and you!

SHE'S back, boys and girls! Back with that glamorous gleam in her eye... that laughing lilt in her voice... that merry, magical something that makes her the favorite of millions.

Of course you read the headlines a few months ago about Marion Davies' new producing alliance with Warner Bros., famous makers of "G-Men," and other great hits. Well, 'Page Miss Glory' is the first result of that union—and it's everything you'd expect from such a thrilling combination of screen talent!

It's from the stage hit that made Broadway's White Way gay—a delirious story of Hollywood's 'Composite Beauty' who rose from a chambermaid to a national institution overnight...

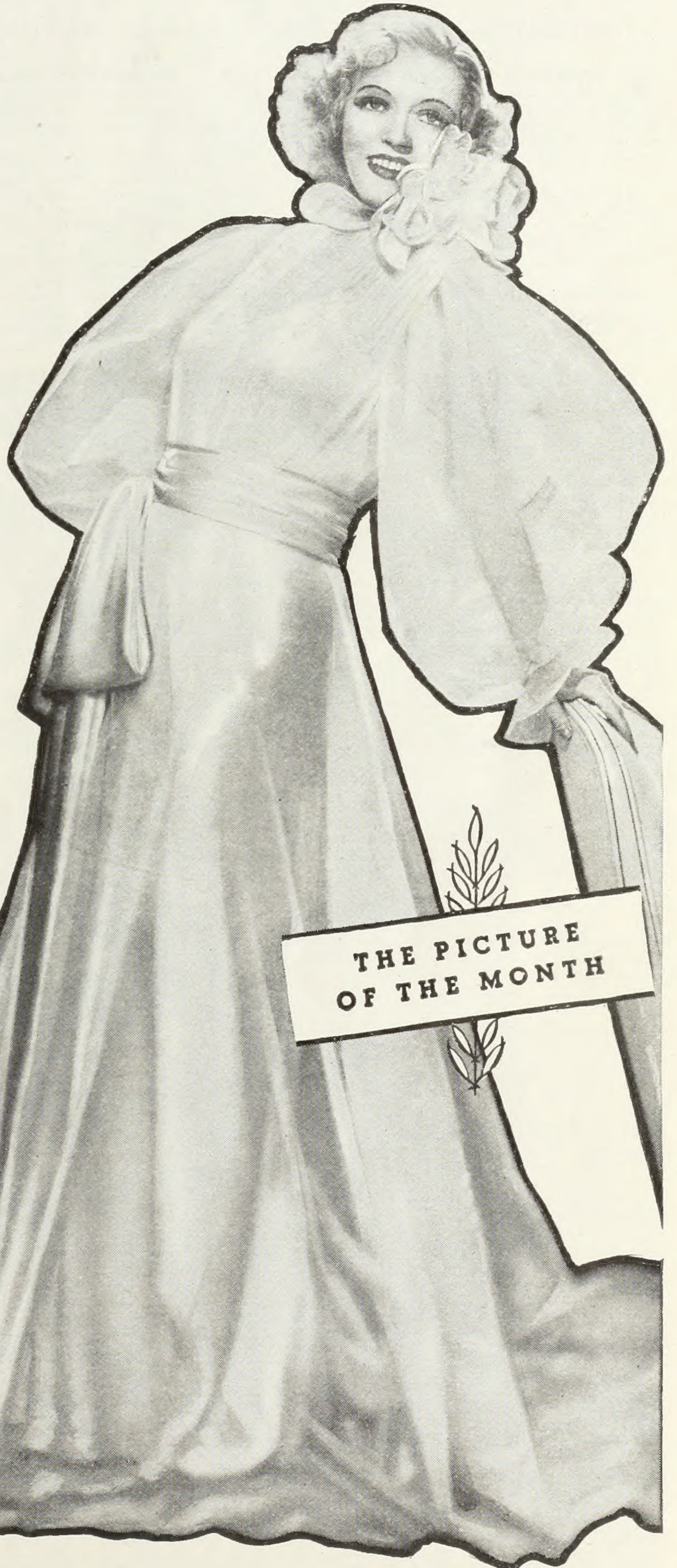
It has a 12-star cast that makes you chuckle with anticipation just to read the names...

It has hit-maker Mervyn LeRoy's direction, and Warren & Dubin's famous song, 'Page Miss Glory'...

It has 'Picture-of-the-Month' written all over it!



Don't think you're dreaming! All these celebrated stars really are in the cast of Marion's first Cosmopolitan production for Warners:—Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Mary Astor, Allen Jenkins, Lyle Talbot, Patsy Kelly, and a dozen others.



BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE
SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE
YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST UPON ITS MONTH OF REVIEW

★ **ACCENT ON YOUTH**—Paramount.—A most delightful comedy-romance, with Herbert Marshall the playwright in his forties devotedly but unknowingly loved by his young secretary, Sylvia Sidney. Phillip Reed is the other man. Excellently acted. (Sept.)

AFTER OFFICE HOURS—M-G-M.—Smart lines and clever situations, with Constance Bennett as the would-be reporter in satin trains and furbelows, and Clark Gable her hard-boiled managing editor. (Apr.)

AGE OF INDISCRETION—M-G-M.—The old divorce question all over again, with David Jack Holt stealing the picture as the child victim. Paul Lukas, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, May Robson. (Aug.)

ALL THE KING'S HORSES—Paramount.—An entertaining but familiar story of the king and the commoner who look alike and change places. Carl Brisson is charming, and Mary Ellis, in her screen debut, delightful. (May)

ALIAS MARY DOW—Universal.—A clean and amusing little picture with Sally Eilers at her best as a tough babe suddenly dropped into the midst of riches when she impersonates a kidnapped daughter. Ray Milland. (Aug.)

ANNA KARENINA—M-G-M.—The persuasive genius of Greta Garbo raises this rather weak picture into the class of art. Fredric March is unconvincing as the lover for whom Greta sacrifices everything. Freddie Bartholomew delightful as her young son. (Sept.)

ARIZONIAN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A perfectly swell Western, with all the trimmings and Richard Dix a real villain-searing he-man. Margot Grahame is lovely as the leading lady. Preston Foster, Louis Calhern. (Aug.)

BABY FACE HARRINGTON—M-G-M.—An amusing enough little picture with Charles Butterworth as the timid soul mistaken for a big-shot gangster. Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Donald Meek. (June)

★ **BECKY SHARP**—Pioneer-RKO Release.—In this gorgeous symphony of color an excellent comedy drama has been drawn from Thackeray's leading character in "Vanity Fair," and Miriam Hopkins gives a sparkling performance as the conniving flirt. Excellent cast. (Sept.)

★ **BLACK FURY**—First National.—A saga of the coal mines presenting with intense realism and power the elemental problems of the miners. Paul Muni gives a memorable performance, and Karen Morley lends excellent support. (June)

BLACK SHEEP—Fox.—A cleverly concocted story, with Edmund Lowe in top form as a shipboard card-sharp who tries to save his son, Tom Brown, from the foils of lady thief Adrienne Ames and loses his own heart to Claire Trevor. Nice direction by Allan Dwan. (Aug.)

BORDERTOWN—Warners.—Outstanding performances by Bette Davis and Paul Muni make this one worthwhile. The story is of the bitter disillusionment of a young attorney who loses his first case, then falls prey to the schemings of a jealous woman. Not altogether pleasant, but gripping. (Apr.)

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—United Artists.—Jack Buchanan and Lili Damita in a fairly entertaining musical comedy version of the familiar story of a young man who must spend millions in order to inherit a still greater fortune. (July)

★ **BREAK OF HEARTS**—RKO-Radio.—Performances of sterling merit by Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer place this on the "Don't miss it" list in spite of a rather thin modern-Cinderella love story. Excellent support by John Beal, Jean Hersholt and others. (Aug.)

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff rises from the flames again to seek a mate and one is created for him. Lots of chills, and a new high in fantastic horror. Good cast. (July)

BROADWAY GONDOLIER—Warners.—Laughter and sweet music, with Dick Powell a cabbie who gondolas his way to radio fame, and Joan Blondell, Louise Fazenda, Adolphe Menjou and Grant Mitchell to help him. (Sept.)

★ **CALL OF THE WILD**—20th Century-United Artists.—A vigorous, red-blooded screen version of Jack London's novel that you are sure to enjoy. Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie, Reginald Owen, and the great dog, Buck. (July)



Caught high! And is little Sybil Jason's face red! Newest of the child stars, Sybil plays the lead in Warners' "The Little Big-shot"

CALM YOURSELF—M-G-M.—A good cast in a weak story, with Robert Young the enterprising ad-man who gets mixed up in a lot of grief, and Madge Evans, Betty Furness, Nat Pendleton and others struggling through the melodramatic situations with him. (Sept.)

CAPTAIN HURRICANE—RKO-Radio.—A dull story with a grand cast. Too bad they didn't find a better vehicle for stage star James Barton's screen debut. Helen Westley, Henry Travers, Gene Lockhart. (May)

CAR 99—Paramount.—An entertaining and exciting picture which Junior will want to see twice, with Sir Guy Standing good as the master mind of a bank robbing gang, protecting himself by masquerading as a professor. (May)

★ **CARDINAL RICHELIEU**—20th Century-United Artists.—A beautiful historical drama with George Arliss at his best as the great Cardinal of France. Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Arnold. (June)

CARNIVAL—Columbia.—The experiences—some funny, many sad—of an anxious father whose motherless baby is constantly in danger of being snatched from him by the Children's Welfare Association. Lee Tracy, Sally Eilers, Jimmy Durante. (Apr.)

CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE, THE—First National.—A mystery handled in the casual manner movie audiences love, with Warren William as the amateur sleuth and Margaret Lindsay the bride whose curiosity is aroused. Murder thrills. Good. (July)

CASINO MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—Paul Lukas is the *Philo Vance* who steps in and solves the mystery, with Alison Skipworth, charming Rosalind Russell, Ted Healy and Louise Fazenda lending good support. (May)

CHARLIE CHAN IN EGYPT—Fox.—Warner Oland, as the Chinese philosopher-detective, goes to the tombs of the Pharaohs this time to encounter murder and unravel the mysteries. Pat Patterson, Thomas Beck, Stepin Fetchit. A-1 for Chan fans. (Sept.)

CHASING YESTERDAY—RKO-Radio.—Anatole France's "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" loses importance in the screen telling. Good performances by Anne Shirley, O. P. Heggie, Helen Westley and Elizabeth Patterson. But the film story is pallid. (June)

CHINATOWN SQUAD—Universal.—Speedy direction and a competent cast make good entertainment of this mystery wherein Lyle Talbot, who drives a sightseeing bus through Chinatown, solves two murders and wins Valerie Hobson. (Aug.)

CLAIRVOYANT, THE—GB.—An absorbing film with Claude Rains excellent as a fake fortune teller who discovers he has real clairvoyant powers when in the presence of Jane Baxter. Fay Wray good as his wife. (Sept.)

COLLEGE SCANDAL—Paramount.—A clever double murder mystery played against a breezy college backdrop makes this a great evening for amateur sleuths. Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie, Edward Nugent, Mary Nash. (Aug.)

COWBOY MILLIONAIRE, THE—Fox.—A Western for sophisticates, and an hilarious comedy. George O'Brien and Edgar Kennedy tops as "local color" on a dude ranch. Evalyn Bostock, Maude Allan. (July)

★ **DARING YOUNG MAN, THE**—Fox.—Refreshingly different material and clever dialogue distinguish this picture about two young people (Jimmy Dunn and Mae Clarke) who are good reporters on rival papers and constantly getting themselves into mad situations trying to outwit each other on hot tips. (July)

DEATH FLIES EAST—Columbia.—A rather dull and illogical picture with Conrad Nagel and Florence Rice rising above screen-story difficulties and Oscar Apfel, Raymond Walburn and Irene Franklin struggling for laughs with un-funny material. (June)

DEVIL IS A WOMAN, THE—Paramount.—Marlene Dietrich in a series of static and exquisite views. The story lacks motivation and Von Sternberg's direction has drained all animation from the cast. Cesar Romero, Edward Everett Horton, Lionel Atwill. (May)

DINKY—Warners.—The youngsters will enjoy Jackie Cooper as the boy who is sent to an orphanage when his mother (Mary Astor) goes to prison falsely accused. Roger Pryor, Henry Armetta. (July)

DOG OF FLANDERS, A—RKO-Radio.—Fine performances by young Frankie Thomas and O. P. Heggie make this Ouida classic really live on the screen. It's a film children will love and parents will enjoy. (May)

★ **DOUBTING THOMAS**—Fox.—One of the best Will Rogers' pictures. This time Will's wife (Billie Burke) gets the acting bug, and Will turns crooner to cure her. Alison Skipworth, Sterling Holloway. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

TRAPPED IN THE HELL OF MODERN LIFE

they fight.. AS YOU DO.. for the right to love!

ENTHRALLED—*you'll watch this*
BLAZING SPECTACLE OF TODAY TORTURE
THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED!

See this man and woman living *your*
dreams, *your* despairs. Fascinated . . .
behold the raging spectacle of hell *here*
and hereafter . . . of Inferno created by
Man and Inferno conceived by Dante!
This drama blazes with such titanic
power that IT WILL BURN ITSELF INTO
YOUR MEMORY FOREVER!

FOX FILM PRESENTS

DANTE'S INFERNO

SPENCER TRACY • CLAIRE TREVOR • HENRY B. WALTHALL • ALAN DINEHART

Produced by Sol M. Wurtzel Directed by Harry Lachman

THRILL **SEE**
AS YOU

Ten million sinners writhing in eternal torment
—cringing under the Rain of Fire—consumed in
the Lake of Flames—struggling in the Sea of Boil-
ing Pitch—toppling into the Crater of Doom—
wracked by agony in the Torture Chambers—
hardening into lifelessness in the Forest of Horror!
Plus the most spectacular climax ever conceived!

A STARTLING DRAMA OF TODAY . . . AND FOREVER! TIMELY AS
TODAY'S NEWS . . . ETERNAL WITH ITS CHALLENGING TRUTHS!

FOX

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

EIGHT BELLS—Columbia.—A fairly entertaining boat trip with Ralph Bellamy, a demoted sea captain, saving the day in a maritime crisis. Ann Sothorn is the romantic prize. (July)

ESCAPADE—M-G-M.—Miscast as a lady-killer artist, William Powell is sacrificed to the American film debut of Luise Rainer. Rainer is very interesting, a new screen personality, and may make you forget the sex-melodramatics of the weak story. (Sept.)

★ **ESCAPE ME NEVER**—British & Dominions-United Artists.—A magnificent screen version of the stage success, with Elisabeth Bergner giving one of the finest performances ever recorded, as the waif who is "adopted" by a young madcap musical genius. Excellent support by Hugh Sinclair and Griffith Jones. (Aug.)

FLAME WITHIN, THE—M-G-M.—A triangle romance, with psychiatrist Ann Harding being forced to choose between a dipsomaniac patient she has cured, Louis Hayward, and sober, industrious Herbert Marshall. Outstanding performance by Maureen O'Sullivan as a neurotic heiress. (Aug.)

FOLIES BERGERE—20th Century-United Artists.—Disregard the story and give yourself up to Maurice Chevalier's charm, the music, singing and dancing. Ann Sothorn and Merle Oberon good. (Apr.)

★ **FOUR HOURS TO KILL**—Paramount.—Tense and compelling screen entertainment with Richard Barthelmess, in the finest character opportunity of his career, as the doomed killer handcuffed to a guard in a theater lobby for four hours. Skilful support by Roscoe Karns, Helen Mack, Joe Morrison, Gertrude Michael and others. (June)

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE—Select-RKO Release.—The American classic suffers from the censor's scissors on the screen, but you'll enjoy seeing Helen Morgan as the notorious *Frankie*, Chester Morris as the great lover, and the late Lilyan Tashman as *Nellie Bly*. (Aug.)

FRONT PAGE WOMAN—Warners.—Crisp, crackling newspaper drama, with the battle on between reporter George Brent and sob sister Bette Davis. Rapid fire humor is helped by Roscoe Karns' comedy. Good entertainment. (Sept.)

★ **G MEN**—First National.—Government heroes at work. Lots of shooting and excellent acting. Fast-moving and packs a wallop. Jimmy Cagney at his best. Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, Bob Armstrong. Not for the kiddies. (July)

GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS—Fox.—A clean Scandals. Jimmy Dunn and Alice Faye are the small-time team who let success go to their heads. Ned Sparks gets most of the laughs. And Eleanor Powell is a tap dancer so good you can hardly believe it! (June)

GHOST WALKS, THE—Invincible.—A theatrical group rehearses a melodrama in a haunted house, and when a real maniac slips in, things happen. A unique story, with John Miljan, Richard Carle, June Collyer. (Apr.)

GINGER—Fox.—Jane Withers, as a little slum girl who humanizes a Park Avenue family, is your reason for seeing this one. Good cast includes O. P. Heggie, Walter King, and Jackie Searl. (Aug.)

GIRL FROM 10th AVENUE, THE—First National.—The old story of a drunken millionaire marrying a poor little shop girl. Bette Davis is good as the girl who tries to win her husband's love while braving his snobbish friends. Just so-so entertainment. Colin Clive, Alison Skipworth, Ian Hunter. (Aug.)

GLASS KEY, THE—Paramount.—A murder mystery with George Raft, as the loyal *Man Friday* of political boss Edward Arnold, solving things in a suave but exciting manner. Capable cast also includes Claire Dodd, Ray Milland, and others. (Aug.)

★ **GO INTO YOUR DANCE**—First National.—A grand evening for those who like singing and dancing with a plausible story sandwiched in. Al Jolson better than ever; Ruby Keeler good as always; Glenda Farrell in top support. (June)

GOIN' TO TOWN—Paramount.—Mae West, pursuing the man instead of being pursued, in a fast-moving, wise-cracking film, that will keep you laughing. (May)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935—First National.—Good tunes, talented cast make this one enjoyable entertainment for those who like big, splashy musicals. Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Alice Brady, Adolphe Menjou, Glenda Farrell, and others. (July)

GREAT GOD GOLD—Monogram.—The story promises to be an exciting exposé on the receivership racket, but it becomes stupid. Martha Sleeper does as well by her part as possible. Regis Toomey gets nowhere. (May)

GREAT HOTEL MURDER, THE—Fox.—Old reliable sure-fire Edmund Lowe-Victor McLaglen stuff, with Vic as a dumb house detective and Eddie the guest who writes mystery stories, both trying to discover who poisoned the victim. Mary Carlisle. C. Henry Gordon. (May)

HARD ROCK HARRIGAN—Fox.—A virile, pleasantly humorous drama with George O'Brien and Fred Kohler, rock tunnel drillers, shaking fists over a job and a girl, Irene Hervey. (Sept.)

HEADLINE WOMAN, THE—Mascot.—A well-paced, entertaining newspaper yarn with Roger Pryor, Heather Angel, Jack LaRue, old-timer Ford Sterling, and others handling well the amusing dialogue and neat situations. (Aug.)

HEALER, THE—Monogram.—A somewhat labored and obvious film, with Ralph Bellamy as the healer who works miracles with crippled children, Judith Allen, the villainess who tries to lure him to



Half-nudist, is Mr. Gable. Clark acquired a beautiful tan while on location making the outdoor scenes of "Mutiny on the Bounty"

the big city, and Karen Morley, the heroine, who comes to the rescue. (Aug.)

HELLDORADO—Fox.—A hollow story in a mining town setting which fails to give Richard Arlen the kind of part he deserves. (March)

HOLD 'EM YALE—Paramount.—A weak but pleasant little picture about four thugs who inherit a lady. Patricia Ellis is the lady. Cesar Romero, Larry Crabbe, Andy Devine, William Frawley, George E. Stone. (June)

HONEYMOON LIMITED—Monogram.—Neil Hamilton's bright banter may amuse you, but otherwise this adventure story, with Irene Hervey and Lloyd Hughes helping thicken the plot, fails to rise above ordinary entertainment. (Sept.)

HONGKONG NIGHTS—Futter Prod.—A highly implausible story about a Chinese gun-runner and an American Secret Service man. Production and photography superb, dialogue and story poor. Tom Keene, Wera Engels, Warren Hymer. (May)

HOORAY FOR LOVE—RKO-Radio.—A fuzzy carbon-copy of the original "42nd Street" formula for musicals. Ann Sothorn and Gene Raymond carry the luke-warm love story. Bill Robinson and "Fats" Waller top the talent in a Harlem song and dance. (Aug.)

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Monogram.—Norman Foster is the schoolmaster in the screen version of this old-time favorite, with Charlotte

Henry as the girl he loves. Fred Kohler, Jr., Wallace Reid, Jr., Dorothy Libaire. (June)

I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS—Columbia.—An uninspired production, with Nancy Carroll and George Murphy unable to overcome the disadvantages of mediocre material and direction. (July)

★ **IN CALIENTE**—First National.—Musical comedy in a Mexican setting, with Dolores Del Rio, Eddie Horton, Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell. Lots of laughs, good dancing. A bright evening's entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **THE INFORMER**—RKO-Radio.—Motion picture drama at its best. Victor McLaglen gives an unforgettable performance as the slow-witted Irish giant who betrays his pal to the British for a twenty pound reward. Margot Grahame, Heather Angel, Preston Foster, Wallace Ford, Una O'Connor. top excellent support. Don't miss this one (July)

★ **IN OLD KENTUCKY**—Fox.—Will Rogers in one of his best films to date, handing out a laugh a minute, against a race-track background. Dorothy Wilson, Louise Henry, Russell Hardie top support. And Bill Robinson, colored tap-dancer, does his stuff as only he can do it. (Sept.)

★ **IRON DUKE, THE**—Gaumont British.—An interesting picture with George Arliss as *Wellington*, and the Duke's triumphs told in a careful, thoughtful, if not brilliant manner. (Apr.)

IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK—Universal.—You'll be amused by press-agent Hugh O'Connell's tricks to get movie star Gertrude Michael into the limelight, and the interference of a taxi driver, Lyle Talbot and his sweetie, Heather Angel. Lots of laughs. (May)

IT'S A SMALL WORLD—Fox.—Gay dialogue in a wisp of a story, with Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie. Lots of laughs. (June)

JACK AHOY—Gaumont British.—If you can laugh at old jokes, this isn't bad. However, England's comedian, Jack Hulbert, deserves better treatment. (Apr.)

KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE—Monogram.—A satisfactory screen version of the Gene Stratton-Porter story, with Neil Hamilton good as the ex-soldier who takes a new lease on life among the bee hives. Betty Furness, Edith Fellowes, Hobart Bosworth. For the family. (Sept.)

KENTUCKY BLUESTREAK—Talisman.—Some interesting photography of a horse race, done with a small camera, is the highlight in this one. Eddie Nugent, Junior Coghlan, Patricia Scott. (July)

KLIQU—Bennett Pictures.—A fresh and charming travelogue type picture drama, with the primitive tribesmen of Indo-China the main actors. It's the film result of the Marquis de la Falaise's latest jungle journey. You'll enjoy it. Gorgeous scenery in Technicolor. (Aug.)

LADDIE—RKO-Radio.—Old fashioned, homey, but a grand picture is this love story of *Laddie* (John Beal) and *Pamela* (Gloria Stuart) whose romance is bitterly opposed by her father (Donald Crisp). Excellent direction by George Stevens. (May)

LADIES CRAVE EXCITEMENT—Monogram.—Rapidly paced, well acted, this one gives the low-down on the news-reel cameraman. Norman Foster is the specific dare-devil, Evalyn Knapp the girl. Never a dull moment. (Sept.)

LADIES LOVE DANGER—Fox.—A murder mystery with lots of fun sandwiched between the thrills. Gilbert Roland, Mona Barrie, Adrienne Ames. (July)

LADY TUBBS—Universal.—Alice Brady excellent in a part tailor-made for her, that of a railroad camp cook who inherits a fortune and poses as a lady. Douglass Montgomery, Anita Louise, Alan Mowbray. Heartily recommended. (Sept.)

★ **LES MISERABLES**—20th Century-United Artists.—A close-knit and powerful screen recount of the Victor Hugo classic. Fredric March and Charles Laughton give memorable performances. (May)

LET 'EM HAVE IT—Reliance-United Artists.—All the thrills of the old gangster pictures, but your sympathy is with the heroic G-men sleuths. Richard Arlen, Harvey Stephens, Eric Linden for bravery, Virginia Bruce and Alice Brady for sentiment and comedy. (Aug.)

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Yes, indeed, from this shot at the Club La Maze, Peggy Watters and Lyle Talbot are still much romancing!



Director Woody Van Dyke at his party posted marines to see that all came stag. Isabel Jewel fooled him, she brought her own!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

NO HEPBURN FAN

THERE may be something wrong with my head—but I am not a Hepburn fan. Her strident, raucous voice and lamentable over-acting in "Spitfire" made me suspect that there must have been plenty of smart exploitation behind her sudden leap to fame.

Glenda Farrell is a sincere, natural girl and a fine actress. Ditto Myrna Loy. Also it is indeed gratifying to see Pat O'Brien get recognition at last and screen material worthy of his ability.

He belongs in a class with Lionel Barrymore, Will Rogers, Wallace Beery, and Charles Laughton.

And I'm betting he'll get there without much trouble.

MRS. A. J. NELSON, Gary, Minnesota

GILBERT AS ROMEO?

I'VE heard of Norma Shearer's desire to play *Juliet* and of the futile attempts to get a suitable *Romeo*.

M-G-M is making a great mistake in overlooking John Gilbert. He is the only actor who can play the lover in such a charming, convincing, and tender manner as would befit *Romeo*.

S. BARDACH, New York City

Letters

The movie-going public determines the trend of the screen

WORLD'S GREATEST

SO much has been said and written of Elizabeth Bergner that I began to wonder. Not that I'm a "doubting Thomas," but "The World's Greatest Actress" is a tall order! But "Escape Me Never" leaves nothing to be desired. Elizabeth Bergner, of a truth, is the world's greatest actress.

MARIE-BERNADOTTE MORAN, Baltimore, Md.

MORE "LES MISERABLES"

WE, the public, are asking for more pictures like "Les Miserables." A preview, for the benefit of clergymen and teachers, was shown at our local theater. In my opinion, no picture was paid a greater tribute.

A. E. VINCELETTE, North Adams, Mass.

THE OTHER SIDE

MAY I take issue with critic Giacoletti, erstwhile student at Indiana University. Unfortunately, I had not made the acquaintance of either this representative of our institution or the "boos" to which "the belling

baritone," Nelson Eddy, was subjected by our students.

Anyway, for another half of Indiana University, all honors to Nelson Eddy for his performance and his magnificent singing in "Naughty Marietta." Perhaps that is the reason I sat through two performances.

WILBUR F. PELL, Indiana University, Ind.

TO OUR AUTHOR COLLINS

THE interesting article by Frederick L. Collins in the July PHOTOPLAY leaves little to be said about Nelson Eddy. I might add that during a discussion of the super-star this remark was made: "He's so wholesome there's no one like him in Hollywood."

MARY MARSHALL, New York City

I HAVE just read the very fine story in the July PHOTOPLAY on Nelson Eddy, written by Frederick L. Collins. I heartily agree with him in everything he says with the exception of "Naughty Marietta" being a good play without Nelson Eddy.

I couldn't see Carl Brisson in it; Dennis King would have been fine, but Lawrence Tibbett would have been terrible.

JENNY L. M., Cincinnati, Ohio

THANKS for that article on Nelson Eddy. He didn't need it, but we—his fans—certainly did enjoy it. Now, could something be done for a friend of his? I mean the friend mentioned in Frederick L. Collins' article—Gene Raymond.

Being merely a fan I can't put my finger on what is happening, but I do know that if there was a conscious, concentrated movement with a slogan of "Ruin Raymond," it couldn't be more successful.

M. K., Concord, N. H.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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LET'S LIVE TONIGHT—Columbia.—A wobbly story gives Tullio Carminati and Lilian Harvey an opportunity to be romantic in a gauzy, waltzy manner. Film lacks emotional warmth, but cast, including Hugh Williams, Janet Beecher, Tala Birell, is good. (May)

LIFE BEGINS AT 40—Fox.—You'll enjoy this film with Will Rogers in the human, sympathetic rôle of a small town editor, Richard Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson for romance; and Slim Summerville and Sterling Holloway to keep you laughing when Will isn't on the screen. (May)

LIFE RETURNS—Universal.—The miraculous operation that Dr. Robert E. Cornish performs on a dog, restoring his life after death was pronounced, would make a worthwhile short subject. But the long introduction is boring. (Apr.)

LITTLE COLONEL, THE—Fox.—Shirley Temple cuter than ever as the famous story book character. Lionel Barrymore is the testy old grandfather. Evelyn Venable and John Lodge the child's parents. Tap dancer Bill Robinson nearly steals the picture. (May)

LIVING ON VELVET—Warners.—Every woman loves to get her hands on a terribly attractive man and reform him. And when Kay Francis is the reformer, what man has a chance? George Brent didn't. Warren William, Helen Lowell help a lot. Smart dialogue, well done picture. (May)

LOVE IN BLOOM—Paramount.—Catchy songs admirably sung by Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby, you know) and Joe Morrison, plus the mad antics of George Burns and Gracie Allen, make this bright, light entertainment. (May)

★ **LOVE ME FOREVER**—Columbia.—A film you won't want to miss, with Grace Moore singing more gloriously than ever, and Leo Carrillo magnificent as the gambler who loves the beautiful song-bird. Excellently directed, photographed and acted. And the music is superb. (Sept.)

LOVES OF A DICTATOR—GB.—An historical drama, well cast and beautifully presented, telling the romantic story of *Struensee* (Clive Brook) who was taken into the Court of Denmark as dictator and fell in love with the bride-queen (Madeleine Carroll). (June)

MAD LOVE — M-G-M. — Tedious stuff, with Europe's excellent actor, Peter Lorre, wasted in the rôle of a mad super-surgeon who resorts to fiendish cunning to get Frances Drake from Colin Clive. Ted Healy lightens the horror. Not for children. (Sept.)

MAKE A MILLION—Monogram.—Preposterous but amusing is this film about a professor (Charles Starrett) who starts a million dollar chain letter plan to carry out his radical economic schemes. Pauline Brooke, George E. Stone. (Sept.)

MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, THE—Paramount.—W. C. Fields is funny as the meek man who lies himself out of an afternoon at the office to go to the wrestling matches, and gets in a peck of trouble. But there is no story. (Sept.)

MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, THE—G. B.—A neat and exciting little melodrama that keeps you hanging on your chair every minute of the way. Nova Pilbeam (of "Little Friend" fame), Edna Best, Leslie Banks and Peter Lorre. (May)

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE—M-G-M.—A confused and incoherent mystery which has as its only virtue some fine acting by Lionel Barrymore. (June)

MARY JANE'S PA—First National.—Just average. Over-sentimental entertainment, with Guy Kibbee as *Pa* who deserts his family but is eventually led back, by a little child, to rescue wife Aline MacMahon. (July)

McFADDEN'S FLATS—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs and maybe a snuffle in this story of the girl (Betty Furness) who goes away to school and comes back high-hatting her family and neighbors. Walter C. Kelly is grand as the hod-carrier king, Dick Cromwell is the sweetheart. (May)

MEN OF TOMORROW—London Films.—Film version of Anthony Gibb's novel, "The Young Apollo," with Merle Oberon and Robert Donat. But in spite of cast and story advantages, this is a jerky, incoherent picture. (July)

MEN WITHOUT NAMES—Paramount.—Not the best of the G-men films, but good entertainment. Fred MacMurray sleuths, assisted by Lynne Overman, Madge Evans and David Holt. Leslie Fenton heads the gang of crooks. Good performances. (Sept.)

MILLION DOLLAR BABY—Monogram.—Little Jimmy Fay is cute as the youngster whose parents dress him in skirts and a wig and put him under contract to a movie studio as a second Shirley Temple. (March)

MISSISSIPPI—Paramount.—Plenty of music, lavish sets, a romantic story and picturesque southern atmosphere make this pleasant entertainment with Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, Joan Bennett and Gail Patrick. (Apr.)

MISTER DYNAMITE—Universal.—Eddie Lowe rides to glory in this Dashiell Hammett yarn as the slick detective who is interested in justice principally because it pays him fat fees. A beautifully paced story that keeps you baffled and makes you laugh. Jean Dixon, Esther Ralston, Victor Varconi. (June)

MURDER IN THE FLEET—M-G-M.—An unbelievable yarn aboard one of Uncle Sam's battleships, with Robert Taylor, Jean Parker, Una Merkel and others wasted. Ted Healy, master comedian, and Nat Pendleton lend the only bright spots. (Aug.)

MURDER ON A HONEYMOON—RKO-Radio.—An amusing and intriguing mystery, with Edna May Oliver as the intrepid female amateur detective and Jimmy Gleason the slow witted inspector. Good entertainment. (Apr.)

MUTINY AHEAD—Majestic.—Just an average picture, a hybrid sea-and-crook drama with Neil Hamilton's regeneration as the main story thread, and Kathleen Burke and Leon Ames in fair support. (May)

MY HEART IS CALLING—Gaumont British.—If you like singing—lots of it—you will find this musical film a treat. Jan Kiepura, famous European tenor, has a grand voice. But why didn't they let Marta Eggerth sing more? Sonnie Hale good. (Apr.)

MYSTERY MAN, THE—Monogram.—Pretty meaty, and a good picture idea. But you have to like newspaper atmosphere with hard-drinking reporters who can always solve the mystery. Maxine Doyle and Robert Armstrong. (May)

NAUGHTY MARIETTA—M-G-M.—A thundering big melodious adventure picture, with lots of romance and a story-book plot. You've never heard singing lovelier than Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy give you in this Victor Herbert musical. (Apr.)

NIT WITS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey mixed up in a murder case, at their funniest. Rowdy, hilarious, without a dull moment. Good supporting cast includes Betty Grable, Evelyn Brent, Hale Hamilton, Fred Keating and others. (Aug.)

★ **NO MORE LADIES**—M-G-M.—A perfect darb of a flossy comedy, with Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone the wisecracking, sophisticated triangle. Charlie Ruggles, Edna May Oliver, Arthur Treacher, Reginald Denny, and the rest of the brilliant cast, cooperate to give you a laugh a minute. (Aug.)

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN, A—Universal.—Top entertainment, and full of suspense, is this story of a murderer (Charles Bickford) who lets suspicion fall upon a woman (Helen Vinson) until he is trapped by Attorney Onslow Stevens. (Apr.)

NUT FARM, THE—Monogram.—What happens when hicks arrive in the movie-city and outslick the Hollywood slicker. Funny at times. Wallace Ford, Betty Alden, Florence Roberts, Oscar Apfel. (Apr.)

★ **OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA**—First National.—This fine, sincere story of an idealist's unwavering faith in his job will remain long in your memory. Pat O'Brien is the American oil company's employee in China, Josephine Hutchinson his wife. Arthur Byron, Jean Muir. Excellent cast. A-1 direction (July)

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP — B.I.P.-Alliance. — Worthwhile entertainment as a faithful screen translation of Dickens' novel. Hay Petrie, of English stage fame, gives a magnificent portrayal of the villainous *Quilp*. (Sept.)

ONE, FRIGHTENED NIGHT—Mascot.—Creepy music, banging doors and all the usual fol-de-rol of mysteries. Charley Grapewin's acting is the only attraction. (July)

ONE MORE SPRING—Fox.—A too-sweet screen adaptation of Robert Nathan's novel about three depression victims (Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor and Walter King) who live happily together in a too barn in Central Park. (May)

ONE NEW YORK NIGHT—M-G-M.—A fast, entertaining mystery-comedy-drama, played in a breezy, highly enjoyable manner by Franchot Tone, Una Merkel, Conrad Nagel and Steffi Duna. (June)

★ **OUR LITTLE GIRL**—Fox.—Made to order for Shirley Temple fans with Shirley cuter than ever, and talented enough to carry the trite story. Joel McCrea and Rosemary Ames are the parents, Lyle Talbot the other man. A human, pleasant picture—and it's all Shirley's. (Aug.)

★ **PAGE MISS GLORY**—Warners.—Marion Davies, at her best, romps through half the picture as a homely little chambermaid, then blossoms out as beauty contest winner, *Dawn Glory*, promoted by press agent Pat O'Brien. Patsy Kelly, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh. Top-notch comedy. (Sept.)

PARIS IN SPRING—Paramount.—Tuneful and colorful, this presents the lovely voice of Mary Ellis and the Latin fretfulness of Tullio Carminati, in a series of lovers quarrels and mix-ups, which are finally ironed out by grandmother Jessie Ralph. Good supporting cast. (Aug.)

PARTY WIRE—Columbia.—Lots of healthy laughs in this little picture about the havoc small-town gossips stir up by listening in on party lines. Jean Arthur, Victor Jory, Charley Grapewin head a well chosen cast. (July)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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THANKS to Mr. Frederick L. Collins for the very interesting article on the new screen sensation, Nelson Eddy, in the July PHOTOPLAY. Mr. Collins enumerates three other singers who would have been equally impressive as *Captain Richard Warrington* in "Naughty Marietta." Permit me to disagree on that point. Brisson might do, Dennis King is too old to appeal to the younger generation, Lawrence Tibbett also is too old and not handsome, not romantic enough; I like Eddy's voice better, too. But you're right, Mr. Collins, about Nelson Eddy—"He really has what it takes"—he is here to stay.

MARGARET STUART, Washington, D. C.

MORRIS VS. TAYLOR

THINK leading men who are as good as Robert Taylor is, who serve as an effective foil for the feminine stars they play with, without overshadowing them, or trying to steal the show, are really quite rare. Robert Taylor is versatile, charming, magnetic. He literally stole "Society Doctor" from Chester Morris—one gathered that from listening to the audience as it emerged from the theater.

CARROLL COSTELLO, Asheville, N. C.

BOOST LEE TRACY

THINK it is high time someone gave a boost to Lee Tracy. There must be some old veterans who remember way back last year when "Blessed Event" brought them more laughs than they had in a decade.

In his last three pictures, "You Belong to Me," "The Lemon Drop Kid," and "Carnival" Tracy has been allowed to moon over motherless kids. The plots were all like a slap in the face—each the same. Is Tracy to go on running a day nursery?

JAMES WHITSETT, Reidsville, N. C.

THREE OPINIONS

FOR graceful dancing, Carl Brisson's is the top on the screen today. For good looks and singing, he is crowding what the studios deem their best off the top round of fame's ladder.

Will Rogers will have to start chawing around for something new or he will be as typed as ZaSu Pitt's hands.

But here's to Joe E. Brown.

BERTHA P. COGAN, Stevenson, Wash.

Farewell party aboard H.M.S. Donae: Maureen O'Sullivan, Jean Muir, Paul Cavanagh, Capt. Knox Little, June Lang, Alan Mowbray, and Katherine Williams



Otto Kruger entertains his daughter Otilie (right) and her friend, Cora Sue Collins, in the garden

ON PRONUNCIATION

THE title "Sequoia" was easier for us to pronounce because the key to its pronunciation always accompanied the title.

Why isn't such a method followed with all difficult titles? Such as "Les Miserables," and other difficult titles.

It's a good idea.

CATHERINE A. WHITTIER, Kaukauna, Wis.

Letters

Opinions on stars and their pictures from all over the world appear on these pages and Hollywood notes them



Alice Faye is one of the great belles of cinema town. She is with that well known squire, Vic Orsatti

ONE FOR GENE

ALL this talk about Gable and Powell and never a word about Gene Raymond who beats them all every time. Cooper and Gable and all the rest of them were showing in our city, but did we go? No! We saw Gene three times in "Behold My Wife," instead, and it was worth it.

RUSH and ANN, Melbourne, Australia

ANNA STEN PERFECT

SAW Anna Sten in "Nana," "We Live Again," and "The Wedding Night." I watched each picture with much interest because she was new, and I tried to find a flaw in her acting, but she was perfect. She held me spell-bound from start to finish.

FRANCIS PHELPS, Hopkinsville, Ky.

TAKES ISSUE

SUPREME indignation prompts me to write this letter—on the deprecating statements made against "One More Spring" in a letter in the June PHOTOPLAY. "One More Spring" was one of the finest pictures I ever saw, Fifteen years ago I witnessed "One More Spring" in reality, therefore it is probable and not "utterly improbable."

JOSEPH LINSLEY, Madison, Wisconsin

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FAREWELL



The beloved Will Rogers and his friend Wiley Post as they were about to start the ill-fated journey. The family he was so proud of: Will, Mrs. Rogers, and Will, Jr., Mary and Jimmy. Center, Will in his first movie—made at Ft. Lee, New Jersey, eighteen years ago—"Laughing Bill Hyde." Lower Left, in his last picture, with Irvin S. Cobb, noted humorist, "Steamboat Round the Bend," probably his greatest picture. He had just signed a new contract for ten pictures. Right, in "Doubting Thomas," with Billie Burke, widow of Florenz Ziegfeld in whose noted "Follies" Will went to his greatest stage comedy fame



TO A GREAT MAN



As we go to press, comes the appalling news of Will Rogers' death in an airplane accident when he and Wiley Post were forced down in a desolate corner of Alaska. Here, in deepest sadness, Photo-play shows you glimpses of that great star, Will Rogers. He hated formal portraits, so we give you "grab shots" he loved, taken in and about Hollywood a day or so before his fatal trip into the wilderness



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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PEOPLE'S ENEMY, THE—RKO-Radio.—An out-dated melodrama with Preston Foster as the gangster sent up for income tax evasion and Melvyn Douglas, the attorney, whom he suspects of double-crossing. (July)

PEOPLE WILL TALK—Paramount.—One of the most charming of the Charlie Ruggles-Mary Boland comedies. Leila Hyams, Dean Jagger. It's deft, human comedy for the whole family. (June)

PHANTOM FIEND, THE—Twickenham.—A real horror thriller based on England's famous "Jack the Ripper" crimes. Ivor Novello and Elizabeth Allan. Not for the children. (July)

PRINCESS O'HARA—Universal.—Nice entertainment, with Jean Parker as the girl who becomes a hack driver after her father is killed, and Chester Morris the racketeer boy-friend. (June)

★ **PRIVATE WORLDS**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A triumph in adult entertainment this film radiates skill and understanding. Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer give superb performances as two psychiatrists in a hospital for mental cases who suddenly discover their own lives tangled and warped. Excellent performances, too, by Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea. (June)

★ **PUBLIC HERO No. 1**—M-G-M.—Another G-men picture with a well knit story, lots of grand humor and plenty happening. Chester Morris and Jean Arthur are excellent in the leads. Joseph Calleia, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Paul Kelly top A-1 support. (Aug.)

RAVEN, THE—Universal.—Absurd mélange tacked onto the name of Edgar Allan Poe's great poem. Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff supply plenty of horror, but cannot do much with this plot. (Sept.)

RECKLESS—M-G-M.—The clever talents of Jean Harlow, William Powell and Franchot Tone, pooled for the story of a show-girl who marries a millionaire and comes to grief when his suicide leaves her with a ruined reputation and a baby to take care of. (June)

RED HOT TIRES—First National.—If you care for automobile racing, with crack-ups, there's plenty of it. Lyle Talbot is the racing driver, Mary Astor, Frankie Darro, Roscoe Karns. (Apr.)

RIGHT TO LIVE, THE—Warners.—Colin Clive, Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent capably present Somerset Maugham's drama of a crippled husband whose wife falls in love with his brother. A-1 direction by William Keighley. (May)

ROBERTA—RKO-Radio.—A film treat you shouldn't miss, with Fred Astaire really coming into his own as a top-notch entertainer. An excellent cast, including Ginger Rogers, Irene Dunne, Randy Scott, combined with gorgeous gowns, excellent direction and grand settings, make this one of the most delightful experiences you've ever had in a theater. (May)

RUMBA—Paramount.—You'll like the native rumba dancers, and George Raft and Carole Lombard do some smooth stepping. But the story is obvious. (Apr.)

SANDERS OF THE RIVER—London Films-United Artists.—Paul Robeson's singing, Leslie Banks' acting, and the true portrayal of cannibalistic tribes of the African interior, make this an interesting film. Lots of excitement.

★ **SCARLET PIMPERNEL, THE**—United Artists.—Leslie Howard at his best as a courageous young Englishman posing as a fop in order to rescue French noblemen from the guillotine. Merle Oberon lovely as his wife. A swift, colorful adventure film. (Apr.)

★ **THE SCOUNDREL**—Hecht - MacArthur-Paramount.—Noel Coward in the cold rôle of a heartless, philandering publisher gives one of the greatest performances ever recorded in this magnificently executed character study. Julie Haydon, Hope Williams, Alexander Woollcott, Stanley Ridges, Martha Sleeper. (July)

SHADOW OF DOUBT—M-G-M.—A bow to Constance Collier, a grand old actress who gives a lift to this involved murder mystery. Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Bruce, Isabel Jewell, Regis Toomey, Arthur Byron, Betty Furness and others lend good support. (Apr.)

★ **SHE**—RKO-Radio.—Helen Gahagan makes her film debut as the magnificent immortal ruler of the mythical kingdom of Kor. Randy Scott, Nigel Bruce and Helen Mack find her when they travel beyond the Arctic searching for "the flame of life." Mystical, eerie, but interesting, and well acted. (Sept.)

SPRING TONIC—Fox.—Spotty entertainment, with Claire Trevor running away from Lew Ayres on their wedding eve, and getting mixed up with animal trainers and bootleggers in the persons of Walter

King, Tala Birell, ZaSu Pitts and others. Good cast is whipped by unconvincing situations. (July)

★ **STAR OF MIDNIGHT**—RKO-Radio.—William Powell and Ginger Rogers banter through out this sparkling, guaranteed-to-baffle mystery. Irresistible wit eases the tension of the drama; winning performances by all concerned. (June)

STOLEN HARMONY—Paramount.—George Raft and Ben Bernie (with the boys) pool their talents happily to make this a thoroughly enjoyable film. Breezy dialogue, catchy songs, snappy dances. Watch for newcomer Lloyd Nolan. Grace Bradley, Goodee Montgomery, Charles Arnt. (June)

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART—Universal.—Baby Jane Quigley, Roger Pryor and Mary Astor in a trite and obvious story concerning a young politician who discovers love means more to him than being mayor. (May)

STRANDED—Warners.—You're partly bored, partly amused, by the struggle which ensues when social service worker Kay Francis refuses to marry he-man engineer George Brent because he is an-



Ann Loring is the lucky little lady who won M-G-M's talent train contest. You'll see Miss Loring soon in "Broadway Melody of 1936"

tagonistic to her work and its ideals. Direction good, but story is unconvincing. (Sept.)

STRANGERS ALL—RKO-Radio.—A pip of a simple little family picture. May Robson is the mother who has four children, all as different as the seasons. Preston Foster, James Bush, William Bakewell, Florine McKinney. Bakewell's performance is aces high. (June)

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE, THE—Foy Prod.—A spotty film with a cast of native African tribesmen acting out their struggle for existence. Some good photography. (Sept.)

SWELL-HEAD—Columbia.—Okay for baseball fans. But aside from the diamond stuff, this is pretty hackneyed. Wallace Ford, Barbara Kent, and old-timers Sammy Cohen, the late Mike Donlin and Bryant Washburn. (July)

SWEET MUSIC—Warners.—Disregard the story and enjoy Rudy Vallee, debunked, and Ann Dvorak who is sensationally good at dancing, singing and acting. Helen Morgan, Alice White, Ned Sparks. (May)

SYMPHONY OF LIVING—Invincible.—Certain emotional power and good music relieve the tedium and pathos of this story of a thwarted genius who finds triumph in the glories of his prodigy. Al Shean, Charles Judels, Lester Lee, Evelyn Brent, John Darrow. (May)

\$10 RAISE—Fox.—The saga of the routine clerk who can't get married without a ten dollar raise is a delightful story in the capable hands of Edward Everett Horton. Karen Morley is his romance; Alan Dinehart the villain. (June)

★ **39 STEPS, THE**—GB.—Exciting entertainment when Robert Donat, falsely accused of murder, must uncover a treacherous spy ring in order to save himself and, by coincidence, Madeleine Carroll is forced to accompany him on the perilous adventure. Grand acting, good comedy, suspense. You'll like it. (Sept.)

TIMES SQUARE LADY—M-G-M.—Virginia Bruce moves another notch toward stardom as the Iowa girl who goes to Broadway to manage some shady enterprises she's inherited. Newcomer Robert Taylor and Pinky Tomlin are grand! (May)

TRANSIENT LADY—Universal.—A murder and a lynching for excitement, Gene Raymond for romance, June Clayworth and Henry Hull for acting, but this story lacks the necessary direction to make it the really powerful stuff it might have been. (May)

TRAVELING SALESLADY—First National.—A light, airy little comedy at which you can just relax and look and laugh. Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, William Gargan and Ruth Donnelly. (June)

UNDER PRESSURE—Fox.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe as sand hogs engaged in the dangerous business of cutting a tunnel under the East River. Exciting entertainment. (Apr.)

UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON—Fox.—A fast romantic comedy with Warner Baxter in Gaucho garb searching for a stolen race horse and finding lovely Ketti Gallian instead. Jack LaRue, John Miljan, Rita Cansino, Armida. (Aug.)

UNWELCOME STRANGER, THE—Columbia.—Little Jackie Searl is the crippled child around a race-track on whom Jack Holt blames a streak of bad racing luck. Just so-so entertainment, but Jackie, Holt, and Mona Barrie are good. (July)

★ **VAGABOND LADY**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A spirited, delightfully mad, and most enjoyable comedy with Robert Young really coming into his own as the captivating scape-son of a too, too dignified family. Evelyn Venable is the romantic prize. Good performances, too, by Reginald Denny Frank Craven. (June)

VANESSA—HER LOVE STORY—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes is excellent as Walpole's lovely heroine, but the film as a whole leaves something to be desired. Good portrayals by May Robson and Otto Kruger. Robert Montgomery is inadequate as Benjie. (May)

VILLAGE TALE—RKO-Radio.—A somewhat sordid drama of rural hates, jealousies and thwarted loves, with Randolph Scott, Robert Barrat, Kay Johnson, and a good supporting cast. (July)

WEDDING NIGHT, THE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—A tragic story, beautifully told, with a powerful love theme concerning a Polish farm girl and sensitive young novelist. Anna Sten and Gary Cooper superb in the leads. Excellent support. (Apr.)

WELCOME HOME—Fox.—Jimmy Dunn is the romantic grafter who feels the call of home, and protects the old home town from the hoaxes of his gilded partners. Arline Judge is romantic prize. Whimsical, sentimental and rather meager entertainment. (Sept.)

WEREWOLF OF LONDON, THE—Universal.—If you like blood-curdling excitement, chills and creeps, you'll enjoy shivering to this shocker with Henry Hull as the werewolf who becomes bestial when the moon is full. Warner Oland, Valerie Hobson, Spring Byington. Leave the children at home. (July)

WEST POINT OF THE AIR—M-G-M.—A father-son story, with Wallace Beery as an old Army sergeant and Robert Young his son who returns from West Point, his father's superior officer. In addition to an appealing story, there are some of the most thrilling flight sequences you've ever seen. Maureen O'Sullivan is romantic prize. (May)

WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT—First National.—Just another murder mystery, thin in spots. Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee are in top form; Allen Jenkins, Robert Barrat, Lyle Talbot and Patricia Ellis hold up support. But the story sags. (June)

★ **WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE**—Columbia.—Edward G. Robinson, as two other men, gives his finest performance in a brilliant picture. Excellent support by Jean Arthur. (Apr.)

WINGS IN THE DARK—Paramount.—An aviation story with a heart. Grand performances by Myrna Loy as a stunt flyer, and Gary Grant, her blind aviator lover. (Apr.)

WINNING TICKET, THE—M-G-M.—Comedy capers cut by Ted Healy, Leo Carrillo and Louise Fazenda over the disappearance of a winning sweepstakes ticket. (Apr.)

WOMAN IN RED, THE—First National.—Sparkling dialogue freshens up this old story of the poor girl married into society. Good performances by Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond and Genevieve Tobin. (May)

WOMEN MUST DRESS—Monogram.—A nice little domestic drama by Dorothy Reid, widow of the still-beloved Wally. Interestingly handled; Minna Gombell's performance is outstanding. (Apr.)



TOM EVANS

Charm

Jean Parker has got that prize of the Summer, a rich, even tan. And does that golden-yellow bathing suit set it off! The object of attention!



WELBOURNE

Variety

Truly here's "The Pay Off" in sparkling appeal, Claire Dodd, in First National's picture of that title. James Dunn is playing opposite her



BULL

Adrienne

Blonde charmer Adrienne Ames is the "other woman" in M-G-M's picture of "Woman Wanted." With her you'll see Maureen O'Sullivan, Joel McCrea



Witchery

Could you imagine this bit of sheer sweetness, Sally Eilers, could be in a murder mystery? Well, she is. It's Universal's "The Hangover Murder"

Coty presents "Air Spun"

... a dramatically different, new type face powder



NEW, TENDER TEXTURE

because it is Air Spun

The moment you touch Air Spun Powder you can tell the difference... the texture is so smooth. This smoother powder lies even and flat on the skin... and hides tiny lines and blemishes.



WARMER, YOUNGER SHADES

because it is Air Spun

Each of Coty's 12 shades is matched to a perfect debutante complexion. Then the tints are *air spun* into the powder... smoothly, subtly blended. In this way Coty brings new warmth... truer, younger tones to face powder.



LOYAL—IT CLINGS LONGER

because it is Air Spun

It is a scientific fact that the smoother the powder, the better it "holds." Chemists say "Air Spun particles are *friendlier* to your skin." They cling longer.

A NEW FACE POWDER by Coty! Just six words...but millions of women instantly will realize the importance of this news.

For "Coty" has for years meant the perfect beauty powder...adored by women for its flattering qualities...respected by chemists for its purity. And, indeed, no lovelier powder could be produced by any method known...up to this day.

Until now, all face powders have been made by "mechanical methods"—simply by grinding and sifting.

But now from Coty ateliers comes a startling discovery...an exciting new technique...the Air Spun method!

Imagine a powder actually *spun* by air! Swirled in a fantastic snowstorm at greater than cyclone speed! Buffed and driven—

until a new kind of powder is created.

The result is smoothness and softness never even approached by any other powder. A texture so tender that it seems twin to fresh young skin itself. Shades that are alive with warmer, younger tones. Scents enchantingly subtle...yet long-lasting. And the smoother Air Spun particles are "friendlier" to the skin. They cling longer.

A New, Larger Box \$1.00

Coty Air Spun Powder—in its famous odeurs, L'Origan, L'Aimant, "Paris," Eme-raude, Chypre—now comes in a new, *larger* box...almost half again as large.

Come with Coty to a new world of beauty!

Listen to Ray Noble and his music, Wednesday 10:30 P. M., New York time, NBC Red Network.



Welbourne

JUDGING from the majority of his rôles, you'd hardly expect James Cagney to take to the milder arts, such as piano playing. But James can do a right mean job of tickling the ivories. He likes this so-called jazz piano best. And note the soulful concentration of him!

PHOTOPLAY

CLOSE-UPS

AND LONG-SHOTS



B Y K A T H R Y N D O U G H E R T Y

RUSSIA speaks. Or at least, Russia's representative, Boris Z. Shumiatsky, does. Mr. Shumiatsky, president and general manager of the Soviet motion picture industry, comes direct from a visit to Hollywood, and like other intelligent sojourners there, he has brought back well-defined impressions. He gently chides us for not taking our picture-making more seriously. Not in just that phrasing, of course, but the inference is there. For one thing, our pictures lack propaganda—"message," Mr. Shumiatsky calls it, openly repudiating the offensive connotation of the longer word.

I think that what he considers a fault is the reason for our success—why American films blaze on the marquees of the world.

HOLLYWOOD is not trying to cram a "message" down the throats of a more or less patient audience. If our movies were as propaganda-ridden as those of two or three other nations, the industry would dwindle. First, last and all the time people go to pictures for entertainment, relaxation, diversion.

In newspapers, political weeklies, in Congress, in "movements," and in "causes" we are deluged with propaganda. But Hollywood has rarely yielded to the "duty of delivering a message." Already there are too many messengers galloping up to our doors in the belief that we are Garcia. Thank heaven, we don't have to bring that charge against our motion picture industry.

Let Hollywood continue going about its business of making movies as we like 'em.

I THINK the Ethiopians in Addis Ababa must have learned something about Western civilization from motion pictures. I don't know where their films come from—whether they are entirely European or whether they find their way from America into that last stronghold of primitive man, but have them they must, for a town that is connected with the coast by rail, that is familiar with the sight of automobiles on the streets, and boasts a mixed population of Arabs, Hindus, and Europeans cannot have escaped the motion picture. Picture houses are common all over India, in the interior of China and in some unexpected places in Africa.

Undoubtedly many of Ethiopia's manpower have seen the military maneuvers of the Italian or other armies in the newsreels, and have watched bombing planes in action. Probably World War pictures have circulated there. To that extent, at least, the terrors of modern battle are familiar to the Ethiopians.

I N one of our biggest cities the manager of a movie theater pulled off a film before its first afternoon run was finished. But he offered to run it for three days and

nights if he could advertise it as "THE WORLD'S WORST PICTURE—SO SOME SAY."

The distributor said he didn't know . . . he'd find out. He did. Yes, it was okay. The crowds came, too.

Who says that truth in advertising doesn't pay?

THERE are today more than twenty important child actors listed in films, working about as regularly as the four hundred adult contract players. This battalion of youth is indispensable to picture production.

How much of sentiment, pathos and innocent laughter their precocious ability supplies!

In this present generation of the infant brigade Shirley Temple is top sergeant. Yesterday, it was Jackie Cooper; and only a few short years ago, Jackie Coogan.

Jane Withers' performances in "Bright Eyes" and "Ginger" marked her as another prodigy. The inimitable Freddie Bartholomew, the crowning glory of "David Copperfield," is already a stellar fixture.

Mickey Rooney, who struggled up through comic shorts to a rôle in "Midsummer Night's Dream," reveals a streak of genius in his interpretation of the mischievous sprite, *Puck*, in Reinhardt's rendering of that play. The lad contributes rich humor, and reads his lines most understandingly. He's the ace of that show.

When it comes to true mimicry and debunking a situation, leave it to a child.

HANDS across the sea are becoming more tightly clasped. M-G-M and, probably, 20th Century-Fox are off to London to turn out films in England. British-made pictures that have been big successes in America have attracted the watchful eyes of Hollywood executives this year or two. "The Private Life of Henry VIII," for example, is still bringing in money for London Films, who made the picture. Of course, these canny Americans have an eye for all British markets, including the Dominions.

By producing on English soil, they'll appeal to English patriotism without in any way interfering with the American draw.

REVIVALS are being advertised—and heavily—not merely in the local papers of houses in the cities where they're showing, but in the film trade publications that are bought and read by theater managers. Box-office figures on return engagements of "It Happened One Night" ran up to an impressive amount. M-G-M, producers of "Smilin' Through," expect that picture to make a very satisfactory showing in its present come-back circuit.

It ought to. It was a grand picture and won the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal award for 1932. "The Virginian," with Gary Cooper and Mary Brian, can also be seen in many places. I prophesy a return sooner or later of "Little Women," also a Gold Medal film.

And upon the greatest hit of all time, "The Birth of a Nation," the moon never sets. Somewhere in the world every night it is said to be still showing, though it's now twenty years since its first release. Evidently there's gold in every can of stored film, if it's an exceptional film.

MANY of the scenes you see in photoplays cast on the screen of your local theater could easily happen to the participants in the drama.

Life's tragedies have again and again struck in Hollywood just as in New York, Chicago or South Bend. There may be reality then—even in fiction—about Hollywood and its picture people.

I recommend to you, in this issue, the first installment of a splendid serial—full of speed, thrills and tense with suspense.

Read these opening chapters of "Face Down" and you'll agree with me. You'll find it hard to wait for the next installment.



THE noted Dietrich legs are unmasked for the first time in a long while as Marlene calmly poses for stills, while the world eagerly awaits "The Pearl Necklace," under her new director, Frank Borzage

The Big Broadcast



More stars in this picture than there are in heaven! And more fun than you'll find anywhere else on earth!



Bing looks skyward to croon, "I Wished on the Moon." Come back down, Bing! That's far too far away! The girls won't like it!

Right. You might not believe it to look at her, but Ethel Merman's hit song in "The Big Broadcast" is entitled, "It's the Animal in Me"



Lyda Roberti says two men are twice as good as one. Jack Oakie's in the luck. But Henry Wadsworth's turn comes next. It's Lyda's cue to sing "Double Trouble"



Mary Boland is about to make a thermometer hit a new high, taking Charlie Ruggles' temperature!



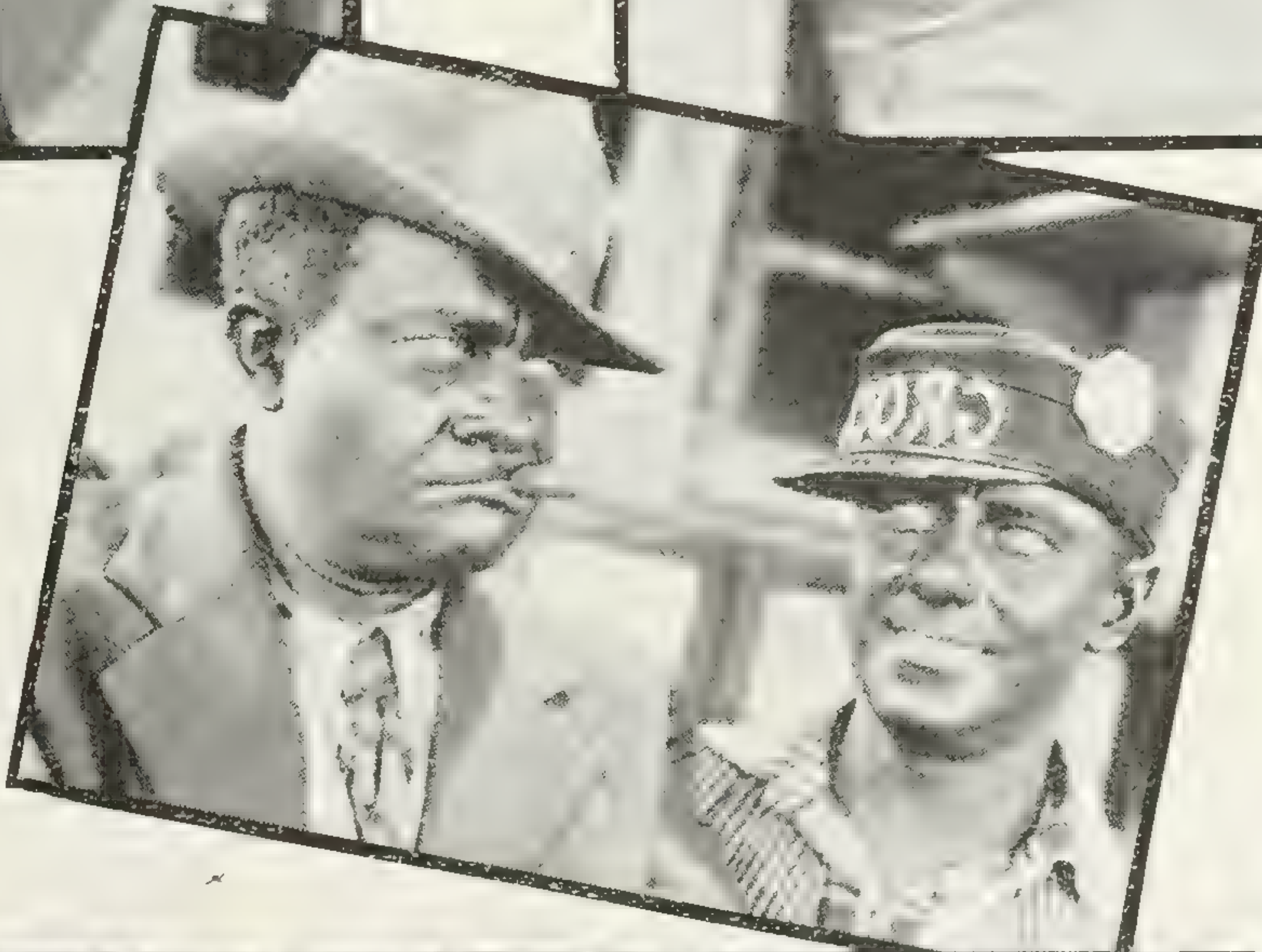
Left. A bigger and better chorus. Easier to train than girls, too, 'cause elephants never forget

of 1936



Just a little knit-wit, our Gracie. George is trying to tell his wife that sweater won't fit. But Mr. Burns will have to wear it anyhow

Andy is head of the A & A grocery chain, and it looks like he's in a pickle. Business must be just a sack of sugar for Amos at the moment



That sweet soprano of the air, Jessica Dragonette, who'll hypnotize you with her singing of "Alice Blue Gown"



Sweet music and plenty of hot-cha are supplied by Ray Noble and his lads. He wrote, for the Paramount film, a new hit song, "Why Stars Come Out at Night"

Bill Robinson does some of his most spectacular tapping in "The Big Broadcast." He struts his stuff to the rhythm of a little ditty, "Miss Brown to You"



WHAT LOVE HAS

WHAT love has done to Charlie Chaplin has always made Hollywood gasp—and now what love has done for Charlie Chaplin is making Hollywood gasp anew. It really is the story behind the recent announcement that Charlie hereafter will make two pictures a year, although it has been four years since his last one.

Mildred Harris, the first love Charlie married, kept him in bitterly fought litigation for two years and cost him plenty.

Lita Grey, his second wife and the mother of his two children, added some more grey hairs to the little comic's head by another knock-down-and-drag-out legal battle which extended its vigorously unpleasant ramifications even to the two kids.

Hollywood wondered how Charlie managed to "take it" and come back for more—keep coming back and at the same time find it in his heart to be creative; to keep on, even with the matrimonial guns banging to the left and to the right of him, giving the world such pictures as "The Kid," "The Pilgrim," "City Lights."

There have been other women in Charlie's life, too; women whom he didn't marry, perhaps, but most of whom added their bit to his troubles. Hollywood knows all about all of them, and what they did to Charlie.

But, at last, it looks as though love is doing something for Charlie.

Hollywood looks at him amazed as he goes on his light-hearted way with his latest love—Paulette Goddard. Hollywood can see that Charlie's feet are skipping along on air. No more the sad-faced, lonely clown, haunting odd corners by himself, Charlie is going places and doing things with all the abandon of a youngster with his first sweetheart.

All Hollywood believes that Paulette and Charlie are married. No one at Charlie's studio will confirm that, but, most significantly, no one will deny it either. Certain it is that Charlie and Paulette are never seen without each other, and they present a picture of contentment and happiness.

The years seem to have dropped from Charlie's face and from his figure. The smile which Hollywood remembers now, but had forgotten for lo! these many years past, is back upon his face. And as for the creative Charlie—well, Hollywood never recalls, even in the old days, when Charlie was as enthused about anything he was doing as about the picture he is making now.

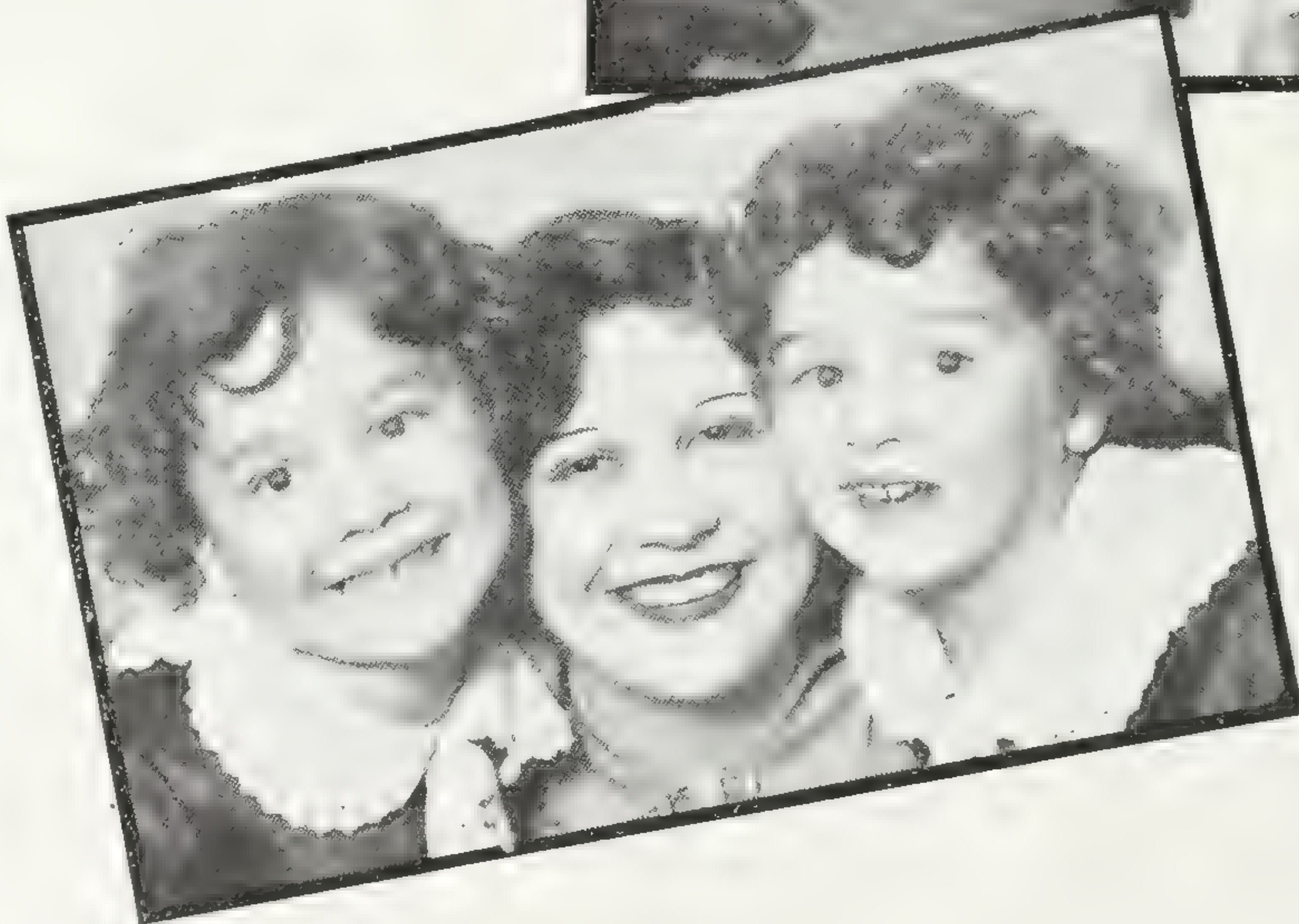
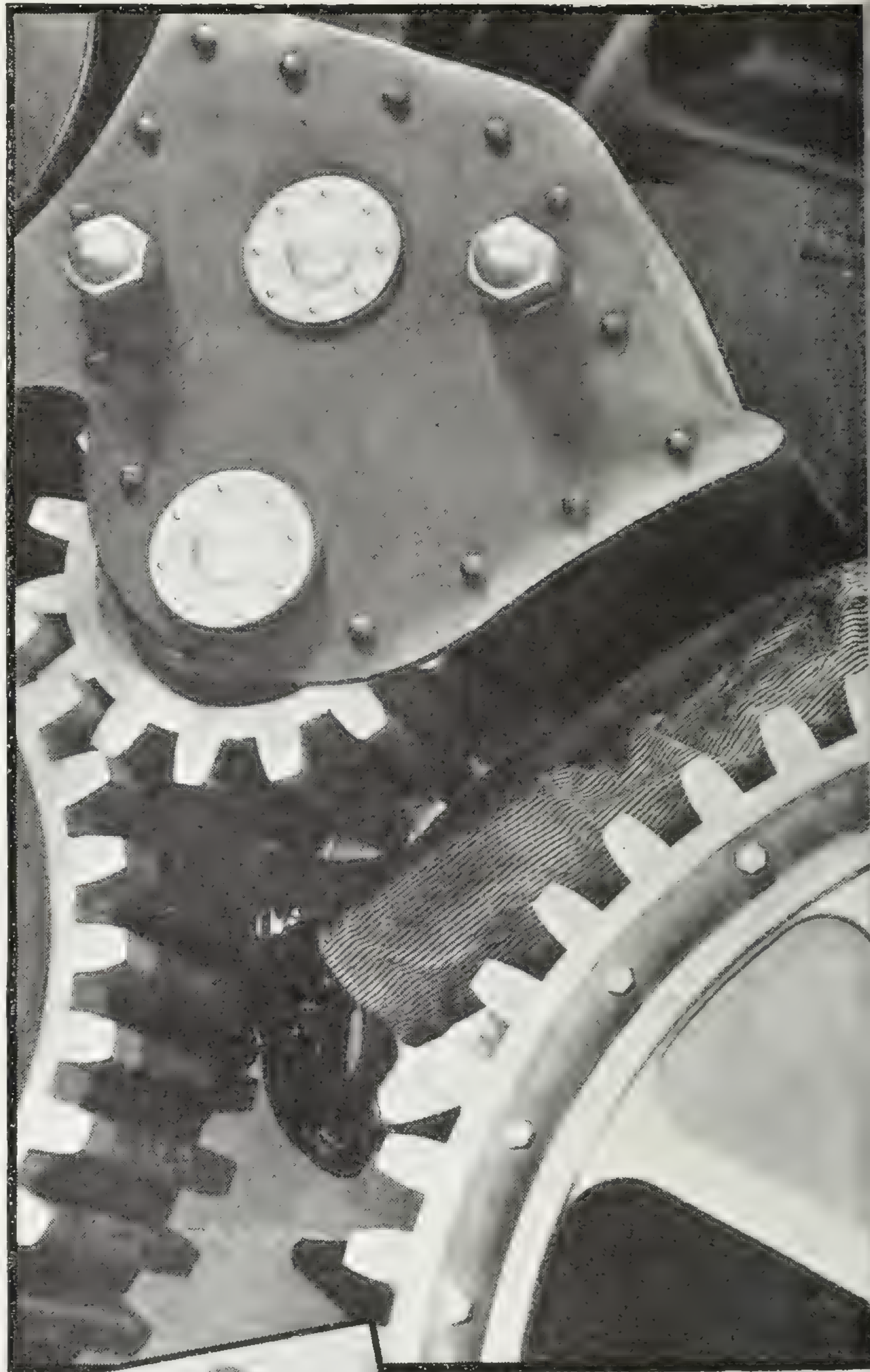
Charlie's loves in real life have been very closely paralleled by his pictures. And because of the performance which Paulette Goddard—at least according to Charlie—gives in his current film, Hollywood is beginning to remark that the genius of comedy's name isn't Charles Spencer Chaplin at all.

The "S," Hollywood is beginning to think, stands for *Svengali*.

Of course, Hollywood got pretty well fed up with that *Svengali* act of Marlene and Joe's, with or without the "von"—Hollywood says that the only real *Svengali* who exists around the studios is the same Charlie Chaplin.

That, too, has a lot to do with Charlie's loves.

If you look back a way you will recall, as Hollywood does,



Lita Grey's and Charlie's legal battle extended to their two children (left, Charlie, Jr., Lita, and Sydney), making Charlie more grey

that Charlie has had three *Trilbies* so far who could give a performance for him but couldn't for anybody else; and Paulette Goddard is his fourth *Trilby*, Hollywood says, largely because she's his current love.

Charlie's about the last guy in the world you'd expect to be a real honest-to-gosh *Svengali*, too, whether he actually mesmerizes 'em or not. Looking at Joe Sternberg you could believe it, what with those droopy moustaches and all, even though it wasn't so; but looking at this little guy, with his quiet little

DONE for CHAPLIN

The effect Paulette Goddard has had on the genius of comedy still has the whole of Hollywood amazed

BY REGINALD TAVINER

Gene Markey, the writer, and Charlie give Paulette a big hand at the Trocadero. Charlie's just about to cheer!

Charlie's present picture, "Modern Times," has been completed in record time. Paulette again is the reason, and Charlie gives the explanation for that, too

Mildred Harris, the first love Charlie married, had him in bitterly fought litigation for two years, and it cost him plenty. But now a new Chaplin is at work

smile and his funny antics you'd never suspect it on earth.

You'd be more likely to pick him for *Trilby* . . . especially with that old bowler hat and those baggy pants and those enormous shoes, shuffling his way through the alleys of life . . .

But *Svengali* is all hopped up about the real *Trilby*—this one—and has more elaborate plans for her than he ever had for

any of the others. Unheard of before he found them, all four were lifted to fame by being in a picture with him: it was Merna Kennedy in "The Circus," Georgia Hale in "The Goldrush," Virginia Cherrill in "City Lights," and now it is Paulette Goddard in his latest feature, "Modern Times."

None of the other three, after leaving him to buck the movie racket by themselves, ever got [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100



Though that steak is almost gone, George Burns' appetite—and his concentration—are still going strong



Don't let Virginia fool you. Miss Bruce just put away a dinner that big! At the Vendome with Count Carpegna

One of the Brown Derby's best customers, John Boles. Hollywood singers don't have canary-bird appetites!



Gracie just thought of a wise-crack. But she can't put down that ear of corn. Miss Allen is seen at the Brown Derby

Don't Talk To Me About Diets—I've

"YOU see that little blonde girl over there?" I asked the headwaiter at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby.

The elegant John Portilla fixed his fine eyes on the girl in question, who wore a sports hat, a gray sweater, a pair of white flannel slacks and no make-up at all.

"Yes, I see her."

"What is that huge dish she is eating? I notice she's had two helpings."

"That's boiled brisket of beef," he replied.

"A dainty dish," I observed. "Who is the child that's putting it away so enthusiastically?"

"Jean Harlow. Whenever we have brisket of beef, I have to telephone the studio and let her know about it."

I admit I was surprised. My life has been one long gastronomic pilgrimage. Every three or four months, I run down

town and book my passage to Europe. If it is in Summer, I rush to Ciro's in Deauville. Raymonde—ebon-eyed, golden-toothed little Raymonde, who hails from the terraced hills back of Bordighera—dishes up his native *ravioli*, bulging with minced meat, sunk with cheese; and my native strawberry tartlet, dripping with syrup. I protest. Next day, he makes a simple dish; eggs, scrambled before my eyes in butter and parmesan, mixed at the last moment with a panful of snapping hot *alumette*, potatoes and more butter—always more butter. I flee to Paris.

Celestin, the tall headwaiter at Fouguet's on the Champs Élysées mixes me a salad *mélange* with special dressing, his own, in which I distinguish faint traces of white wine vinegar and garlic—the latter not so faint. I am suddenly smitten with memories of the huge portions of *pâté de foies gras* that Vienna



The end of a perfect meal! And doesn't Irene Hervey look happy? Her contented eating partner is Bob Taylor, enjoying dinner at the Trocadero



Spaghetti, yards and yards of it, can make George Raft late getting back to work any noon in the week



The Weissmullers are having an eating contest, and Lupe wins because she bites bigger than Johnny

Seen What The Stars Really Eat

Put on that surprised look for you'll scarcely believe the incredible but true things you'll find here

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

PHOTOS BY HYMAN FINK

served us in the starvation days that followed the war; and I seek out Viel's on the Boulevard, where they have the best *pâté* in *Paris*. At night, I try Foyot's duck or Frederic's, the former with oranges, the latter with blood; or toy with *écrevisse* at the restaurant of that name. I am happy.

I eat everything, and I digest everything—ultimately. But latterly, there has been an intervening period of extreme

anguish. You might call it a stomach ache. Yes, I think it is just that. I have had a thousand of them in the past three years. And my doctors have told me that I will have other thousands, increasing in length and depth, until I die, unless I give my stomach a rest. That's why I have come to Hollywood, the land of diets, the place where everybody stays slender, beautiful and well. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



Close friends know and love the Crawford that is gay, affectionate, charming. Her escort here is Franchot Tone

Joan, the brooding tragedienne, is a character from her past. Above, a scene from "Glitter," with Fred Keating

THE GIRL

For no other reason this interview should be unique for the reason that I am probably the only writer in Hollywood who has not talked with Joan Crawford in six years!

Along with Norma Shearer, Joan has earned the gratitude of the local scribes by always being helpful and available at difficult times when the Hepburns and Ann Hardings are kicking up the dust of their heels to the press, behaving as much like Garbo as possible.

But for some inexplicable reason Joan and I have not crossed paths since that day, long ago, when Joan and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and I lunched at the Roosevelt soon after their marriage.

The proverbial water has flowed under the bridge, the New



Joan Crawford here reveals secrets that will prove invaluable to you if you are earnestly seeking the road to happiness

By DOROTHY MANNERS



Joan and Clark Gable meet and exchange a laugh on the set. Her laughter to-day has a new ring to it

Her case is the strangest ever known in the history of Hollywood. No one can recall Joan's yesterdays

WITHOUT A PAST

Dealers have dealt, the box-office has written new destinies in Hollywood, famous loves have been born, and died, and even the weather has changed since those throbbing days when Joan and Doug wrote love letters on the backs of hotel menus.

So, the obvious, if hackneyed, approach to this new meeting with Joan was a comparison of the past with the present.

But Joan had no more than walked onto the set of her new picture, her slim figure tailored to a wraith in a black-velvet suit, a close-fitting hat nearly covering her new, shorter haircut, that I knew my stereotyped angle had gone up in smoke.

An hour or so later, I knew that every phase of Joan is a stranger to the last one.

Before I left I realized that she is the only woman I have ever known *without a past!*

For Joan, like Emerson's "great man," has caused the past to drop away from her: *The great man is not a slave to his development . . . when we see the conqueror we do not think of any one particular battle or success . . . for he has caused the past to fade and disappear as an early cloud of insignificant result in a history so large and advancing.*

It would no more be possible to look into the clear, polite eyes Joan turns on you, and say: "Do you remember when you were the best Charleston dancer in town; or remember the crazy laugh you used to have, or the way [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

Face Down

Hollywood—life itself—streamed past the narrow alley opening, and in the darkness, Death brooded!

By CHARLES
J. KENNY



Fenton had come from seeing the body—face down

IT WAS the first rain of the season.

The parched hills back of Hollywood drank the moisture eagerly. Grass which had been baked brown and brittle by the summer sun slowly became soggy.

The hour was late twilight. Wet streets reflected lights in shimmering ribbons. Slow moving streams of traffic crept cautiously along slippery pavements. Pedestrians scuttled for the shelter of awnings, where they huddled in bedraggled groups, waiting for street cars.

A woman, crossing a street, emitted a little shriek as a passing automobile splashed water against her ankles.

In a blind alleyway between two buildings a body lay—face down.

Only straggling illumination from the street light seeped into this dark oblong between an apartment hotel on the one side and a towering office building on the other. Not a hundred feet away, the pavement echoed to the nervous click of high-heeled shoes, as throngs of pedestrians streamed past the narrow opening, street cars rumbled by, gongs clanging, automobiles blared impatient horns.

These sounds were all muffled as they penetrated to the place where the body lay. Like the illumination of the street lights, the sounds seemed to seep through the wet darkness, muffled and remote.

From the street a woman laughed, with that shrill half-hysterical laughter which is induced by more than one cocktail. Yet, as the sound of that laughter penetrated the space between



MacFadden Studios

From the doorway, he looked at Vilma Fenton, the movie star. There could be no mistaking her dismay at his silent accusation

the two buildings, it did not seem out of place. Life flowed through the street. Death brooded in the darkness. The line of demarkation was sharply drawn.

Gradually the rush hour, when workers sought their homes, gave place to that slack in traffic which marks the interim before the theater rush.

Comparative silence descended upon the space between the buildings—a silence broken only by the steady drip, drip, drip of the gentle rain.

CHAPTER II

FRANK ALTER, the lawyer, paced nervously up and down his office. From time to time he snapped his wrist watch into position before his eyes. Invariably he frowned.

The woman sat in the corner, slightly in the shadow. The hem of her skirt over her crossed knees disclosed a pair of legs and ankles which caught the light from the floor lamp near

the desk. Her face and the rest of her figure were in shadow.

Alter ceased his pacing, cocked his head to one side, like a dog listening to some faintly familiar sound.

"That's the door of the elevator," he said. "Remember, now, I'll do the talking."

The woman continued to sit motionless, moving not so much as a muscle.

Alter surveyed her with a critical eye.

"Push your chair back," he said. "Get those legs in the shadow. Pull your skirt down. I don't want him to even suspect the truth—anyone would know those legs were never born to remain undiscovered. Remember, he's the best detective in the business."

She pushed her chair back an inch or two, pulled at the hem of the skirt. She laughed, and her laugh was harsh with nerve tension.

Fingernails made a gently tapping sound on the frosted

glass of the door marked "FRANK ALTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. PRIVATE."

Alter stepped to the door, his thumb and finger holding the knurled knob of the spring lock.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Brent" said a muffled voice.

The lawyer twisted the knob opened the door a crack. "Come in," he said. "Make it snappy. My God, you've been long enough getting here."

Dick Brent, one of those men who swing between extremes of motionless placidity on the one hand, and explosive action on the other, pushed the door open with what seemed to be a casual motion, yet the paunchy attorney was thrown off balance and staggered back several steps as though he had been struck.

"Well, open the door," Brent grinned. "How the hell can I . . ." He broke off as he saw the shadowy form of the woman, and said, "I beg your pardon, ma'am. I thought Alter was alone."

The woman said nothing.

Alter pushed in front of the detective like some important switch engine puffing about in front of a limited train, pulling cars about on a side track. He thrust his hands against Brent's elbows, shoving him backward and to one side. At the same time he kicked the door shut with his right heel.

"Right over here, Dick. Sit down in this chair—no, not in that one—this one."

He pushed the detective into a chair which had been carefully arranged so that light from a floor lamp dazzled his eyes and made it difficult for him to see into the dark corners of the room.

"Dick," he said, "we're in a spot, an awful spot. You've got to help us out."

"Who's we?" Brent asked.

"My client," Alter said hastily.

"That's only one. Who's the other?"

"No other. Just my client. But I have made her interests mine, of course."

The detective's eyes fought against the illumination of the floor lamp, as he tried to see into the shadows.

"Who's the client?" he asked.

"Miss Smith," the lawyer responded with nervous readiness, "Miss Mary Smith."

"What's *her* trouble?"

"I'm going to let her tell her own story," the lawyer answered. "Then you'll realize how much we need your help. Don't worry about money. You'll be well compensated, but you can't turn us down."

Brent's face was without expression as he digested the full significance of that statement. The light beat down upon a square forehead surmounted by glossy black hair, keen blue eyes which surveyed life speculatively from under smoothly shaped brows, high cheekbones, a long, straight nose, a mouth which tilted slightly upward at the corners, but only needed to straighten a mere fraction of an inch in order to become a firm line of uncompromising determination, a jaw which was not too prominent but which contained no hint of vacillation.

Alter watched the man as a duck hunter watches a lone Mallard circling in toward the blinds.

"Dr. Copeland is dead," he said.

Brent's face showed interest, then once more became a mask.

"What caused his death?" he asked, in a voice that was a cautious monotone.

Alter, with eyes staring steadily at the detective said, "Two shots at the base of the skull, as nearly as I can tell."

There was a moment of silence. The shadowy form of the young woman stirred into restless motion, as she clasped her hands together and recrossed her knees. It was the first time she had moved since Brent had entered the office.

Brent seemed to settle back in his chair. His muscles relaxed.

"Tell me about it," he said.

The attorney looked across at the woman and nodded his head.

She started to cry, a low, gentle sobbing, and placed her handkerchief to her eyes, then to her nose.

"That isn't going to help any," Alter said. "You must tell your story."

He spoke smoothly, without expression, as though he had been reciting carefully rehearsed lines.

The woman took a deep breath which she exhaled in little broken sobs, then, with her handkerchief held to her nose in such a manner that it muffled her voice she said, "I had an appointment with Dr. Copeland. I parked my car in the blind alley between the two buildings. That's where Dr. Copeland kept *his* car parked. He was going to drive to a certain place. I was to follow his car. I found a space, parked my car and went to his office."

"What time was that?" Brent asked.

"That was about five-thirty."

"Go through his outer office?"

"No. I went to his private office. He let me in."

"Then what?"

"We were there a few minutes. We had a drink. Then he went out first. He told me to follow in five minutes. That would give him time to get his car started and the motor warmed."

"I waited five minutes and walked down the stairs to . . ."

"You didn't use the elevator?" Brent interrupted.

"No, I had plenty of time. It's only two flights down. I walked through the corridor to the door which opens on the alley. I started toward my car, and had almost reached it when I saw something lying on the pavement in the rain. It was a body sprawled almost under the running-board of my car. . . . It was . . . it was Dr. Copeland."

"What did you do?" Brent asked in a calmly conversational tone of voice, as though he had been discussing a matter of no particular moment.

"I didn't want anyone to know I had been consulting Dr. Copeland. I thought his body would be discovered soon enough, anyway. I backed my car out and got away from there."

"Then what?"

"Then I got in touch with Mr. Alter."

Alter said hastily, "You see, Dick, Miss Smith can't afford to be dragged into the inquiry the police will make."

"How you going to keep her out of it?" Brent inquired.

"*You're* going to keep her out of it."

"How?"

"That's up to you. Now, those are the highlights of the case. You can see Miss Smith is upset. I don't want her to talk any more. She's given you a general idea of what happened. Now it's up to you, Dick."

Brent looked over at the woman.

"Any other cars parked in the alleyway when you took yours out?" he asked.

Alter said hurriedly, "I can answer that question, Dick. You see, I've gone over all this with her before I called you. There weren't any other cars in there—just Dr. Copeland's and hers. When she parked her car there were one or two other machines in the alley, but not when she came out. Parking in that alley space is reserved for tenants of the office building, and for the most part these tenants leave around five o'clock."

"Then," Brent said, "if there were one or two other machines in the alley when this young woman parked her car, and none when she came out, other people must have been leaving their offices about the time of the murder—unless she was there longer than she's admitted."

"We had a couple of drinks," the woman said. "I was there quite a little . . ."

"Shut up, Miss . . . Smith!" the lawyer interrupted.

"Did anyone see you go out through that corridor?" Brent asked her.

Alter motioned her to silence and answered the question for her.

"No one, unless perhaps someone in the Pixley Paper Products Company did. That office is on the short corridor which runs to the alley. Miss Smith remembers that someone was working in the office as she went by. She could hear the clack of the typewriter, and the door [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



Warren okays spotlights and cameras for make-believe romances only. He's about to play a love scene, above, with Claire Dodd for "Don't Bet On Blondes." Director Robert Florey is seated, right

Don't Try To Explain Warren William

Warren is Hollywood's puzzle—and even his best friend will tell you he is downright peculiar

By BEN MADDOX

EVERYONE in Hollywood feels sorry for Warren William, including his own wife.

But he is quite content. To be more accurate still, he is positively incapable of raising a single healthy holler at being Overlooked Star Number One. He has no "flair" and he doesn't care.

You practically never see any interviews with Warren. The gossip columnists long ago dismissed him as impossible; he doesn't Go Places and Do Things. Pictures of him on his trim little yacht, informal snapshots of him at his spacious country home at Encino occasionally appear. And that's just about all the spotlighting he gets.

Yet he is certainly one of the very busiest players. He could rate so much more attention, for his life is a lead in this and a lead in that. Each Spring his studio has upped his salary appreciably. This has been going on for five years in a row, so his weekly income is now tidy.

He intended to be an architect or an engineer, but was rotten

at figures. Likely there's a direct connection to his being equally inept at angles, even when they're the intangible publicity sort which his competitors think necessary.

His friends keep lecturing him. Warren's wife Helen is perturbed when she observes how the rest of the big shots parade. She is so whole-heartedly wrapped up in his career and she knows Hollywood is unanimously agreed that a glittery front is good business. It oughtn't to be blandly regarded as irrelevant.

Which is precisely what it is to Warren. He is a flop at self-advertising. When this is pointed out again and again he doesn't even bother to retort, "So what?"

He isn't coy, nor is he nourishing illusions of grandeur which might persuade him to cling to a privacy excluding the public. Nor is he the least scornful or envious of those who sparkle determinedly. His philosophy is that you're what you are, and so why fume? He isn't worrying.

There is nothing of the recluse [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Why Male Stars Marry Plain Girls

Explaining a mystery that has long baffled the curious—inside information well worth knowing and using

By KAY PROCTOR



If you were Ria Gable could you remain serenely undisturbed by the gorgeous ladies to whom Clark makes such telling love on the screen?

To hold a man like Fredric March, Florence Eldridge has to have something more than mere glamour or physical beauty. She knows the answer



ADAB of fine caviar is a morsel tempting to the most jaded of appetites; a heaping platter of it is a sickening sight. An hour of glamour is swell; twenty-four and it becomes deadly dull.

Perhaps that explains one of the seemingly mad contradictions of Hollywood—the marriage of the handsomest and most eligible men to women who have more charm and personality than physical beauty.

They have held close in their arms the majestic loveliness of Norma Shearer, the seductive glamour of Garbo, the Dresden Loretta Young,

Bob's had his pick of the loveliest. But you've never heard a rumor of a divorce in the Montgomery family. It's a secret you may share





Ruth Howard keeps within the hollow of her hand the magic formula that firmly holds the woman-worshiped Leslie. Many stars would like to know what it is

Richard Dix' good looks led him a merry chase among film-land's beauties until he realized Virginia had what it took to tie his wandering affections securely



the sensuous Jean Harlow and the vivid flame that is Joan Crawford.

They have shared, on the screen, the glories of love with each of the lovely ladies whose faces, more than launching a thousand ships, have filled a thousand box-offices with gold, a thousand men with vague yearnings and a thousand women with much envy and despair.

Yet when the day's work is done, when the arms of these handsome stars and leading men are unclasped from the Colberts, the Hardings and the Bennetts, they rush home to the "little woman."

Who are the "little women" of these Apollos of the screen?

They are women whose beauty stands no comparison with the breath-taking loveliness of the charmers of the silver screen.

They are women with emotional stability, mental balance, a sense of humor, and the knack of making their men believe they are indeed kings in fact as well as fancy. But almost without exception they are "plain girls."

They are, most often, home-bodies. Women who are rich in the old-fashioned ability of real home-making. They are women who have mastered subjugation of self in the interest of a better whole.

They are the women whom everyone calls "grand persons"

and "swell girls." They seldom rate the descriptive adjectives of "ravishing," "glorious," or "gorgeous." What care they? Such names, for them, are superfluous.

They are the happy women of Hollywood.

Their glamorous sisters are the lonely ones.

Who, by name, are these happy women whom the kingpins of masculine appearance and appeal have made them glad not to be troubled with beauty? Their name is legion.

Clark Gable represents to the average woman in America the *ne plus ultra* in good looks, appeal and virility.

Ria Gable, his wife, remains serenely undisturbed by the ladies to whom Clark makes such telling love on the screen.

She has something more than mere physical beauty. Far more. She has charm, poise and culture. She has the ability to overshadow younger, brilliantly lovely young women. She has all Clark wants. He gets too much screen sex every working day and Mrs. Gable's [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



Gaily off to see the wonders of California's exposition at San Diego. Left to right: Henry Wadsworth, Patricia Ellis, Her

CALYORK'S GOSSIP

NIGHT clubbing Hollywood almost fainted the other night when Mae West appeared, *en tourage* at the Troc.

Mae, whose sole night appearances have heretofore been at the fights, had a reason, however, for the unwonted display of frivolity. One of her loyal police guards, who has been dogging her every footstep since she was threatened by gangdom, had just been promoted up on the force. So Mae thought it called for a celebration.

All of the guards joined in the fun.

ORDINARILY Bing the Crosby is a docile soul.

But have you ever been squirted square in the face with a stream of seltzer water?

Bing took such tormenting punishment for about eight or ten scenes from the assistant director in "Two For Tonight." Finally the scene was over.

"Gimme one of those," said Bing grimly. From then on, until the array of bottles was dry, the set was a squirting shambles. Bing chased the assistant director around until he shouted "Uncle"—and then thought the idea was so swell that he anointed every one in the cast.

He felt much better then.

SO you thought Shirley Temple was six years old, did you?

Well—she's about nine and a half—that is, in mental ability. If it means anything to you, Shirley is a perfect "I. Q.—155." The "I. Q." stands for "Intelligence Quotient"—and the average adult's rating, according to years, is supposed to run around 100. So you see—just what we told you—that Shirley Temple is a smart kid. But ten-to-one she doesn't have the faintest idea what "Intelligence Quotient" means!

THEY have been taking some time scoring the elaborate musical accompaniment for "The Crusades."

The other day, Cecil B. DeMille, unexpected, walked to the recording stage. The red light was burning. He waited five minutes. He waited ten minutes, fifteen minutes. When no less than twenty-five minutes had passed, and the red light was still burning, he cautiously opened the door, wondering how any recording scene could take that long.

The whole crew were sitting about on the floor swapping jokes. They had put the red light on to keep out curious studio wanderers—but they hadn't expected the big boss.

SEVENTY-SIX men sat in the bright glare of a Hollywood set.

Seventy-five were blind. One could see—Fredric March, starring in "The Dark Angel."

The rest were extras from the Braille Institute.



Wilson, Paula Stone, Ben Alexander, Grace Durkin, Hayden Lucid, Richard Brodus, Gertrude Durkin, Bob Hoover, Toby Wing

OF HOLLYWOOD

Sitting in a room with blind men does something to you. It makes you realize just how lucky you are to be able to see. It did something to Freddie.

Before the picture was finished he had written out a sizeable check payable to the Braille Institute. And he didn't tell us about it, either. He's that kind.

DON'T worry about losing Clark Gable. He is not going to turn evangelist. In fact, the enterprising young preacher who came out to lure him away from the fleshpots of Hollywood never got to see Clark.

The idea was very intriguing to the newspapers, but soon it became a bit too evident that the crusader was over-anxious to see his name in print. Clark offered to see him—under his own conditions—which were, to see him without his press agent and with a stenographer to take down every word uttered. But the minister declined.

WHAT celebrated director of smart drawing room persiflage is rapidly being bossed right out of the business by his wife? The lady, a Continental, got herself the job of technical adviser in one of his recent pictures, and he didn't make a single shot the way he wanted it!

And the set is so populated by her friends that practically no English is spoken.

THE last day on the set of "Anna Kerenina," Greta Garbo bent her head and implanted a very nice kiss upon the cheek of Freddie Bartholomew.

Just like that!

Whereupon Freddie went right home and wrote about it in his diary which he kept all through the picture.

"I hope," concluded Freddie's pen, "that people don't write any more bad notices or

think anything bad about her (Garbo) or do anything because she is *sweet*."

Freddie, Old Bean, if you could persuade Greta to give us a kiss, I'm sure we would never, never write, think, or even faintly imagine anything bad about Garbo.

Never!

Slip her the idea, will you Freddie—go on—

THE betting in Hollywood is now two-to-one that the first words little Katharine Thalberg (Norma Shearer's new baby) will utter will be, "Romeo, Romeo—wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

Never has Norma been as completely hipped on a picture as she is on "Romeo and Juliet." You know, only a few days before it was time to go to the hospital she was down at the studio making recording tests for the Shakesperean play.

And the first thing she asked for when she came home was the script!



The gallant Fredric March and his wife (Florence Elldridge) enjoy a tête-a-tête at the Trocadero (above)



Things are looking up at the Walter Wanger party, above. Left to right, Bill Wellman, Patsy Kelly, Alice Faye and host Wanger (holding hands!), Gail Patrick, Henry Fonda, Frances Langford, and George Raft



The George Jessels (Norma Talmadge), with host Eddie Lowe, as Eddie opened his Malibu Beach home with a big dinner party



A birthday cake of gardenias! Jean Hersholt (right), Ryas Asger Grut, Danish vice-consul (left), Princess Bernadotte, celebrate their natal day, as Frank Morgan, Frank Capra, and Edward G. Robinson look on

GRACE MOORE is a girl who knows her rights and insists on them. This has given rise to stories of "temperament" recently. But 'tisn't so—Grace just picks on the big-wigs. She's peaches and cream on the set.

Not long ago Harry Cohn, big boss of Columbia studios, where Grace earns her weekly stipend, was berating his under-executives for being unable to "handle" Grace.

"You don't use any finesse," he explained. "I'm going to call her now—watch me."

He picked up the telephone. The conversation started out very sweetly. But before it was over, head man Cohn was shouting, gesticulating, threatening and pounding the table! And Grace was talking right back.

The under-executives discreetly left.

WITH her customary dignity, Irene Dunne informed boss John M. Stahl and her colleagues in "Magnificent Obsession" that she intended to knit an entire dress during the making of the picture. (Stahl is known for his long-lived shooting schedules.)

The next day she arrived carrying a large bag bulging at the sides.

"What's that?" they asked.

"I told you I was going to knit a dress," said Irene, "—that's my yarn, and I'm stuck with it."

"NO Visitors"—that ominous ban, not this time placed on the set of a temperamental star, but on a room in the house of W. C. Fields—saddens everyone.

"Bill," universally beloved, sits in that room in a barber's chair, especially rigged up to allow him some quota of comfort. He is very sick, Bill is, with a back ailment, which makes it impossible for him to sit down or lie down.

Three doctors are in consultation, and day and night nurses attend him constantly. No one can see him to cheer him up or help ease his steady pain.

The barber's chair supports him and doesn't press on his back.



It's good to see John Gilbert about again. And here's a group of friends of long standing: Monte Blue, Raquel Torres, Mrs. Blue, John, Renee Torres, and Stephen Ames, all gathered at Raquel's



Rumor says they are married—anyhow, Gertrude Michael and director Rouben Mamoulian officially admit that they are engaged



Estelle Taylor and Lee Tracy, above, 'tis reported, are one of Hollywood's big romances. They're at all the places together



Gene Raymond, that gay cavalier, Cal is told, takes all his girl friends to the Cocoanut Grove. That inimitable shadow, cameraman Hyman Fink, snapped Gene with the gorgeous Jeanette MacDonald

He has been in it some weeks now, and while there is some improvement, it looks as if a long time will roll around before Bill can come back to bring laughter to the world—
If ever.

REPORTS from advance color tests at Paramount studios seem to indicate that you're going to have a whole screenload of fresh new stars. Claudette Colbert and Marlene Dietrich, particularly, have drawn good old fashioned raves from everyone with their tinted

tests. Color tests are the current vogue now in Hollywood. If you haven't had one, you try to arrange one and then bite your fingernails until it is run off. Of course, the only ones you hear about are the good ones.

BACK in 1907 an actress named Gertrude Norman started her picture career with D. W. Griffith. For years she played mother rôles. She was Mary Pickford's mother, Marguerite Clark's mother.

Then Hollywood forgot about her. The other day she started a come-back with the rôle of a maid in "Peter Ibbetson." Today she is eighty-three years old—which is something of a record for come-backs, what?

A GUSHY type of sob-sister writer approached Margaret Sullavan on the set of "So Red the Rose" at Paramount. It was when the air was first full of rumors about Margaret's separation from her husband, William Wyler.

"Now Miss Sullavan," oozed the lady, "just tell me all about this trouble of yours."

"Why don't you tell me all about *your* trouble?" said Margaret.

The writer staggered. "Uh—" she said, "don't you love your husband?"

"Don't you love yours?" said Margaret.

"Uh—would you rather live alone?"

"Would you?" countered Maggie.

It wasn't long before the writer left—with no story.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78]



The Rainer nature is such that there are no halfway measures with her—even to her apple-pie adventure

Know Luise Rainer

The tiny Viennese lovely is a whole lot of exciting something Hollywood never experienced before

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

the old town has never run up against before. And when I say something, I mean a bit of a whole lot, in spite of her half pint dimensions.

About this scare business—maybe Luise read too many stories and believed that Hollywood should be taken by storm. Anyway, before being duly discovered as a screen bet by super talent scouts Robert Ritchie, Rufus LeMaire and Director Clarence Brown, she set out from Berlin by automobile on the first leg of her Hollywood hegira.

A snowstorm blew up and the automobile promptly dived over an embankment when Luise left it for a minute to brush the snow off a road sign. Profoundly unnerved, she mushed

back to Berlin and boarded a plane for the seacoast only to slither and sideslip through a gale into a series of forced landings.

No sooner had she bid the home shores of Europe good-bye than the steamship got the idea too, proceeding to nose into one of the worst Atlantic storms of the season so that they trundled Luise, the shade of an unripe olive, down the gang-plank at New York and right into a hospital on the fringe of Harlem.

Darktown "hi-de-hoes" and "yeah mans" which floated up through her window failed to have the expected tonic effect on her chart since Luise harbored a definite suspicion that all colored folk were cannibals. She was sure of it later when she boarded the transcontinental train and was confronted by a huge ebon porter flashing two rows of expansive ivory choppers at her. She knew they were designed to devour her.

After four days locked in her compartment in mortal horror of impending consumption, Hollywood held no terrors for Luise—not even the terror of being tagged a Garbo copy cat.

As a matter of fact, no one [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

SHE isn't much bigger than a minute hand on a Swiss watch, but that doesn't keep Luise Rainer from being the current "it" of Hollywood.

Luise Rainer (if you say "Ry-ner" you go to the head of the class, and if you say "Ry-nah," as they do on the dear old Danube, you get a gold star to paste in your notebook) is, of course, the little windblown, elfin actress whose big brown provocative eyes flashed the danger signal in "Escapade" as she doubtless hummed "Who Walks In When You Walk Out" over her shoulder to Myrna Loy.

And now that everyone is hailing this tiny Austrian lovely as the latest exotic and the new super star from across the Pond, the "going Garbo" game has started.

Only little Fraulein Luise is proving pesky to pick on for three good reasons.

Because first, she used up practically all of her fear complexes before she ever got to Hollywood; because second, the pack waited a bit too long to waggle the old familiar scarecrow; and because third, *Die Rainer* is something the like of which

PHOTOPLAY'S MEMORY ALBUM

edited by
FREDERICK L. COLLINS

PICTURES came to California on the instalment plan. Colonel Selig, picturesque Chicago pioneer, was the first important film man to realize the state's pictorial potentialities. His initial California production, a great success, was "The Count of Monte Cristo," released in 1908. Stragglers followed; and finally, in January, 1910, Griffith himself made his first winter visit to Los Angeles. Soon he was an all-year resident. The California era in picture-making had gotten under way.



1. Griffith's (center) interest in his youthful caravan was more that of the head of a family than the head of a company. He was never too busy to help Bobby Harron (above) with his make-up or to assist Miriam Cooper (upper left) in her emoting.



2. He was always on the job — on location by day, then to the cutting room at night.



3. His first studios were little more than aggregations of sheds.



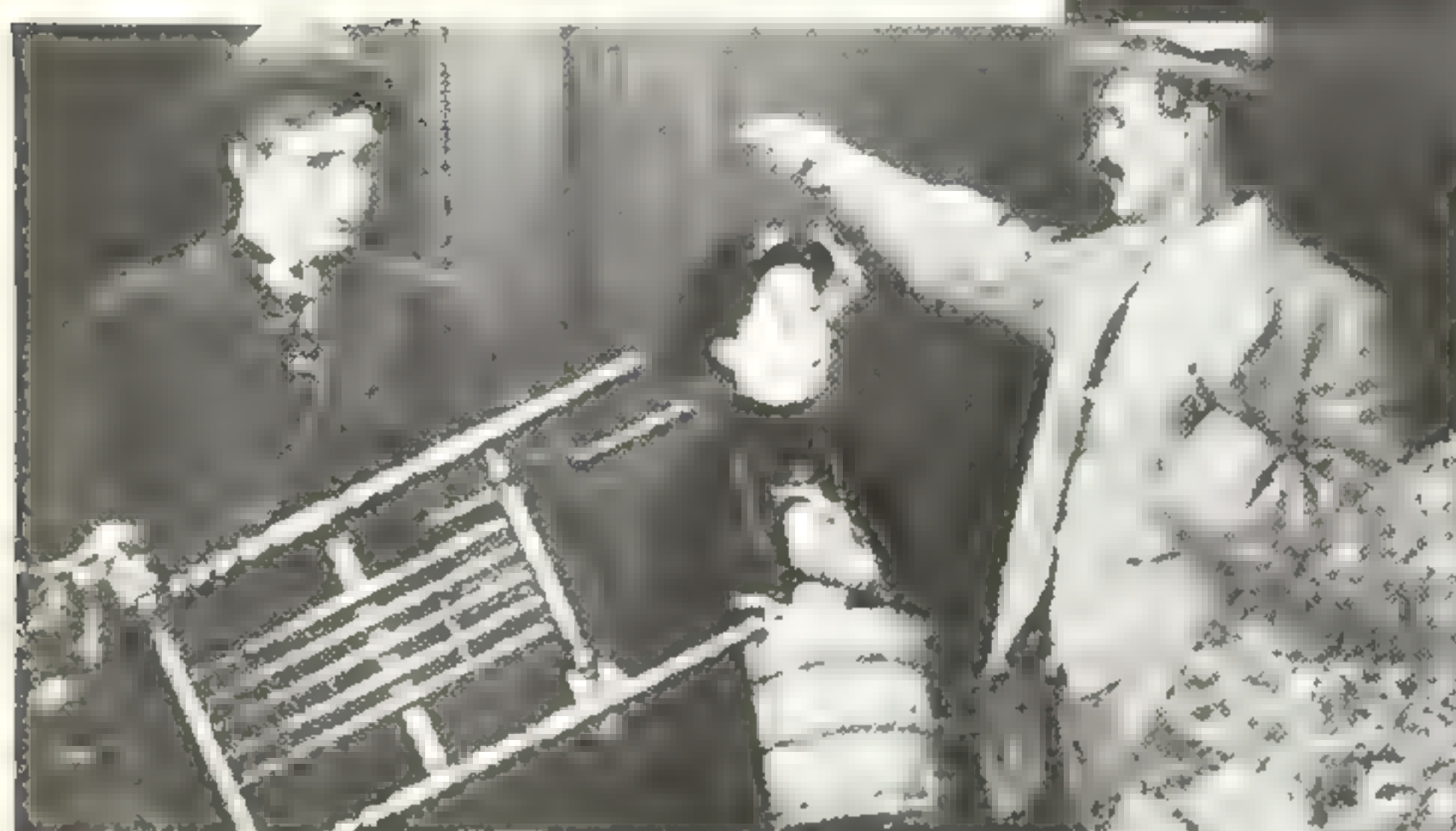


4. A handsome boy named Dick Barthelmess joined Griffith's company and played opposite Dorothy Gish.

6. Bessie Love lived next door to the Griffith studio, and crawled through the high fence to fame.



5. Blanche Sweet grew up to look like something out of a Rembrandt.



9. Wally Reid, Dorothy Gish and Harry Salter made the notable Griffith comedies.



7. Bessie stepped out now and then to Long Beach and Santa Monica—who could blame her with such a bathing suit?



8. Lillian Gish invited Bobby Harron and Donald Crisp to her very first California birthday party.



10. There was a strong resemblance between the young Dorothy and our ZaSu Pitts.

11. Encouraged by the twenty-two weeks' run on Broadway of "Quo Vadis" at a dollar top, D. W. produced his most ambitious picture, the four-reel "Judith of Bethulia," with Blanche Sweet

12. "Home Sweet Home," another Griffith, featured Henry B. Walthall and Lillian Gish (above).



13. "The Blind Princess (Blanche Sweet) and the Poet (Charles H. West)" (left) was also an elaborate production for those days.

14. Lillian did everything beautifully, even when it came to dying.





15. In California Wallace Reid came into his own.

18. Dorothy Bernard, herself a popular actress, recommended youthful Mae to Griffith "because she looks like Billie Burke."



17. Mae Marsh, famed *little sister* in "The Birth of a Nation," was Griffith's first and greatest California discovery.



16. Dorothy Gish, too, grew in comedy technique. (The man driving the sports model is Owen Moore.)



19. Donald Crisp (right) *General Grant* in "The Birth of a Nation"—and Henry Walthall (center, right) as you remember, was *The Little Colonel*.



20. (Below: two stirring scenes from "The Birth of a Nation." The girl is Lillian Gish.)



21. The master was as successful with boys as girls: to wit, Bobby Harron (upper) and (lower with pipe) you recognize Richard Barthelmess.





22. Marie Dressler hit the Keystone trail.



23. So did Mack Sennett.



24. And so did Fatty Arbuckle and Luke.

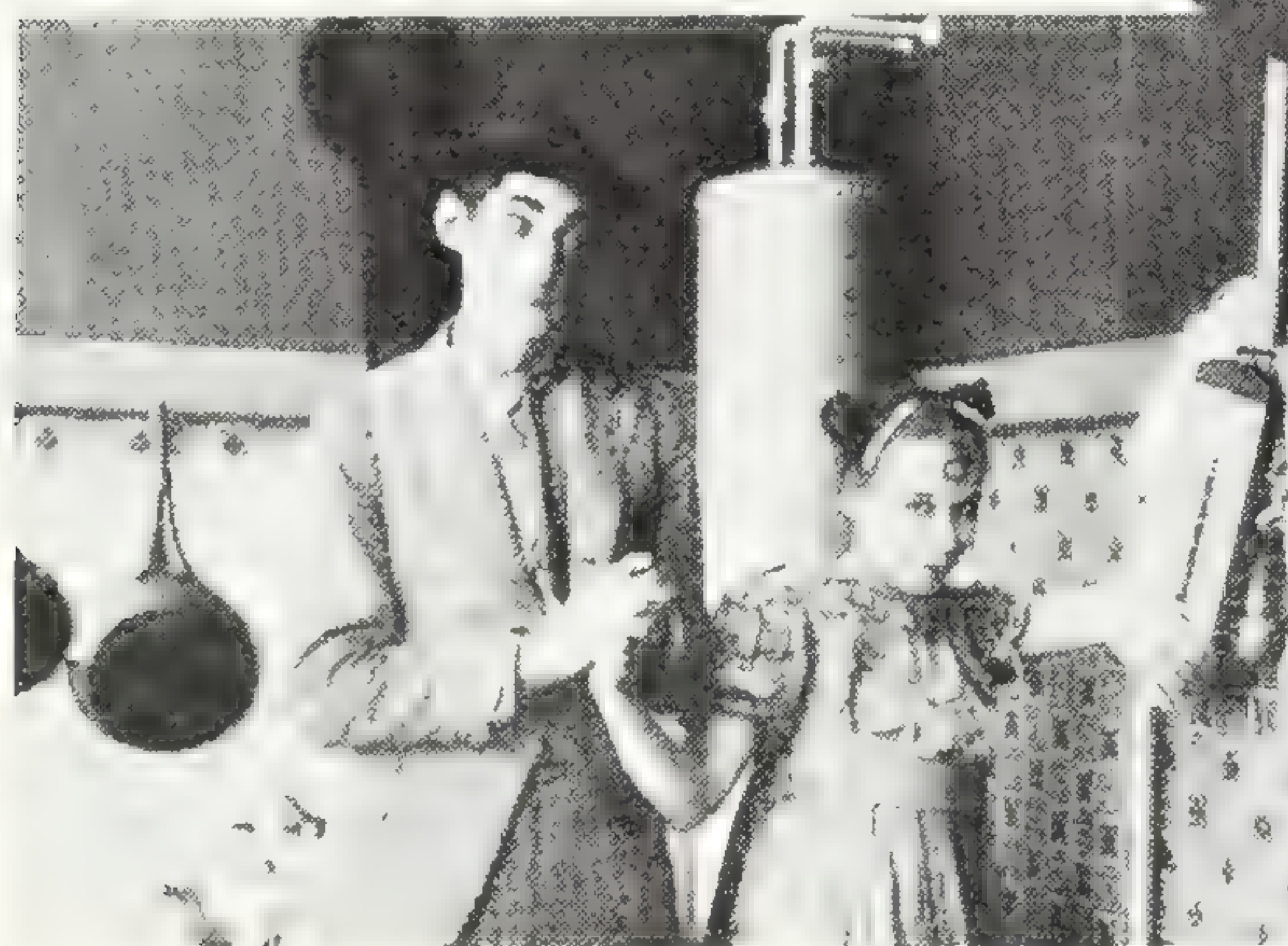


25. Every scenario young Sennett wrote had a cop in it

26. Fatty and Mabel were the greatest man-and-woman comedy team of all time.



27. Two of the most promising actors in Sennett's Keystone troupe were Gloria Swanson and Mack's dog, Teddy.



28. Slim Summerville made "hot" love to Louise Fazenda.



29. While Charlie Murray did the family chores.



30. Mabel Normand (above) soon became the comedy queen; with Ford Sterling and Sennett himself (left) she appeared in the first Keystones, and continued triumphantly in inspired partnership with Fatty.

Under Sennett's refining influence the bathing suit replaced the custard pie as first aid to polite comedy. His girls were as famous as his cops—and much prettier.





33. Roscoe, the pie-throwing king, seemed disturbed at the new trend—

31. Marie Prevost was the best known bathing beauty.



32. —but Phyllis Haver had almost as many admirers; —and deservedly.

34. —but Chester Conklin took it calmly enough—

36. Wherever the girls appeared they drew a crowd. (Juanita Hansen catching and Mary Thurman sliding into home.)

35. and so did Charlie Murray.



37. No wonder Chester Conklin didn't worry!



38. Fay Tincher went in for a bit of the bizarre.

39. Phyllis Haver appeared in support of Gloria Swanson.



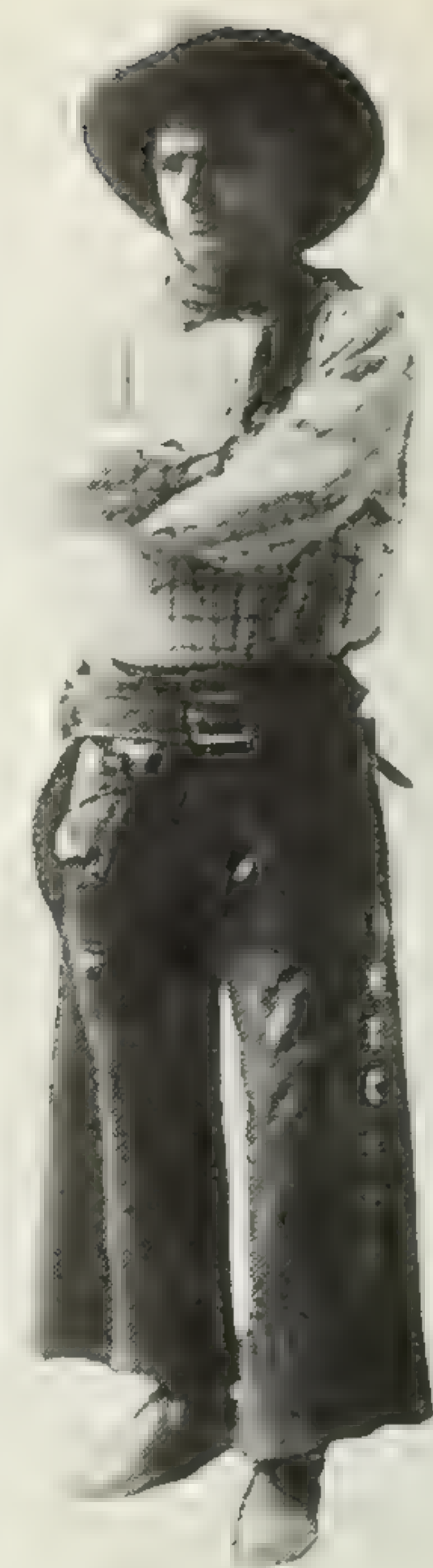
40. Four good comedians were Buster, Fatty, Luke and Al St. John.



42. The most popular cowboy actor was G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson, former artist's model, until-



41. One thing of which the early picture fans never seemed to tire, was the "Western." Cecil DeMille's first picture when he went West for Lasky and Goldwyn was "The Squaw Man," with Dustin Farnum.



43. Tom Mix, a real cowboy, joined up and made the whole world horse conscious.



46. Francis Ford and Grace Cunard were names to advertise with in 1912.



45. "The nicest boy in the movies," Harold Lockwood, started his career in one-reel Westerns.



47. Miss Pauline Moran won a beauty contest and a movie job. (We know her now as Polly Moran, the late Marie Dressler's uproarious pal.)

44. Up in Santa Barbara, where the American Film Company had its headquarters, a vivid actress, Margarita Fisher (above) was achieving an amazing popularity.



48. Sarah Bernhardt (right) was a movie star.



49. Women talked back to Jack Holt then. Not even Mary Maclaren backed by Phillips Smalley, would try it now!



J. Warren Kerrigan

Arthur Johnson

King Baggot

Francis X. Bushman

G. M. Anderson

50. In 1913-14, PHOTOPLAY ran a contest to determine the screen's most popular actors and actresses. Sixteen million votes were cast. (Above are the men in the order in which they finished. The women are at the top of the opposite page.) It is interesting to note that the early favorites, for the most part, polled the largest votes. Mary Pickford, although temporarily absent from the screen, retained much of her early popularity.



Margarita Fisher

Kathlyn Williams

Mabel Normand

Mary Pickford

Mary Fuller



52. No wonder Kerrigan won the contest!



53. Cleo Madison had a trick horse and a very trick riding habit.

51. Creighton Hale, escaped from serial captivity, joined the Westerns.



54. A youth named Lon Chaney appeared in a two-reel "rural and society drama" with Pauline Bush, afterward Mrs. Allan Dwan.



55. Cecil DeMille looked like a movie hero himself as he landed in California.



56. Said Lew Cody to Mildred Harris, later Mildred Harris Chaplin: "There is no husband or mother to save you now, my Toni."



59. Fay Tincher was a good girl. She could "take it"—and plenty!



57. Ruth Roland, "The Kalem Girl," a cute little thing.

58. Crane Wilbur and Lew Cody—the former breaking in with Horsley, the latter with Balboa—put on an act which later became famous on the radio. You've guessed it—check and double check.



60. Another mighty figure, Thomas H. Ince, loomed tall on the Pacific's shore.

Next month: The most important event in pictures since Mary Pickford's arrival at the Biograph studio.

WHAT WAS THE BEST Picture of 1934?

**Here is your last chance to help
choose the winner**

FIFTY OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1934



Previous Winners from 1920 to Now

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7TH HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE
WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"

Affairs of Cellini, The
Age of Innocence, The
Barretts of Wimpole
Street, The
Belle of the Nineties
British Agent

Broadway Bill
Bulldog Drummond
Strikes Back
Catherine the Great
Chained
Cleopatra
Count of Monte Cristo,
The
Death Takes a Holiday
Evelyn Prentice
Flying Down to Rio
Gallant Lady
Gay Divorcee, The
George White's Scandals
Great Expectations
Handy Andy
Here Comes the Navy
House of Rothschild, The
It Happened One Night
Judge Priest
Kid Millions
Life of Vergie Winters,
The
Little Miss Marker
Lost Patrol, The

Madame Du Barry
Men in White
Merry Widow, The
Mrs. Wiggs of the
Cabbage Patch
Music in the Air
Nana
No Greater Glory
Now and Forever
Of Human Bondage
One Night of Love
Operator 13
Painted Veil, The
Queen Christina
Sadie McKee
She Loves Me Not
Thin Man, The
Treasure Island
Twentieth Century
Viva Villa
We Live Again
What Every Woman
Knows
Wild Cargo
Wonder Bar

PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal balloting is almost over. Votes are pouring in faster and faster. If you have not already sent yours, you should do it at once.

Everybody who has enjoyed a motion picture during the past year will want to take part in awarding the Medal to his favorite film. The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal is the Nobel Prize of the motion picture world, and the only prize that you, the movie-goers of the nation, have a chance to award.

There are no rules, no limitations. Simply write the name of the 1934 film you consider finest on a scrap of paper, a postal card, or the ballot printed below. But you'll have to hurry, or the polls will be closed!

Above is printed a list of fifty outstanding pictures released during 1934. While your choice is not limited to these, the list will help refresh your memory of the pictures seen during the last year. You may vote for a picture you saw in 1935 as long as the film was made and released during 1934.

Hollywood is awaiting eagerly your decision. Stars and producers are anxious to know what you enjoyed most in the past and want to see more of it in the future.

So that you will not miss out on a chance to voice your opinion, send in your vote today. The polls close Sept. 25. Your ballot must be in by then.

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the
best motion picture production released in 1934

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

FORECAST FROM HOLLYWOOD

BY RENÉ HUBERT
FOX FILM STYLIST

"FASHIONS of Fall 1935" is an historical drama with its locale pretty much the wide world. The time is from ancient days to the present, with the modern woman playing the leading rôle. The lines are flared for action but with a pleasing restraint. She picks up her cues with the opening scene:

DAYTIME

Colors: Green seems the high point with rust and brown shades second in importance; red and blue in combination; pottery tones; grey, from light to oxford, in fact any color is good if it is deep and vibrant rather than brilliant. All colors seem to have an underpainting, as the artists say, to give them greater depth.

Fabrics: Tweeds, jersey with a hairy surface, sheer wool very much like what is usually shown for Spring with a heavier version of the same fabric for the topcoat. Velvet trimming on wool. Two fabrics are better than one. Silks resemble woolens and woolens, silks; crêpe and satin.

Silhouette: There is a tendency toward the slender though fuller silhouette expressed in a wider sweep at the hemline thirteen to fifteen inches from the floor. Interpretations may be through back-action pleats, gores from the waistline evolving into gentle [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Silver brocade fashions the formal evening coat designed by René Hubert for Anita Louise in "Here's to Romance." Russian ermine forms the mobile collar and broad cuffs. Jewel buttons



BLACK
VELVET
AND

Shimmering

SILVER



The dressmaker suit of black velvet is charming for Autumn afternoons or informal dining. The skirt evolves into a gentle flare through narrow gores starting at the molded waistline. René Hubert designed the Eton jacket to be worn over a white taffeta blouse, stitched with row upon row of velvet ribbon. Pompon tie-ends finish the neckline and are repeated on Miss Louise's chic velvet hat worn low on her forehead



White furs for daytime are a new story this season. Miss Louise shows how the smart galyak blouse with black velvet skirt makes a costume. On cooler days, she dons the top-coat, the blouse scarf forming the collar. Matching fur hats will be seen with Fall costumes



Rochelle Hudson expresses youthful formality in shimmering metal cloth. Crisp organdie flowers trim the bodice, while the suspender back expands into a scarf effect tied at the throat. Worn in "Curly Top" a Fox Films picture



1935 INTERPRETATIONS OF CLASSIC MODES



The rustle of the past is in the bouffant creation worn by Jane Hamilton in RKO-Radio's "The Three Musketeers." Shorter in front, the petticoat reveals its self-fringed fluted ruffles to match the top

Jean Arthur, Columbia star, in a dinner dress of white crinkly crêpe with silver coin dots. Skirt fullness is concentrated at the back. Belt of silver kid is clasped by a jeweled buckle. Matching sandals



Greek in influence, but featuring the loose Watteau back swung from a dropped shoulder line, this hostess gown of crêpe roma is worn by Jane Hamilton. To the front, sweeps the princess theme



Maxine Jennings models the rose crystal velvet hostess gown, a Walter Plunkett design. Arresting treatment is seen in the formation of a cowl of fringe which crosses to the back and forms a girdle



A narrow stripe of jet woven into this stunning wool fabric gives added sparkle to the cocktail ensemble designed by Mr. Plunkett. When the jacket is removed, Virginia Reid reveals a sleeveless bodice

Tips ON COLLEGE FASHIONS



The "gondolier" hat will draw all eyes when you appear at the games this Fall. Lucille Ball wears it in white felt with ribbon contrast. Style inspiration from RKO-Radio's "Top Hat"



Kay Sutton in a three-piece ensemble developed in brown and coral wool. Sleeveless, the overblouse is pleated to form an all coral panel, center front. Back action pleats for ease



Tweeds are everywhere this Fall, even in shoes. These six-eyelet ties are in brown tweed and calf with medium high, built-up heel of leather. You'll want a pair to match your suit

ITALIAN HIGH HATS
A FLARE FOR ACTION
CAMPUS FOOT-NOTES
TWO-TO-ONE ON COATS

— Seymour —



The plaid coat of the three-piece ensemble shows interesting back detail. But there is extra news. It's reversible—two-suits-in-one. Designed by Walter Plunkett, RKO-Radio

In a colorful season, your feet must not be laggards. Green is a fashion leader and you may choose these shoes of brown reversed calf with green oval trim and heels of green



A football in the hand is worth two in the field according to Jean Parker, M-G-M featured player. The pouch bag with its smart initials is roomy enough to hold innumerable gadgets



Night AND day



Mannish for the street, Helen Gahagan, glamorous star of stage and screen, selects dark accessories for her misty grey tailleur. Brooch cut steel



Sweeping lines of dramatic simplicity characterize the evening gown worn by Miss Gahagan who made her screen debut in RKO-Radio's "She"



Triple

INTEREST IN NECKLINES



Necklines are of paramount importance. Jewel-trimmed, they show the influence of the Renaissance. Gail Patrick, slated to appear in Paramount's "Smart Girl"

Needles have been flying this Fall, shirring fullness into skirts and bodices. Una Merkel's frock by Viola Dimmitt shows a torsade of satin finishing the high neckline

Cut with a circular flare, the short skirt and peplum blouse of wool with satin inserts make a tricky frock for Ann Dvorak, Warner star. Clips trim the cuffs and the collar



RANDOLPH SCOTT and Margaret Sullavan, in a scene from Paramount's adaptation of Stark Young's novel, "So Red the Rose," a tender, yet illuminating story of the South prior to and during the Civil War. Included are Walter Connolly, Elizabeth Patterson, and Janet Beecher



WILL ROGERS must be getting off that famous line of his to Dorothy Wilson: "All I know is what I read in print," or something to that effect. But Dorothy seems very, very skeptical about it. This was while they were doing "In Old Kentucky," which you'll be seeing any day



A DRAMATIC scene from "The Three Musketeers," between Bernajou, sinister agent of Cardinal Richelieu, and Constance, lady-in-waiting to Queen Anne of France. In RKO-Radio's version, Heather Angel is Constance, and Murray Kinnell, Bernajou

Why Jack Oakie Has Changed

Life is no longer "a million laughs" to the comic with the infectious grin who joked his way to fame

By JULIE LANG HUNT

AT thirty-three, Jack Oakie has decided to grow up. I suppose this is a sensible decision, but somehow it makes me very sad.

You see, Jack is the only person I have ever known who could plunge his hands deep into life and drag out only fun and laughter and gaiety. Not once has he found himself with a fistful of regrets or disappointments or tragedies like the rest of us.

And sometimes I have been very sure that Jack Oakie was the only completely happy man I have ever known in Hollywood.

My first meeting with Jack, eight years ago, etches, I believe, a very clear portrait of him.

He had been in our film city exactly forty-eight hours. He was absolutely unknown and his bank balance (if any) was regrettable. He had precisely two friends in town, Joan Crawford (and he refused to call her up until he landed a job) and Wesley Ruggles, the director.

Through Ruggles' efforts he was about to make a test for a small part in a Universal picture. Now everything hinged on that test for Jack, success, wealth, and fame, or failure and an ignominious return to the vaudeville grind.

And with such portentous fates swaying over his head, Jack sat on the other side of my studio-press-department-fumed-oak desk and said:

"Nervous? Who, me? Why, sister, I'll wow 'em. I'll knock 'em kicking in the aisles. Say, are there any aisles in a studio projection room?"

"Do I like Hollywood? Sure, sure, brown eyes, I like any town. There's a million laughs in this one though, a million laughs. I'm the only guy that seems to find 'em. Everybody's



Jack Oakie says he's been a show-off all his life, and probably will always be one. But—something deep has hit him—he's different

so worried around here about getting to the top or staying there they've forgotten how to smile outside camera range.

"Sure, dearie, Hollywood's going to be a bucket-ful of fun for Jack. And don't go wagging your head at me either. Don't you know that life is fun? Whether you're up or down, kid, it's just a swell joke, just a million laughs."

And then he sauntered (no, swaggered is the right word) out of my office toward his first scuffle with the great god camera. His face was all puckered up in one of his amazing cherubic smiles, and his straw hat was cocked at a risky tilt over one eye. He was on his way to meet destiny and to get a million laughs. He got them.

For eight years, and in spite of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]



★ STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND—Fox

ROMANCE, dramatic, laugh-laden, this Will Rogers picture is perfect entertainment. It is, surprisingly enough for a Rogers vehicle, actually a young love story, and even without Will's persuasive wit, it could stand alone as a tender romance.

The story concerns a traveling medicine show doctor who yearns to be a Mississippi river captain and how his ambitions get entangled when his young nephew falls in love with a swamp girl and commits murder for her sake.

It's Will to the rescue and he makes justice triumph and wins a river race all at the same time.

Exquisitely produced against the glamorous setting of the Old South, it's beautifully played by the star, Anne Shirley, John McGuire (watch him!) and a large, fine cast.



★ THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE—Fox

... and he certainly has a tough time getting her!

Janet Gaynor, daughter of an old-time Erie canal-boater, is intrigued by Henry Fonda who falls heir to a boat, but is a farmer at heart. It's a long siege to get Janet off a boat and onto a farm, but he finally makes it. The time is back in the early railroad days which have been faithfully reproduced.

Charles Bickford presents the opposition, the unwhipped fighter of the territory, until Henry "whops" him in a desperate battle. Slim Summerville make an amusing character of an itinerant dentist. Janet is less cute and more convincing than usual. Henry Fonda who created the rôle on the New York stage is a leading-man to write home about. Good cast enlivens the proceedings.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ THE CRUSADES—Paramount

CONTAINING all the spectacular ingredients of past Cecil B. DeMille pictures, "The Crusades" is lengthy yet impressive entertainment. While the treatment of religious matter is histrionic and the majestic pageantry and superb camera work overshadow the players and the somewhat trite story, this is, nevertheless, a production of epic proportions.

Henry Wilcoxon is *Richard the Lion Hearted* who takes England's host of Crusaders to the Holy Land to escape marriage with Katherine DeMille, playing *Alice of France*.

Lack of supplies for his army forces him to barter with the *King of Navarre*, and marry Loretta Young, *Princess Berengaria*, in exchange for food. Against their own wishes, the young couple fall in love and this provides the human drama of the picture, as the outraged *Alice* plots for *Richard's* downfall. The Saracen ruler, *Saladin*, falls in love with *Berengaria* and makes her his captive. This leads to the clash between the armies and between sacred and profane love.

DeMille's handling of the clashing battle scenes are the high spots of the picture. Loretta Young is spiritually beautiful. Henry Wilcoxon is forthright and forceful as *Richard*. But it is Ian Keith who does the best acting as *Saladin*. Strong support from Alan Hale, Joseph Schildkraut, Ramsey Hill, Montagu Love, George Barbier, Hobart Bosworth, Lumsden Hare and William Farnum.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE CRUSADES

THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE

CHINA SEAS

WOMAN WANTED

STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND

THE IRISH IN US

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Ian Keith in "The Crusades"

Clark Gable in "China Seas"

Wallace Beery in "China Seas"

Will Rogers in "Steamboat Round the Bend"

Anne Shirley in "Steamboat Round the Bend"

Mary Gordon in "The Irish In Us"

Charles Bickford in "The Farmer Takes a Wife"

Sybil Jason in "The Little Big Shot"

Edward Arnold in "Diamond Jim"

John Mills in "Born for Glory"

Harry Holman in "Cheers of the Crowd"

Lionel Barrymore in "The Return of Peter Grimm"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 117



★ WOMAN WANTED—M-G-M

A KNOCKOUT melodrama with mystery and all the trimmin's. No particularly big names to intrigue you, but this one doesn't need them.

Maureen O'Sullivan is a good girl in bad company, convicted falsely of murder. She escapes and Joel McCrea, lawyer, falls heir to her. Adrienne Ames is the conflict, Louis Calhern a swell villain, and there's plenty action.

Maureen and Joel display comedy talent as well as emoting good dramatics. Robert Grieg is a superb butler, Lewis Stone the ubiquitous D.A.

The story has been constructed with thrills topping thrills, logical sequences, and plenty of laughs. You will get a kick out of the hamburger joint situation, the butler's swell answers, and the menace that never goes hammy.



★ THE IRISH IN US—First National

YOU don't have to be Irish—just human—to laugh your sides out one minute and cry your eyes out the next throughout this simple but sincere story of a mother and her three sons. It isn't a great picture but it's recommended without reservations. You'll succumb to its homey chuckles and heart jerks.

James Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh are the Irish brood of Mary Gordon. Jimmy breaks this mother's heart when he leaves home after stealing brother Pat's girl Olivia de Havilland. But blood is thicker than water in the slashing, thrilling prizefight climax.

Allen Jenkins as a punch drunk pugilist is priceless funny. But Mary Gordon steals the show in a marvelously real mother rôle.



★ CHINA SEAS—M-G-M

WITH Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Wallace Beery heading an excellent cast, and a screen story, traveling at lightning speed, packed with thrills and adventure, here is as entertaining and exciting a film as you've seen.

The action—and there's plenty of it—takes place aboard a boat carrying a load of gold bullion from Shanghai to Singapore through pirate-infested waters. The story revolves about Gable, hard-boiled captain of the boat, who is in a dilemma when he discovers, shortly after the boat sails, that on board are Harlow, an entertainer he knew in port, and Rosalind Russell, an English girl he has loved for years. Harlow, in a fit of fiendish jealousy after Gable's engagement to Rosalind is rumored, teams up with Wallace Beery, undercover man for the pirates, to seek revenge.

Gable is excellent in a rôle made to order for him, and Harlow gives one of her best performances to date as the shady lady who is madly in love with him. Beery makes a more effective villain than he ever did a hero, which is saying a lot. Rosalind Russell is lovely and letter-perfect as the English girl who has traveled around the world searching for the man she once refused to marry. And you'll cheer to see Lewis Stone in a rôle that is worthy of him. And sandwiched in between all the dramatic talent and the story's suspense are plenty of laughs dished out by Robert Benchley in a drunk rôle that has never been topped.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



DANTE'S
INFERNO—
Fox

DANTE'S ghost will be as amazed as you at what Hollywood has managed from his great poem. One allegorical patch quite satisfactorily shows Hades' horrors. The rest concerns Spencer Tracy's creating a hell on earth as a ruthless amusement king with a modern Alexander complex. The struggles of the cast against a wandering, contrived story are colossal.



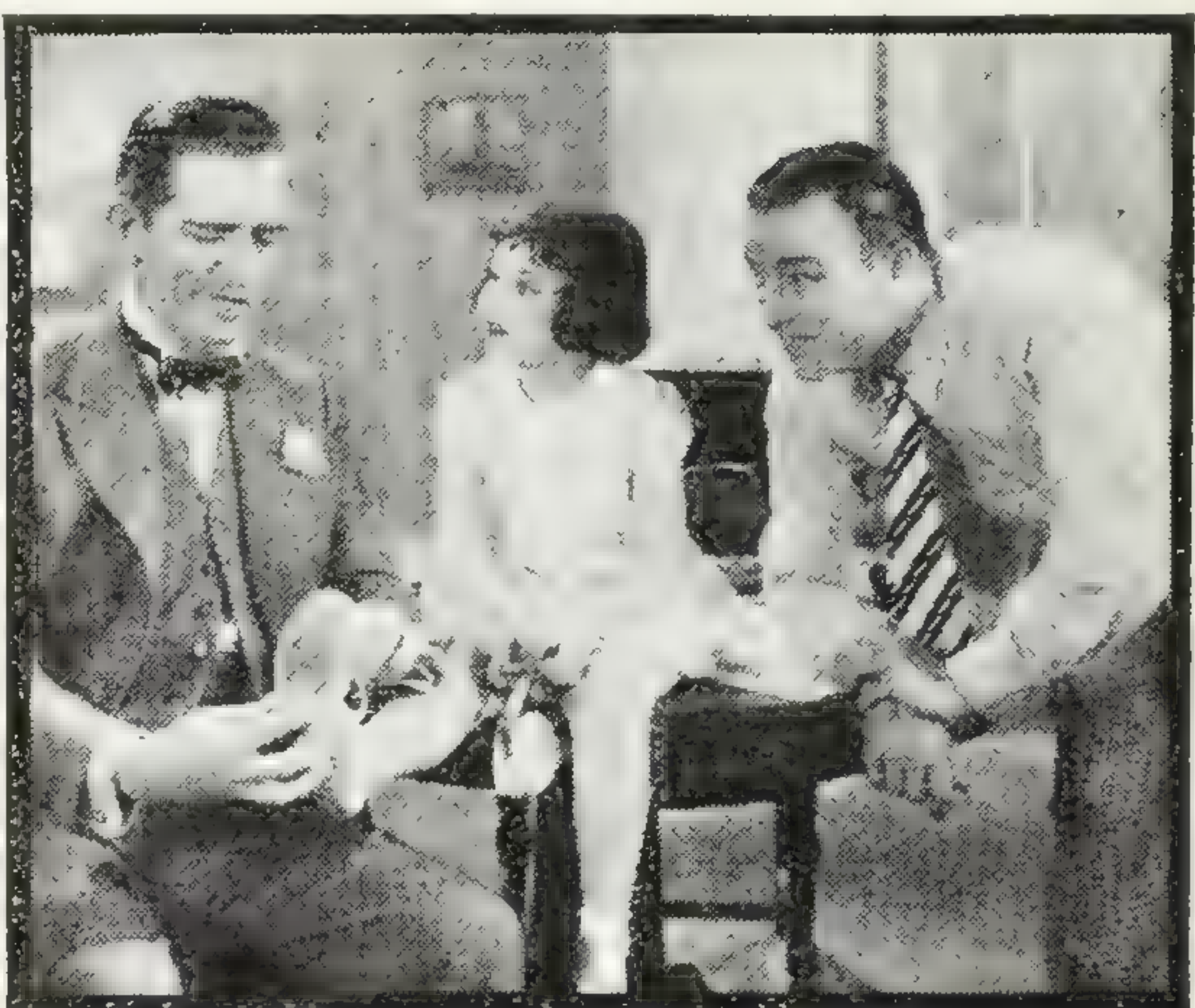
BORN FOR
GLORY—GB

A DRAMA of heroism on the high seas during the World War, this is an exciting and touching picture. You'll thrill to the naval battle scenes. And you'll weep for the hero, *Able Seaman Albert Brown*, played admirably by young British actor John Mills who, with Betty Balfour and Barry Mackay heads a capable cast. A well planned and directed film.



SHANGHAI—
Walter
Wanger
Paramount

WALTER WANGER, who dared to produce "Private Worlds," out dares himself in this picture based on the question of marriage between a Eurasian and a white girl. In the middle he discovers he has bitten off more than he can chew. But Charles Boyer is magnificently magnetic and Loretta Young was never more divinely beautiful.



LITTLE BIG
SHOT—
Warners

NOW Warners have a child star. She is Sybil Jason and proves in this, her first film, to be a cunning infant who puts over songs nicely. The story of the adoption of the orphan of a gangster by a Broadway tinhorn is trite and weak, but Sybil's performance erases its defects. Robert Armstrong, Glenda Farrell, Eddie Horton.



JALNA—
RKO-Radio

THE loves, hates and prejudices of the Whiteoakes family, screened from Mazo de la Roche's famous novel, are hardly exciting, but somehow the sincerity of this picture makes it satisfying and worth while. You'll have a full evening as Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, Nigel Bruce, David Manners, Peggy Wood and Jessie Ralph faithfully act out the book.



DIAMOND
JIM—
Universal

IN a story weakened by the padding of unimportant details, Edward Arnold's skilful portrayal of *Diamond Jim Brady*, Broadway character, who rose from baggage smasher to affluent railroad magnate, makes this important picture entertainment. Binnie Barnes plays an ineffectual *Lillian Russell*. Jean Arthur does brilliant things with a supporting rôle.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



THE RETURN
OF PETER
GRIMM—
RKO-Radio

LIONEL BARRYMORE in top form, a fine supporting cast and intelligent artistic treatment make this old favorite well worth its screen revival. It's about the old man, you know, whose spirit struggles to repair the unhappiness he has caused by a blind, dying wish. Eerie at times, but leavened by humor and in perfect taste throughout. Helen Mack, Edward Ellis.



THE MURDER
MAN—
M-G-M

A MYSTERIOUS murder provides the problem and a bustling newspaper office the background of this well-knit drama, but a man's struggle for his soul is the vital theme. Spencer Tracy, super reporter, sleuths the case to a conviction, then hands his editor the big scoop when his conscience triumphs. Virginia Bruce is lovely. Fast and satisfying.



WE'RE IN THE
MONEY—
Warners

AND you're in the laughs. Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Hugh Herbert make this screen salad a ribtickling dish. They're sexy blonde process servers who make a delightful mess when they mix court summons with Cupid and romantic Ross Alexander. Hugh Herbert is worth the price of admission alone. Swift, silly and harmless.



WESTWARD
HO!—
Republic

A THUNDERING good Western, with thrills and spills and a strong, full-of-action story. None of the usual trite cowboy stuff in this one, which deals with that courageous group of pioneers, the Vigilantes, who sought to rid the West of its badmen. The gorgeous scenery alone is worth the price of admission. John Wayne, Sheila Mannors.



BRIGHT
LIGHTS—
First National

JOE E. BROWN has never made a better picture than this. It's well developed drama with good situations and healthy characters excellently acted. Joe E. reaches into his bag of tricks for some great novelty laugh numbers as he plays a vaudeville comic who almost lets big time success get his number. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis, William Gargan.



EVERY NIGHT
AT EIGHT—
Paramount

THIS isn't really a screenplay—it's a photographed radio program—but there's plenty to entertain you, meaning George Raft in a likeable rôle, Alice Faye, Frances Langford, Patsy Kelly and many haunting new tunes. You see the radio works from amateur nights to national hook ups. You'll go mad over Miss Langford's warbling. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

Ann Dvorak's hacienda is a choice spot for a visit. Ann explained to Mitzi the scene painted on top of her grand piano

Below: having fun at the Charity ball game: Billy Bakewell, Russell Gleason (seated), Tony Orlando, Mitzi, and Jack LaRue



MITZI

HOWD'Y'DO, ANGEL! Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot? It should not! It was not! When a cheery voice of old friend Joel McCrea hailed me at the Santa Monica Swimming Club where he had come to play volley ball, we settled ourselves quick on the sands and started to dish it.

"Do you remember when we used to play extra?" asked Joel.

"Uh-huh! Them was the days," I answered with a fond grin.

"Remember the first picture I worked in . . . I was one of about three hundred soldiers going off to war."

"And I was one of about three hundred women who came down to say good-bye!"



Michael (He-sings-while-he-Dances) Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lorre, and Mitzi meet in the lobby following the "Anna Karenina" preview

RIDES the SOCIAL WHIRLWIND

And a gay and giddy trip it is, too, all around the movie town, with stars at every single turn

"The Civil War," Joel replied, with reminiscent warmth.

"Oh, no! It was the Revolutionary War!"

"It was the Civil."

"Let's skip it," I suggested. "Anyway, it was a war, and I had on a big sunbonnet—"

"And I rushed up and kissed you and then had to dash for the train!"

"And then the director wanted it done over again!"

"And over again!"

"He must have shot it fifty times—and I got a kiss every take!"

"So did I!" remarked Joel, and I remembered, with a complacent smile that there wasn't any Frances Dee McCrea on the horizon at that time . . . neither was their stardom for Joel, or a baby, or a beautiful home. Times have changed! But Joel still plays volley ball. The voice of one of his team-mates hailed him, urging him to hurry as the game was about to start. Joel leaped up and with a quick smile was gone.

"Hey!" I yelled. "We were both wrong. It was the World War!" Joel threw the ball at me and it bounced off my bean. I guess it was the Civil War at that!

Just this morning I was looking over the big batch of criticism

close up his home, pitch the tent on the vacant lot next door, and move in for the Summer! Whereupon Walter King (née Wolf) busted out singing "Home, Home on the Range" and Ted did an Indian dance, replete with whoops!

Next I went over to the baseball game that was run by movie folk for charity. The Leading Men and the Comics played against each other. Never did anyone see such antics! Pal Jack LaRue had one of the sillier stunts, which ended the game, incidentally. He got up at bat and before he could hit a ball, the umpire called, "Strike one! Strike two! Strike three! You're out!" Whereupon our Jackie whipped a trusty twenty-two from his pants and shot the villain down!

Before the game started I went over to visit with Jack, Benny Rubin, and several of the players, all of whom didn't get a chance to talk baseball, so busy were they signing autograph albums. Wally Ford, who did such a fine job in "The Informer," was giving his classic interpretation of a lighthouse, of all things! He does it this way: Turns his head slowly to the extreme left, slowly moves it around front, stops, blinks his eyes, then slowly moves to extreme right. That was enough for me. I rushed over to where Mrs. Wally was sitting and asked how come.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

cards that had come in from the audience who had viewed Joel's latest picture, "Woman Wanted." The nicest one of all had the shortest message, simply four big stars penciled on in red. Underneath was signed the name, Frances Dee. Lambie, when a wife thinks her man rates four stars, he just must be good!

Whiz-z-z-z! The athaletic urge is on me! I'm just the great spectator-sport. Onto our pogo-sticks, little one, and away we bounce to the golf club, to witness the annual tournament of M-G-M, and the daisiest prizes are given to every winner. There are snoozy lamps, liquor sets, wrist watches, golf bags and clubs, radios, etc. There was even a tent! My mind is a little confused as to the foursomes, because my brother and brother-in-law were playing with Bob Young, Ted Healy, Walter King and Frank Morgan and that makes a sixsome! But I can't help it! There they were.

Healy was dead-sure he'd win the tent. He threatened that if he did, he was going to

Just about the most noted family of noted families: Gary, in center; the twins, Philip with Bing, then Dennis with Dixie

Bing achieved wit, understanding, patience, and a strong masculine outlook. How he did it is a vital lesson for us all



The Secret of

*"My life had begun without a word of warning,
Two hearts beat as one.
From out of nowhere you came to me,
The breeze passed by, whispering your name to me."*

THE young man at the grand piano gazes upward out of a pair of light blue eyes. His forehead wrinkled transversely in the earnestness of his upward gaze, the profile that slightly suggests John Barrymore is turned toward the cameras while the words of the lyric, mellowed in some mysterious way we have come to know as crooning, seem to be drained out of the chambers of his heart by the emotion that stirs them.

The place is a drawing-room, but a drawing-room filled with the monstrous instruments of film recording which make it look like a place invaded by strange beings from another planet who have brought strange weapons of destruction with them. Incongruously a Raeburn portrait of a pale boy trundling a hoop looks down over the shoulder of the earnest young man at the piano.

The peculiar, long-drawn inflection necessary for a proper recording by the sound apparatus, dies on the stillness. The young man slowly turns his head with a look of infinite sadness to encounter the gaze of the Raeburn.

"Cut!"





One of Bing's—and Dixie Lee's, too—big enjoyments is watching the bangtails. Author Ryan tells of Bing and Dixie

No matter what goes wrong on the set, Bing never fusses—it's part of his "secret." Joan Bennett in "Two for Tonight"



Bing Crosby's Greatness

"That's a honey!"

"Yeah, it's a sweet take, Bing."

"Let's have the playback."

Yes, this take is a honey in the united verdict of that surprisingly numerous company of experts on every phase of scene-making who crowd the drawing-room set on one of the Paramount stages in Hollywood.

It's about time a good take came along, for Bing Crosby has been sitting at that piano all afternoon going through the motions of playing. He has been sitting there for many long hours, dabbed at occasionally by his make-up man when the perspiration begins to start under the burning lights. He has been sitting there crooning those same words over and over, rendering them each time with that exact nuance of regret for a lost love demanded in this scene. And every time something happens; for there exist a hundred little things any one of which can spoil a take.

"Well, this is it, all right," the director announces when they have heard the husky, mellowed voice repeat the lyric with its musical accompaniment from the sound machine.

"Wait a minute." The voice of Fate from the cameraman.

"That was N. G."

"What's the matter now?"

"Had a shadow from the mike on his face."

That face never changes expression. There is no reproach in the earnest gaze which the young man at the piano again focuses in the direction of the cameras. Without fuss Bing Crosby begins another take, to replace the one that was spoiled because the man at the boom of the microphone swung that necessary instrument too near his face.

The mellow baritone voice begins to croon again the same husky cadence, the same hauntingly intense feeling of lost love retained in the lyric. This is his job and he'll hammer at it until

it's done. And he'll hammer at this picture "Two for Tonight" until it's as near perfection as can be achieved in this medium.

And between takes he'll clown with his orchestra for a little relaxation, chasing Rimsky-Korsakoff's imaginary bumblebee around his head with a string accompaniment to slap it down and squash it with a stamp of the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Could you imagine the insignificant detail of a boys' swimming match having anything to do with future film fame?

By DON RYAN

CURLS and SWIRLS



En masse, round curls mount toward the crown of Jean Muir's beautifully coiffed head. From the front, they appear like a diadem above the madonna-like severity of the front contour. With the half-hat, curls are very much ornamental



A hat, yet not a hat. A half-hat which is posed adroitly over Miss Muir's curls. The cut-out section is adorned with a gold clip and chenille dots the veil—striking



Patricia Ellis selects a softly waved contour sweeping back from the face and terminating in irregular rows of flat curls across the crown. Neckline swirl is low



end to the sources from which you can draw inspiration for a glamorous coiffure.

But whatever your ultimate choice, curls and swirls are in. Flat curls seem to be giving precedence to the longer and rounder variety as shown in the coiffure created for Jean Muir.

Lovely Jean Arthur might be a beauty of the Second Empire and with a pearl filet woven through her softly waved hair, Raquel Torres, the inspiration of the famous painter Pollaiuolo. It will be interesting to observe what the style influence of the two pictures that I mentioned in a preceding paragraph will be upon American women. The page boy fashion may come in, but it is not being reckless to wager that with Garbo, in her new picture, a coiffure will be born.

Now, let's talk about you and your curls,—for your new hat is going to cry for them, I warn you. How has your hair survived the depredations of life under the sun and in the salt sea waves? Is it brittle and dry—stubbornly refusing to curl or even shine? If you expect your crowning glory to reach star-

FASHIONS in hair are due to stage a renaissance. There is no getting around the fact that all the historical sources, which have been tapped to contribute designs for our Fall clothes, will have a definite influence upon hair styles.

From the Italian Exhibit in Paris, immediate repercussions were heard which will echo through the fashion world during the whole of the coming season. Hindu, Greek and right here at home, "The Crusades," a Paramount picture and M-G-M's "Anna Karenina," with Greta Garbo,—there seems to be no

for the. NEW HATS



Evelyn Venable's long hair is separated by a part concealed under the crown curls. At nape of neck, the back hair, softly twisted, forms a double knot



The formal coiffure of Raquel Torres, Columbia star, is rich in interest. So is the massive effect of her jeweled accessories which she wears with Latin zest



Lovely Jean Arthur, Columbia star, introduces a high chignon of ringlet curls. If you wish, wear a cluster of flowers instead of curls. Notice the evening cape. It is stiffly starched rows of fluted mousseline

dom, train it to perform faultlessly. Don't turn fashion's spotlight on it until it is groomed for the part.

Start rehearsing now, with the aid of a good hairbrush,—one with bristles widely spaced and graduated in length, to reach each layer of hair and stimulate the scalp. Brush upward and outward and well around the hair-line. If you still have the remnant of a Summer wave that you are cherishing, use a vibratory movement as you brush and you will find that your wave is strengthened rather than weakened.

There are any number of excellent nourishing tonics for hungry scalps—tonics for both dry and oily hair, which will inject new life and vitality into your sad locks. They should be applied to the scalp by brisk massage with the cushions of your fingers before the daily brushing. If you are really conscientious about this routine, any one of these tonics will be especially beneficial if used for a few weeks preceding your new permanent wave. Its assured success will be your reward.

To obtain greater radiance and hair-health, the night before

your weekly shampoo, go into retirement early enough to give your hair an extra treatment. Wrap a bit of cotton around an orange-wood stick; part the hair in narrow strands and apply a heavy ointment or nourishing oil to the scalp itself. Then massage, pinching, lifting and loosening. A towel wrung out of hot water and wrapped around your head will be of material assistance in opening the pores.

Now you are ready for the shampoo. And I can tell you of a new one that will encourage a curl in almost straight hair.

CONDUCTED BY CAROLYN VAN WYCK



Take your first step to beauty gaily with the knowledge that it is yours for the trying. Ann Shirley cleanses and lubricates her skin with a good cream followed by a delightful, freshening cold-water rinse

If your pores are inclined to be oversize, cold water may not be as active an astringent as a lotion which we know will do the work. As a prevention, it may save you hours of worry over skin blemishes

Start young enough and those first two steps are all you need take for many years. But one that will make your first formal a success is a make-up blender, to relate a tanned neck to those whiter shoulders

SIX STEPS TO SCHOOLGIRL LOVELINESS

WHEN you are seventeen or even under, you are becoming increasingly eager to put your best face forward—seriously considering make-up a glamorous asset to be coveted and indulged in, with or without the approval or consent of your elders. That's all very well in its place, but it isn't the first step toward resembling your favorite motion picture star. You would be wiser rather to follow her meticulous and rigorous grooming ritual with the accent on your own individuality. In other words, be yourself, only more so.

Today it is smart to be natural, never to look made-up. Start with a clear, lovely skin, not just your face but your whole body, your hair, your fingertips must reflect habitual dainty care. When your skin is in perfect condition, soft and smooth and perfectly cleansed, then you may think about ornamenting it, not before.

First of all, a good cleansing cream or lotion. During your little-girl days soap and water were sufficient. But now that

you are using powder and perhaps rouge and are out in all kinds of weather, you will need something more penetrating than water to float out all the foreign particles and keep your skin as fresh and smooth as a peach. Smooth the lotion or cream liberally over your face and neck, giving especial attention to those dust-collecting creases around your nose and chin. A towel wrapped around your hair, turban fashion, will encourage you to approach your hair line more boldly. Or you may find bands that are made for that especial purpose are not so bulky as a towel. After permitting the cream to sink in for a moment, remove with tissues. If this is a bed-time cleansing, follow with a soap and water brushing with a good complexion brush. You'll love the sensation. Your skin will tingle with new life and when your blood is coursing joyously, it is carrying away all impurities and forcing those lazy pores into good working habits. Your complexion will be shades lighter and you'll rarely see hide or hair of those little blemishes that now may be causing you so much grief. Drink plenty of water, too,



for internally as well as externally it is our first important aid to becoming the gorgeous person we hope to be.

If your skin is dry, use less soap and leave on a light film of cream when you go to bed. In the morning, a good eye-opener is plenty of cold water splashed over your face, which will act as an astringent as well for closing your pores.

If your skin is oily, follow the treatment with a mild astringent lotion. Saturate a bit of cotton and pat briskly from the throat upward. Don't neglect the places where the oil glands are more active. Pat the skin dry with your fingertips. If you follow this routine conscientiously from the beginning of your cosmetic life, there is no reason why you should have to use any other preparations for several years to come, according to one cosmetic authority. She says to remember that that

Make-up is a game, play it cleverly. See what alluring effects you can obtain with the maximum restraint. Pat on your powder—never rub it in—with a fresh puff. Match your lipstick and rouge with an eye to basic tones. Step out and conquer

ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

There is just space for a very few suggestions on make-up. Study your face carefully to determine the correct shades in powder and rouge that will make you look the most natural. Make up under a

strong light and use all your cosmetics with the greatest restraint. Tone your powder to your complexion and pat it on gently with a fresh puff or square of cotton, not forgetting your throat and neck.

Dry rouge is natural looking and for you, perhaps, easier to apply. Dot it on with a small puff and blend, blend. Match your lipstick and rouge so the color tones will not be at war.

And last, an eyelash cream brushed over the brows and lashes will remove powder and encourage growth at one and the same time.

[OTHER BEAUTY TIPS ON PAGE 88]

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]



Wearing a smile like that, we can't believe Katharine Hepburn was much bothered by having her hair snipped into a boyish bob for her "Sylvia Scarlett." She masquerades as a boy in the early sequences

SITTING in a chair on the set of "Barbary Coast," Patsy Ruth Miller watched Miriam Hopkins going through her paces, and possibly thought of the days when the cameras were focused on her. That is, if she had time to think abstractedly. For Patsy Ruth was making her debut in the rôle of her dreams—a scenario writer.

Samuel Goldwyn, her old friend, assigned her to write "set continuity" on the Hecht-MacArthur script—which, as you can imagine, is some assignment, as both Mr. Hecht and Mr. MacArthur can scribble a mean scenario, if they care to.

They didn't particularly care to write "Barbary Coast"—until Miriam Hopkins brought up some marble games, and that pleased them so much that in between games they knocked out the scenario!

What a pair!

And the script, they say, is a classic.

WHEN you have a young son, it seems, you dress to please him, not yourself.

Lately Glenda Farrell has had a weakness for tailored suits. Every new outfit she has brought home has yielded little to frilly femininity. The last one had not one redeeming gadget and this worried her young son, Tommy. "Mother," he reproved, you'll be a man before I am!"

JUST five years ago—in the August, 1930, issue of PHOTOPLAY, to be exact—old Cal wished you thus:—

"There is quite a definite rumor floating around that Garbo's next picture will be 'Camille.'"

Oh, well—what are five years?

There is quite a definite rumor now that Garbo's next picture *will* be "Camille."

THEY'RE still ribbing the poor stenographer at Paramount who took dictation from her boss and started perplexed department heads wondering if a kid's picture had been scheduled without their knowledge.

She typed a memo, "Peter Rabbit's Son."

It should have been "Peter Ibbetson."

Which recalls the note Cecil B. DeMille sent to the scoring department anent the music for a passage in "The Crusades."

Dumfounded musicians puzzled over a particular line which read "this should not be 240."

As "240" meant nothing in their lexicon, the leader called up DeMille and asked him if this was some medieval lingo.

DeMille hastily looked through his files and found the carbon.

Then he explained, by spelling out the note he had dictated.

"It should not be *too forte*," was what he had said.

Not too loud.

WELL, well—now we know why Jean Arthur does a Houdini in and out of Hollywood all the time.

She has a husband in New York, you know, who follows the prosaic profession of building.

"I'm the only exciting thing in his life," confesses Jean.

So she just has to hop back after every picture and bring him a little excitement!

Incidentally, Jean, whose in-and-out movie career has been due to a dissatisfaction with her rôles, says she never gave a darn about acting "until I found out I couldn't act—then I wanted to act."

What do you make of that?

RALPH BELLAMY is receiving current pats on the back because of the great tributes being paid "The Informer" (some are saying it's the best movie ever made). The funny thing is, that Ralph wasn't in "The Informer." But that wasn't his fault.

Over a year ago he bought some two hundred copies of the Liam O'Flaherty story and canvassed studios, producers, directors—everyone with it.

He was that hipped on it.

Naturally, he wanted to play the part of *Gypo* himself. One day he read in the papers where it was in production.

He can now take a big bow for artistic discernment anyhow, even though he had nothing to do with that great picture.

A HUNDRED and fifty blazing sun-arc lamps were pouring out their heat beneath a huge canvas, holding in a warm steam of artificial "fog." Outside, the California sun was doing all right too.

Edward G. Robinson looked at a thermometer.

It read 110 degrees.

He turned to Miriam Hopkins.

"What's the name of this picture?" he gasped.

"'Barbary Coast,'" Miriam gasped back.

"Let's re-title it," said Eddie.

"Let's call it 'Barbecued Toast.'"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



Joan adores entertaining her friends in her own home and takes great pride in carefully planned menus and table appointments which she supervises herself

Joan Crawford Entertains

**A perfect hostess, a marvelous dinner, charming guests.
Mix well, and presto!—a successful dinner party**

JOAN CRAWFORD, celebrated hostess, discovered long ago the secret which spells success for the lady with a salon. . . . She begins by serving such marvelous food! Guests grow expansive over good food. They talk better, they are in a perfect mood to enjoy each other and the hospitality of their hostess.

Here is one of Joan's favorite menus for a small dinner party:

The first course is a fruit appetizer, served in a tall stem glass, very cold. Take equal parts of diced fresh pineapple and strawberries—or whatever berries are in season. Place a tablespoon of mint ice in the glass, fill with the fruit, and decorate with mint leaves. Have the pineapple peeled and diced the night before, and left in the refrigerator immersed in sherry wine, if you like. Also, use a little powdered sugar if the fruit needs sweetening.

ALMOND SOUP is the next course. For this, you will need three pints of chicken or veal stock, half a pound of almonds, one small onion, three tablespoons of butter, three tablespoons of cornstarch, salt, paprika, and one cup of whipping cream. Blanch the almonds and grind in the meat chopper to a coarse meal. Melt the butter, add cornstarch and one cup of broth to make a smooth paste. Then add the almonds to the remaining soup stock, heat a few minutes, add salt and paprika and the

cream. Mix together, serve in bouillon cups with a few floating almonds, and cheese straws.

ROAST SQUAB is the ideal meat for a nice dinner. It is not necessary to stuff these birds. Place some onion and sections of orange in the drawn bird. Avoid washing if possible. Wipe with a damp cloth, in preference. Washing the birds toughens them and takes away the flavor. A good chef never puts water on fowl. Place the squabs close together in a roasting pan. Fasten the legs to the back. Brush the breasts with butter. Have the oven very hot for the first five minutes, then reduce the heat and bake one hour, or until tender. It is better not to cover the roasting pan, if you baste them frequently with melted butter.

WILD RICE belongs with squab and fowl of all kinds. For six services, use half a pound of wild rice. Wash it in a sieve until the water runs clear. Place in a bowl, cover with six cups of cold water, and allow to soak over night. When you are ready to cook it, drain the water off, place rice and half a teaspoon of salt, in the upper section of a double boiler. Steam for fifteen minutes. Serve piping with plenty of butter. No more water is needed on the rice to cook it, as it has absorbed enough. More will make it soggy. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]



JOAN

Why so fussy about cleaning your face? It's late.

LOTTY

I never leave stale make-up on all night.

JOAN

What's the harm in that?

LOTTY

Don't you know stale make-up left clogging the pores causes ugly Cosmetic Skin? Lux Toilet Soap's made to guard against it.

THE LATHER of Lux Toilet Soap is ACTIVE. That's why it protects the skin against the enlarged pores and tiny blemishes that are signs of Cosmetic Skin. If your skin is dull or unattractive, *choked pores* may be the unsuspected cause.

*Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way*

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove from the pores every trace of stale

rouge and powder, dust and dirt that might otherwise remain *to choke them*. 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars have used this soap for years because they've found it *really works*.

Why not follow their example? Use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle care that's so important to loveliness—and charm!



*Margaret
Sullivan*

Star of Universal's "NEXT TIME WE LIVE"



USE ALL THE COSMETICS
YOU WISH! I AVOID
COSMETIC SKIN BY
REMOVING MAKE-UP
WITH **LUX TOILET SOAP**

Ask THE ANSWER MAN

ALL you people who've been asking the Answer Man, "When are we going to see Eleanor Powell again?—hold your hosses! Right this minute she's working overtime at M-G-M, making final tap-dancing sequences for "Broadway Melody."

Eleanor left her home town, Springfield, Mass., when she was sixteen and began knocking at the doors of Broadway theatrical producers. It took her seven months to land a job, but when she did it was an important rôle in "Follow Thru," which ran for a year and a half. There followed leads in "Fine and Dandy," "The Varieties," "Hot Cha," and "The Scandals." Then Hollywood, and the dancing rôle in the movie version of George White's "Scandals."

Eleanor is just twenty-two years old. With six years of top billing on Broadway behind her, and plenty of talent, watch this blue-eyed youngster with her mop of chestnut curls dance right to the top of the ladder.

THE REV. G. J. DAVIS, LEWISVILLE, TEXAS.—The Answer Man apologizes if he gave the impression that Nelson Eddy's popularity is limited to the ladies. He didn't mean to. We agree with you—Eddy is a favorite of the men and children, too. Thank you for your letter.

THE INQUIRING FOUR, BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.—Bob Montgomery won't even tell the old Answer Man what Joan whispered to him there at the end of "No More Ladies." (The line wasn't written in the movie script, either!) It seems to be a little secret between Bob and Miss Crawford. Just use your imagination. Everybody else has.

DANIEL WILKINSON, JR., CANTEGO, NORTH CAROLINA.—Sorry, but we aren't publishing the "Stars of the Photoplay" anymore. If you will write specifically what information you want on PHOTOPLAY magazine, and enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope, we'll try to answer your questions.

CYNTHIA WALMSLEY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—Goodness! The Answer Man will have to get a new hat (larger head size, of course) after that nice compliment, Cynthia. Thank you!

Don't know why you haven't seen biographical information on Helen Hayes. For she's a most important dramatic figure on both stage and screen, and lots have been written about her.

Helen is only five feet high and weighs one hundred pounds. She has light brown hair and blue eyes. She is the wife of Charles MacArthur, playwright, who, with Ben Hecht, is now producing pictures for Paramount, in New York. They have one child, Mary, now about six years old. Helen has been on the stage since childhood, and many consider her the most magnificent actress in America today. She was born in 1901, in Washington, D. C.

When not busy in Hollywood, Helen lives



Eleanor Powell is about to be seen in M-G-M's musical, "Broadway Melody of 1936." And can she dance!

with her husband and child on their charming country place, about forty miles north of New York City. Even on the coldest nights during the run of "Mary of Scotland," she drove the eighty miles to and from the theater, rather than be away from her home. She's as fine a woman as she is great an actress.

Norma Shearer's new baby is named Katharine Thalberg. It's said to be one of the most beautiful babies ever born in movie-town.

DOT VAN DOREN, DULUTH, MINN.—Thanks for the nice bouquets to PHOTOPLAY. And orchids to you, Dot, for knowing a good actor and a grand fellow when you see one on the screen. Your favorite, Paul Kelly, was born in Brooklyn, New York, on August 9th, 1900. He is six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds, and has brown hair with eyes to match. Kelly's next picture is "The Lord's Referee," a Fox production.

PHYLIS, OTTAWA, CANADA.—No, indeed, John Boles hasn't given up his picture career. He has recently finished playing the lead in two films, "Rose of the Rancho," a Paramount musical in which he is featured with Gladys Swarthout, and "Redheads on Parade," for Fox. They should hit Ottawa before long.

REGINALD D. ROOS, LEWISTON, IDAHO.—Claude Rains is in England now, and his latest movie is the Gaumont British film,

"The Clairvoyant." A good picture it is, too, with Rains giving a fine performance.

Onslow Stevens was born in Los Angeles, on March 29, 1906. He is six feet one-half inch tall, weighs 175 pounds. His hair and eyes are brown.

JANE MARIE PERRY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are slated to appear together in another film, but so far the plans are not definite.

We certainly will give you Miss MacDonald's coloring—and we can wax almost lyric over it. For Jeanette has the most beautiful gray-green, crystal-like eyes and pale red-gold hair anybody ever saw. A charming, gracious, witty lady she is, too.

Miss MacDonald was born in Philadelphia, on the eighteenth of June, in 1907. She is five feet five inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Her next film will be "Americans Can Sing, Too."

SHIRLEY R. YOUNG, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—We'll answer your most important question about Barton MacLane first, Shirley! We have no record that Barton has ever been married. There! Does that set your mind at rest? Off the screen, Barton talks with a delicious southern accent, having been born in Columbia, South Carolina. The date was Christmas day, 1902. He is six feet one inch tall, weighs 185 pounds. And the girls all rave about his beautiful red hair. He has hazel eyes.

MacLane is under contract to Warner Brothers, and you can write him in care of Warner Brothers-First National Studios, Burbank, California.

You'll see him currently doing a nice job with a rôle in "Page Miss Glory," Marion Davies' latest film.

ANTONIO NEIL, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—Janet Gaynor is five feet high, weight 96 pounds. Her shoe size is number three. Mary Carlisle is five feet one, and weighs 100 pounds. Ruby Keeler's height is five feet four, weight 104, Heather Angel's five feet one, weight 105. Anna Sten, one of the tallest beauties on the screen, is five feet eight and weighs 120. Jean Parker is five feet three and tips the scales at 106. And thanks for the good wishes, Antonio.

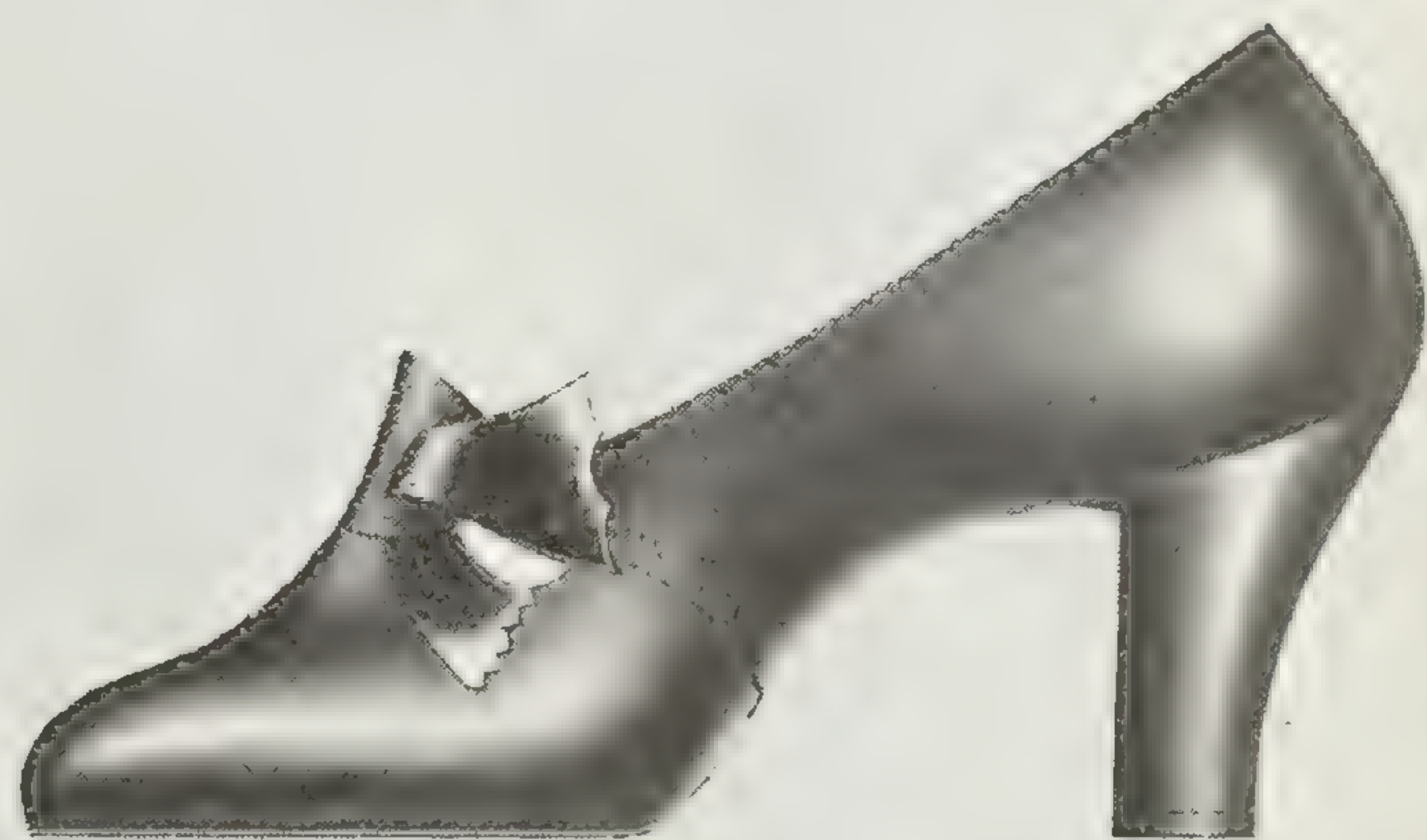
ELLEN DI SANTO, HARRISBURG, PA.—Yes, Ralph Bellamy is married. His wife is Katherine Willard, stage actress. Ralph is 6 feet 1/2 inch tall and weighs 178 pounds. He has light brown hair, blue eyes.

J. B., TAMPA, FLA.—Sandra Shaw, Gary Cooper's wife, played a rôle in the United Artist's picture "Blood Money," in 1933. She has brown hair and gray-green eyes. Sandra's real name is Veronica Balfe. She was never on the stage. She was a New York City debutante and attended the fashionable Bennett's School. Yes, you are correct: she is a niece of Dolores Del Rio.



Busy Women

GO PLACES COMFORTABLY
IN ENNA JETTICKS



Anita a new Empire fashion in kid... high-cut and formal.



Enid a dressy kid shoe which makes feet look graceful and slim.



Marina stunning for spectator sports. Suede with a calf tongue.

Binnie Barnes

featured in Universal production DIAMOND JIM, starring Edward Arnold with Jean Arthur.

Busy women! YOU... Binnie Barnes, whom you're seeing as "Lillian Russell"... thousands of others active about business, household or play. Miss Barnes says, "We moderns are more sensible about shoes than the women of Diamond Jim's day. While we want our feet to look graceful and smart, we're so active we can't neglect comfort."

Enna Jetticks combine both comfort and smartness.

\$5 AND \$6
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

Enna Jetticks

SIZES 1-12

WIDTHS AAAAA-EEE

AMERICA'S SMARTEST WALKING SHOES GO PLACES COMFORTABLY

Fashion Forecast

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

flares or through draped fullness at the front as shown in the first Fall frocks. No abrupt fullness permissible. Waistlines are shaped or molded rather than pinched and clothes all have a more casual manner, no longer appearing to strain at the seams.

Primary interest is above the waistline. The draped or shirred bodice replaces the molded one of former seasons. Dolman sleeves appear in all but the most tailored clothes. Their tendency is to broaden the shoulders, accent the waistline and slenderize the hipline. Sleeves appear in every length, more often than not showing the peasant influence. Waistlines are molded and slightly lower than during the Summer.

Coats are really of two types—swagger and princess. . . . The swagger three-quarter length which was formerly relegated to the sports world will now appear in town and will be worn with matching or harmonizing daytime frocks. These coats flaunt back fullness falling in soft folds to a full hemline, show patch pockets, and upstanding little military collars. In cloth, you may purchase them as a part of your Autumn suit, but with an eye to their doing double duty as the extra coat with your new frock. The princess coat, wrapped, beltless and with diagonal closing, is shown in both fur and cloth and, though a formal coat, it carries the youthful note which is found in all clothes this season. For general utility and all-around good taste, the black dress coat can't be surpassed.

SUITS are good. We say that year after year, but it's still true. In tweeds, with a three-quarter length coat, you may go through the season without an extra coat. In serge or twills or soft woollens, you may choose a strictly tailored model to be worn with dark accessories; crusher felt hat, pigskin or calf gloves, bag and medium or low-heeled shoes and a mannish blouse. Wear your blouse collar over your jacket. Don't mix your styles.

If you wear tailored fashions, keep them mannish in the British manner.

The suit jacket is, in general, short. It may be slightly fitted, with regulation revers, but it will be sure to have a velvet collar this year. Or it may be boxy in the Schiaparelli manner with back fullness.

Velvet is sure to be on the scene somewhere, whether in blouses, scarfs, revers or bows. The dressmaker suit is velvet, such as I designed for Anita Louise in "Here's to Romance," will take its rightful place as an elegant fashion.

It can go anywhere except to the most formal gatherings.

Your first Fall frock may be black, as usual, but color is the first cry. It may be draped, shirred or pleated. But it will be shorter than you have worn for many seasons. Bodice interest may be obtained through trimming or draping. If trimmed, it may be with faggoting, smocking, soutache braid or embroidery, which sounds like the latter part of the past century.

Gold and silver and jeweled interest may appear at girdle, throat and wrist.

Necklines are of tremendous importance, the outcome of the Italian Exhibit in Paris. Jewel-trimmed or with the twisted torsade of

the Renaissance, they may be draped and are still high, though there is a growing tendency toward lowering the neckline.

The coat dress with buttons marching in single file down the center front, is a very wearable version for the business woman. Or the two-piece variety with pull-on blouse, often shown with slightly flared peplum or tunic.

Hats are fascinating in their many moods, which consistently continue to be most erratic. Every influence is present from the Asian, African, Renaissance to the Fascisti caps. And from tiny caps to huge cart-wheels. By the way, the beaver hat is a coming fash-



Another famous lady of the opera is lured to Hollywood: Gladys Swarthout, dressed for her rôle in Paramount's "Rose of the Rancho"

ion. And crowns are steadily going up, with irregularity very important. Hats are definitely off the face, but firmly on the head and usually show the hair all around, which means that you must be off to your hairdresser as soon as you purchase the new hat.

Veils are everywhere, stiff over the face or swung down the back in medieval coifs. Colors are of Renaissance inspiration in unusual combinations.

As in fabric so it is in color—two colors are better than one.

Trimmings are of feathers, wings, tiny plumes, curled or uncurled, earrings of gold shells, with

matching necklace are shown with a black halo hat.

Take your choice and wear your new hat with the romantic verve of its historical background.

Bags, gloves and shoes are matching and in the latter, the walking type, two fabrics again appear in shades of wine, green and rust to match the costume. Antelope sueded bags are exquisite this season, and if you like zippers, you'll find they may now be covered so that no hardware appears to mar the beauty of your bag.

Quite an innovation!

EVENING

Colors: White is first. Then pastels in gold and silver brocade. Deep Renaissance tones. Blue from deep midnight to sapphire; navy blue is making a play to replace black as an evening color.

Fabrics: Here the Renaissance influence is felt very keenly.

Heavy metal brocade, lamé, tulle, stiff taffeta, slipper satin, cloky crêpes, crêpe roma, chiffon.

Silhouette: In general, slim lines evolving into swirling hem fullness will predominate. Bouffant fashions are still being shown and have a definite Second Empire feeling. Petticoats will peep from under the tucked-up-in-front hemline. Draped skirts are appearing more and more. The draped bodice will appear in gowns showing the Greek or Hindu influence, otherwise the mode is softly molded, low-back and with narrow shoulder straps, occasionally growing into a little cape-scarf as in the youthful design Rochelle Hudson wears in "Curly Top."

There again two fabrics are put to use—organdy flowers adorning the bodice of the gown of silver faille.

Wraps may be short or long but they are always youthful. Anita Louise wears a long fitted coat of silver cloth with ermine collar and cuffs, but any short-haired fur may be adapted to that fashion, or even the fabric itself may be fittingly utilized. In general, it is more advantageous to select a long wrap which will completely cover the gown, partly for warmth on cold Winter nights and to obviate a clash of colors.

EVENING sandals are created of silver and gold kid or match the fabric of the gown. Velvet shoes with metal heels and black evening slippers with diamond heels are for extra special occasions.

Jewelry plays an important rôle in the Fall drama. It will be massive, set with semi-precious stones in huge clusters and many colors.

Coral will be worn in novelty designs in silver mountings. Many bracelets go marching up the arm.

Hair ornaments will range from little velvet bows . . . beau-catchers . . . tiny jeweled combs, in flower designs, to jeweled bands or halos which supplant the tiara. Dog collars of velvet or gold and silver mesh are jeweled, to match the belts, bracelets and clips.

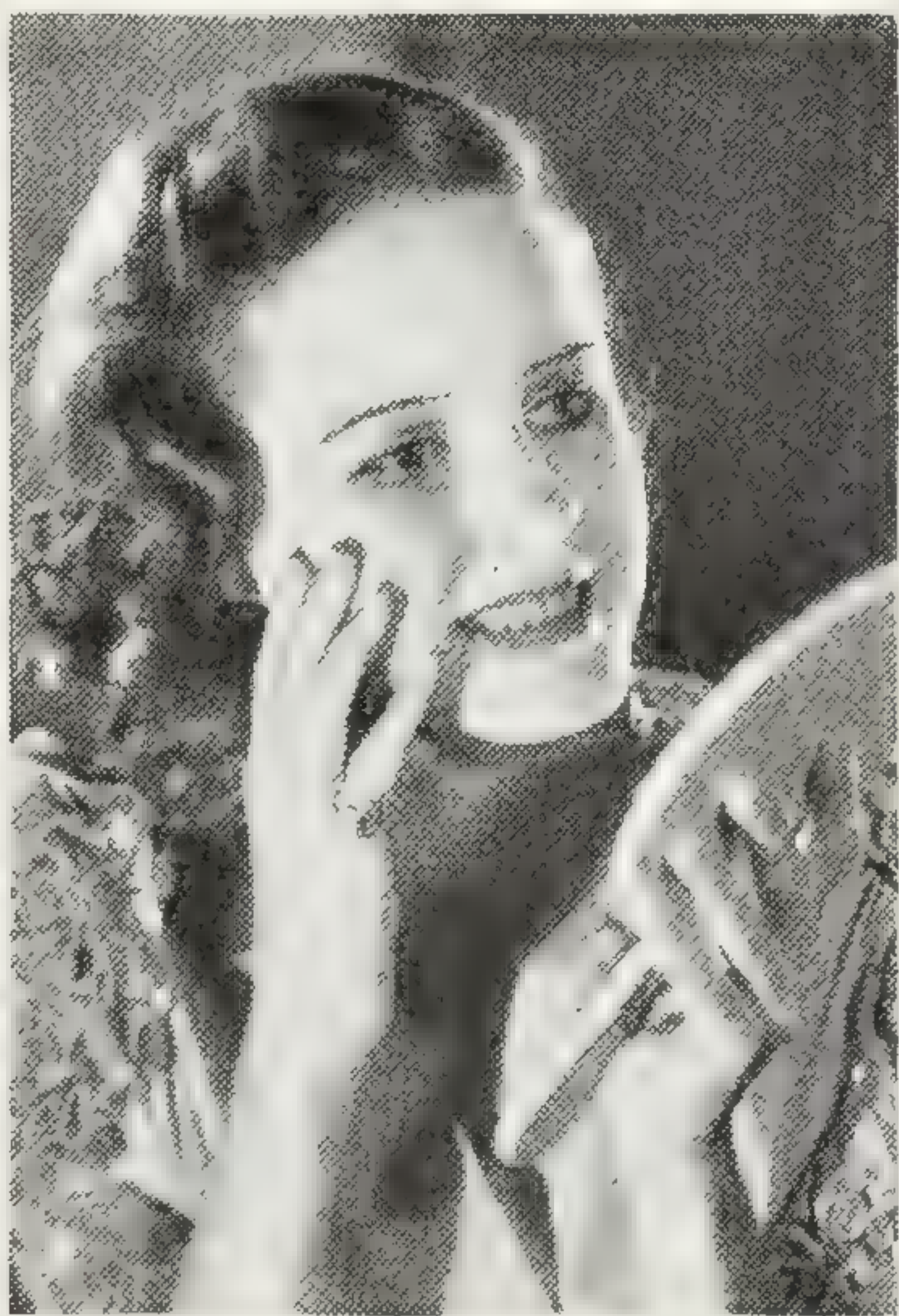
Whatever you wear, you are sure to strike the note of fashion.

"I'D SOONER DIE THAN GO TO ANOTHER PARTY"

Pimples were
"ruining her life"



1 "I had counted so much on my first high school 'prom'! Then my face broke out again. I could have died. My whole evening was a flop. I came home and cried myself to sleep.



2 "Those pimples stayed. Even grew worse. Then, I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast. I began to eat it. Imagine my joy when my pimples began to disappear!

Don't let adolescent pimples spoil YOUR fun——

DON'T let a pimply skin spoil your good times—make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples *can* be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, especially wherever there are many oil glands—on the face, on the chest and across the shoulders.

Fleischmann's Yeast *clears the skin irritants out of the blood*. With the cause removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear.



3 "Now my skin is clear and smooth as a baby's. I'm being rushed by all the boys. Mother says I don't get *any* time to sleep!"

Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start *now* to eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast as long as you have any tendency to pimples, for it is only by keeping your blood clear of skin irritants that you can keep pimples away.



—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

The Girl Without a Past

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

you used to talk Pig Latin to Douglas? than you'd say: "Do you remember when you were *Letty Lynton* or *Sadie McKee*?" It would be worse than tactless, it would be dull. 'The loud laughing, too-plump' girl of the Montmartre Cafe days, the hysterical bride, the brooding tragedienne, and all the other characters from Joan's past have become as fictional as any screen heroine she has ever portrayed.

For instance, you can't say Joan has developed a raucous flapper laugh into the sympathetic humor she exhibits today, because it is difficult to believe she ever laughed loudly.

It seems absurd to say she has developed a mentally-poised woman from an emotion-tossed girl, because she conveys no suggestion of the change.

There is nothing remodeled about her personality.

All the time we talked over in a corner of the set, while Woody Van Dyke arranged and rearranged lights, while Brian Aherne and Frank Morgan chatted Britishly of the Louis-Carnera fight, I had the disconcerting feeling of talking with a friendly stranger who knew me embarrassingly better than I knew her.

WHEN I bluntly told Joan this she was neither as amused or as surprised as she might have been, considering that her past is being continually paraded before the public in that endless series of "How Much Joan Crawford Has Overcome."

She said: "I believe I know what you mean. And if it is true, I think it is because I've tried to make a point of living no closer to myself than the present.

I'm even happier when I'm living in the future, but, and if I can help it, never in the past with things that are done!

"For instance, I've been criticized for being a faddist about my home, in decorating and redecorating it with what my critics call 'every change of mood.' That's absurd, of course. But I couldn't live in that house if not a stick of furniture had been changed from the way it was when I first moved in. Because the same person isn't living there!

"It seems funny to be saying this now, because I was a long time learning that I really wanted to escape from my own personal dramas, that I had to escape if there was going to be any real happiness in the future for me.

"This business of escaping from the past isn't an easy thing, particularly for women," she hesitated, thoughtfully. "The first step, of course, is to really want to escape. And women cling so dramatically to the past. As a sex, we color and theatricalize every experience out of all proportion.

"A great many women, too many, wear their heart-breaks as conspicuously as they wear their bracelets!

OF COURSE, I don't mean that we should pass callously over the experiences of our lives that develop us. It is just as foolish to shrug aside our mistakes as it is to glorify them. Women without feeling become hard. But in my own particular case, I've tried to look on all the experiences of my life, happy or unhappy, as lessons as simple as the A, B, C's. When we are first learning to read and write we have to be conscious of letters and spelling and elemental rules to help us along.

But as we progress we forget the rules and use the knowledge.

"That is the way it should be with our Life lessons.

"I mean it when I say the only important part of my life is the present and the future. I am grateful for everything that has ever happened to me, but I refuse to be a slave to it."

I asked Joan if there were any particular rules she had followed in acquiring this philosophy.

She laughed. "But rules are one of the most important things to avoid! The only sure way to break away from the ties and influences of



Lily Pons seems quite pleased with Hollywood millinery. The opera star is making her screen debut in "Love Song" for RKO-Radio

the past is to live our lives unburdened by privately concocted rules.

"It is possible, you know, to learn a lesson too well, to be hampered and narrowed by experiences.

"These rule ideas about our future are nothing more than stupid left-over measures from the past!

"I've heard women, emerging from some personal upheaval, make the remark: 'I shall never fall in love again,' or, 'I shall never trust that type of person again.' Many people pamper themselves with the idea that they can fall in love with only a certain type, or nationality, or color of eyes; or that they can't drink

coffee at four o'clock in the afternoon or other silly things like that. And for what reason? Because some unhappy emotional or digestive experience in their past has clamped onto their growth in the future!

"That is the reason I loathe the words *never* or *always* applied to myself. I always think that never is shutting me off from something important and untried, and always is confining me to the trivial and familiar. Even in the smallest and most inconsequential matters I hate personal rules.

"I remember once reading an interview in which a writer stated: 'Joan Crawford never takes a drink.' And it is true I don't like alcohol, the taste or the effect. But more than I hate cocktails, I hated that word 'never.' Several nights later I attended a party at a friend's, had two glasses of champagne, and enjoyed them immensely.

"Another time someone wrote that I never read any book lighter than biographies. Well, I like caviar to eat, too, but I don't eat it all the time. I have a collection of murder mysteries that would do credit to any circulating library in town, and I'm crazy about reading them."

When Joan came back to our corner from a very long and involved scene with Brian Aherne before the camera, she said:

"These things are trivial, of course, but the same principle has to be applied to the really important things if we are going to grow and develop by new, and not discarded things.

"After all, what is more important in life than new experiences, and, if we're lucky enough to live colorfully, new adventures? Nothing imaginable could be more stupid than talking with a man who has only one idea, or a musician who played only one piece, or a philosopher who has read only one book.

"And certainly nothing is duller than the person who is continually telling you how much he has overcome, or lived down, or how better and uninspiring his life has been in the past.

DON'T believe that people really overcome anything if they can't escape it!

"There's a lot of difference in getting the most out of every available experience, and living through it, and in having it live through you the rest of your life.

"The only thing important to bring along with us from the past are worthwhile friends. None of us are so rich that we can afford to drop a true friendship by the wayside, as we can cast off emotions and ideas. I used to be so intolerant of people, so impatient. But I hope I have learned differently."

Van Dyke needed Joan before the camera again, and our time was growing short. Stocking-footed, Joan walked with me to the entrance of the sound stage.

Suddenly, and impulsively, she thrust out her hand like a frank boy and smiled as she gripped my hand.

"Come out and see me, Dorothy, come often . . . the world's still full of a lot of things for us to laugh about!"

I'm going to accept that invitation. I'd like to know this Joan as well as I have known many of the others. But probably to keep acquainted with her, I'll have to call once a week at least!



**"I take chances in
pictures but never
with handbags"**

says

Adrienne Ames

Miss Adrienne Ames
in Mascot's
HARMONY LANE

**This lovely star insists on handbags featuring the
security of the automatic-locking *Talon* slide fastener**

The leading ladies of Hollywood are through taking risks with "careless" handbags. They are tired of dropping things and losing things. Now, they insist on the security and convenience of the automatic-locking feature of the Talon slide fastener.

It's so simple and yet so sure. This flexible, smooth-sliding fastener—especially designed for handbags—assures absolute safety to their contents—as well as adding

trim, smart style to their appearance. Once it is closed, it stays closed—to be opened only by the touch of your fingers on the slider.

You'll find a beautiful variety of handbag styles featuring Talon security and convenience, at leading stores everywhere. Only the finest manufacturers equip their models with Talon, so you can always count on its presence in a handbag as a sure sign of quality and smart design.

Talon
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Here's your protection—the automatic-locking feature! Tug at the sides of your bag, drop it, turn it over—the fastener can't come open, even a little, unless you pull it.

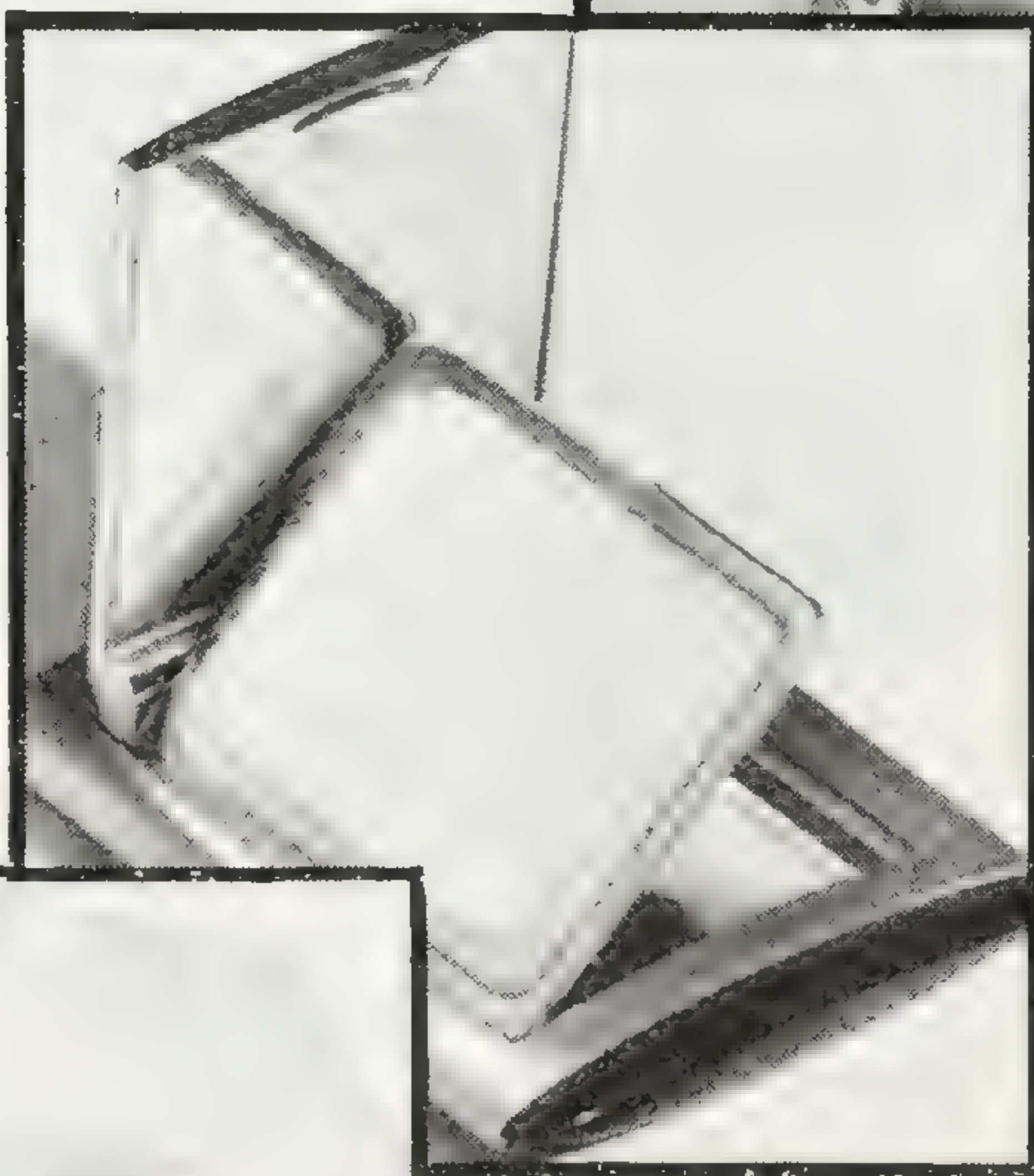
WHO HAS A BIRTHDAY?



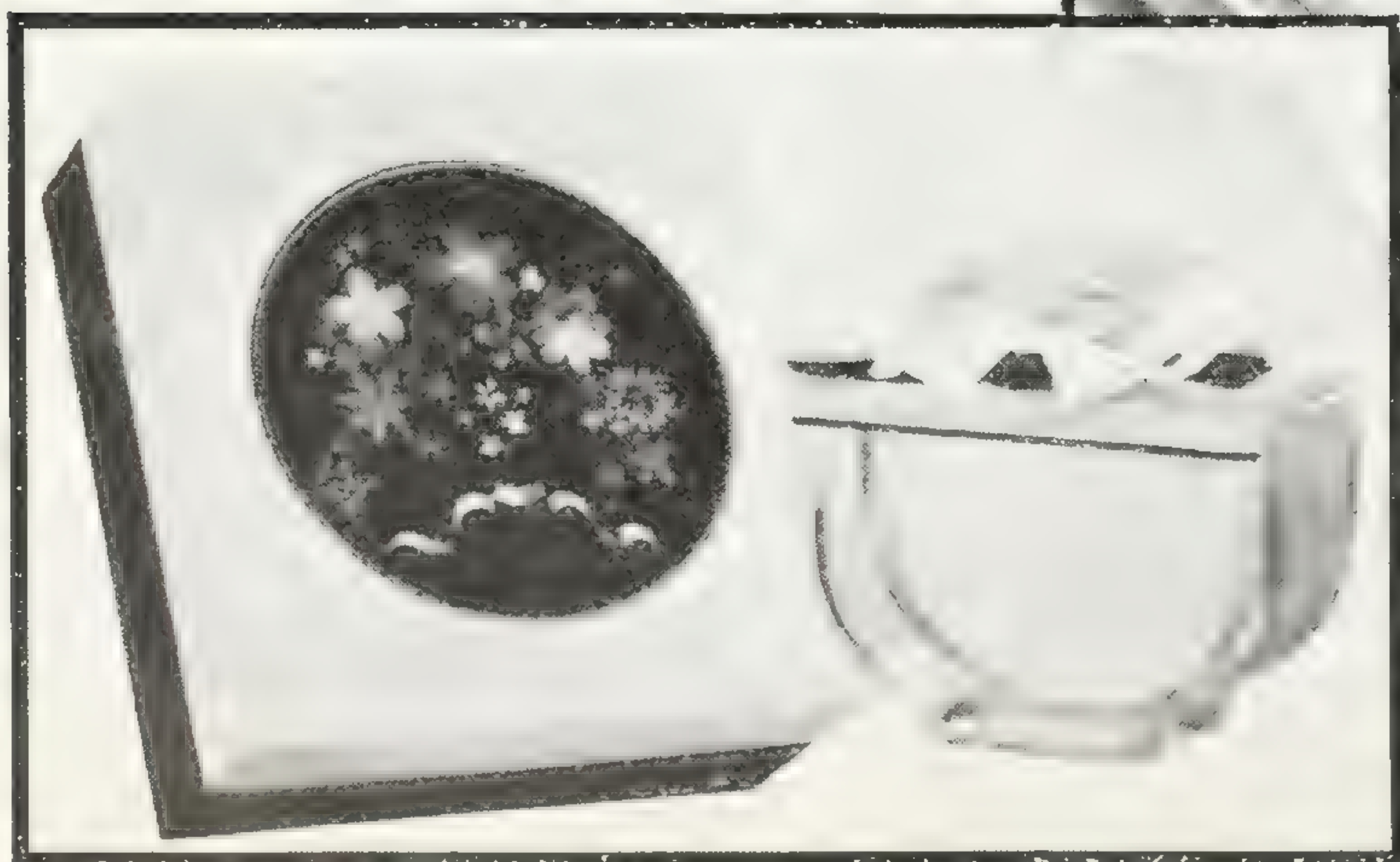
Give her delicate perfume. Joan Bennett prefers a concentrate or, as below, a fragrant essence of flowers from old-fashioned gardens



Ida Lupino discovers a jewel-studded compact in her gold mesh evening bag which was directly inspired by Paramount's film "The Crusades"



Up to the minute, a streamlined loose powder vanity. In three color combinations: black, red and platinum with gold. With or without rouge



Our very newest leaflet "Tips To Teensters" is especially designed to answer the many questions concerning skin and hair problems which are put to us by our younger readers. You may have this on request for the usual stamped, self-addressed envelope, or personal advice on any other beauty problem. All letters are confidential, of course. Please address letters to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Make-Up Created by an Artist for CAROLE LOMBARD ...and for you

Now you, too, can dramatize your type with make-up just as screen stars do

FASCINATING Carole Lombard graciously gives you through photographs, her make-up secret, so that you too may emphasize the charm of your type. Powder, rouge, lipstick created for her by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up—in the color harmony shades that dramatize her blonde loveliness, is her beauty secret. Now it can be yours.

Blondes like Carole Lombard, are not the only fortunate type which can be made lovely by Max Factor's discovery. Using screen stars as living models, Max Factor created the exact shades in powder, rouge, and lipstick which give radiant beauty to every type of blonde, redhead, brunette, and brownette.

If you want to see how lovely you can be use your color harmony make-up, just as screen stars do. The

powder will enliven your skin instantly, give it youthful radiance. The rouge will add an alluring lifelike glow to your cheeks. The lipstick will give a charming young color to your lips. The three shades, created to harmonize with each other, and with your own coloring will give you a beauty and charm that will amaze you.

Color harmony make-up created originally for the exclusive use of screen stars, is now available to you at nominal prices. At your favorite store there is a color harmony shade of powder, rouge, lipstick for every type of blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead. One of these holds the secret of beauty for you... Max

Factor's Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At leading stores.

CAROLE LOMBARD, in Paramount's

"HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE"



Powder

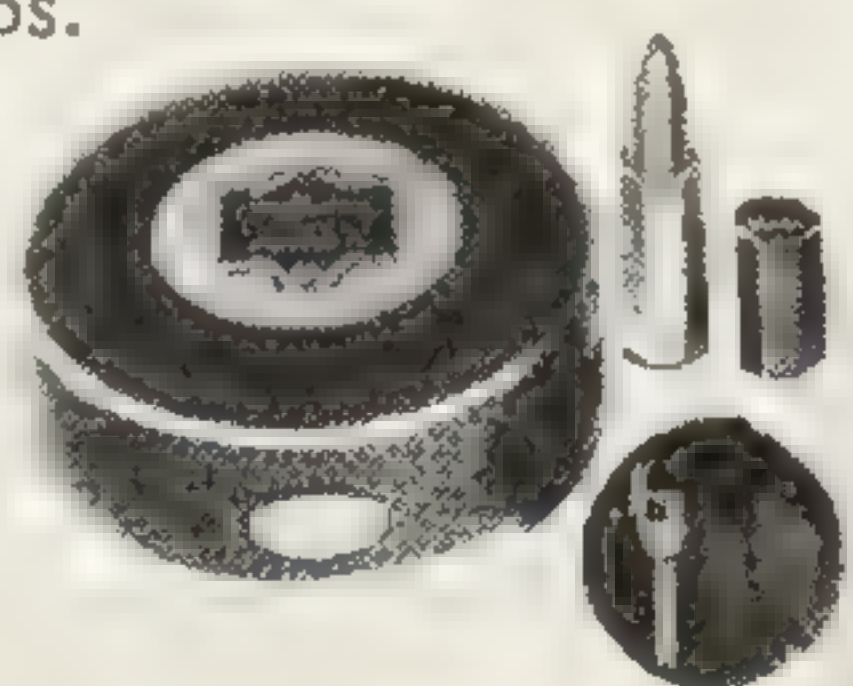
You, too, like Carole Lombard can give your skin youthful radiance with Max Factor's Powder. Satin-smooth, clinging, alluring in its color harmony shade. Used exclusively, its purity will keep your skin fine textured, young.

Rouge

The color harmony shades in Max Factor's Rouge will give your cheeks an exquisite youthful glow, so natural and lifelike that it will appear to be your own coloring. Creamy-smooth, it blends easily and evenly, and lasts for hours.

Lipstick

Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick will keep your lips smooth, young. Because it is moisture-proof, you may apply it to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips, giving them a color so uniform that it becomes part of your lips.



Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.

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NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE _____	

Face Down

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

was open for an inch or two. But it's unlikely that anyone saw her. The corridor was rather dark. The office was brilliantly lighted. The door was only open an inch or two."

Brent said slowly, "Where can I get in touch with Miss Smith to get more information if I need it in a hurry?"

"Through me," Alter answered quickly, ". . . and as far as fees are concerned, Dick, I can guarantee a bonus in addition to your regular fees if you absolutely keep Miss Smith out of it."

"MY fees," Brent said slowly, "for messing around in a murder case *before* the police get into it are going to be *plenty* high."

"I know that, and Miss Smith understands it. But there'll be a bonus on top of that. . . . But seconds are precious, Dick."

Brent got to his feet, reached for his hat,

utes and then telephone an anonymous tip to the cops that a couple of narcotic addicts are breaking into Dr. Copeland's office in search of hop."

She gave an exclamation of alarm and said, with a catch in her voice, "And they'll catch Brent, and he'll tell about us?"

"No," Alter said slowly, "Brent's too smart for that, particularly when a murder's been committed. He'll get out of there, but he'll only be one jump ahead of the police. He'll make a get-away, all right, but the police will be hot on his trail. Naturally, the homicide squad will link the killing of Dr. Copeland with the two men who were in his office, and at that time, my dear, you'll be safely home, surrounded by a bevy of friends who can give you a perfect alibi."

"It doesn't seem fair," she said, "to . . ."

Alter's face changed. He looked at his wrist

Short terms in two penitentiaries had failed to alter his philosophy. Now he was treading the "straight and narrow path," but it was a path which seemed straight and narrow only to Bill Peters.

An unprejudiced observer would have found it rather tortuous.

Dick Brent, however, who furnished the employment, found him invaluable, knew that if Peters were not working at that employment he would undoubtedly be cracking safes or robbing banks. Peters' ideas of right and wrong were sufficiently warped to make it useless to argue with him.

Brent held the flashlight so that the shielded beam illuminated the door of Dr. Copeland's office.

"Can do?" he asked.

"Can do," Peters said shortly.

A moment later, the click of the lock shooting back announced that the safe-cracker had not been unduly optimistic.

"All right," Brent said, "hook up the cop spotter."

Peters nodded. The two men filed silently into the gloomy interior of the office, an interior which was illuminated only by the lights which blazed on Hollywood Boulevard. A red Neon sign across the street and in the middle of the block flashed on and off intermittently, flooding the office with a sinister red illumination, which, in turn, faded periodically into gloomy half darkness.

Peters, working with swift dexterity, opened a suitcase which he carried, took from it a small portable radio outfit, plugged it into a wall plug, waited for the tubes to warm up.

Abruptly a voice said, ". . . car 62, calling car 62. Go to 3829 West Elton Street. See the woman waiting on the sidewalk. That is all."

"TURN it down a little bit," Brent cautioned. "Someone might be coming down the corridor, and sounds are magnified in an office building at night."

"You t-t-t-think we'll hear the r-r-report if they discover the b-b-b-body?" Peters asked.

"Nine chances out of ten we will," Brent assured him. "We've got to take that tenth chance. It's hardly possible the police will stumble on the body. Some citizen will find it and telephone in to headquarters. They'll send out a radio broadcast. Get busy. Get the day book. Find the people who called on him today. Check on his appointments. Run through his unanswered mail. Dig into his filing system and get case histories of the persons who called on him within the last few days. But be sure not to pocket anything. That would be larceny. We're just collecting information. . . . What the hell is all that junk in the suitcase?"

"That's our ins-s-s-urance."

"What do you mean insurance? My God, where did you get that junk?"

"That's not j-j-j-junk. That's s-s-s-stuff I've been collecting in c-c-c-case I got in a j-j-j-jam."

Brent stared down into the suitcase. "What's the gun?" he asked.

Peters was more sure of himself now, and talked smoothly. "I snitched that," he said, "from the desk in Tom Fernwaite's gambling j-j-joint. I've wiped all the f-f-f-finger prints off of it, but the n-n-n-number is registered in



One of the most extravagant scenes in RKO-Radio's screen version of "The Three Musketeers," is the dangerous and spectacular rapier tournament of the king's guardsmen. Fred Cavens supervised the sequence

jerked it down in a quick half circle of motion to shake water from the brim, buttoned his raincoat about him.

"Good night," he said, without so much as a glance at the woman in the dark corner.

When the door had closed behind him, Alter heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thank God," he said, "*that's* over. He'll get results."

"You mean he'll keep me out of it?" the woman asked incredulously.

Alter chuckled and said, "Sure he'll keep you out of it. He'll get himself in it so deeply the cops never will come after you."

"What do you mean?"

His face was distorted into a cunning grimace.

"You know what he'll do, don't you? The first thing he'll do will be to pick the lock of Copeland's office and start looking for evidence. He'll take one of his men with him."

"Well?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "I'll wait forty-five min-

watch. "Never mind that," he said, "I'm running this part of the show. You've got exactly fifty minutes before I telephone the police. Get started."

CHAPTER III

TO the very small circle of acquaintances who knew him, Bill Peters was known as "Dead Pan Peters." His face seldom showed expression, and this was particularly true during times of emotional stress.

The only way in which he showed emotion was by stuttering. When he was not excited or when he had nothing to conceal, he talked smoothly. But when he lied or when he was worried, while there would be no change of expression on his face, his tongue would stick on the consonants. For this reason, Bill Peters distrusted words. Wherever possible in dealing with strangers he relied upon action.

As for his morals, he had none. He firmly believed that the end justified the means.

his name. If we planted it here, it would bring him into the investig-g-gation, and he's got plenty of political p-p-p-pull to hush it up."

"That key container," Brent said. "Where did that come from?"

"I got that out of Ned Thorpe's automobile. His ignition key is on it. He l-l-l-left it in front of the p-p-post-office when he went in to get his mail. I c-c-came along, reached in, turned off the ignition and slipped the k-k-keys into my p-p-p-pocket. Thorpe is a p-p-p-prominent man. He represents the g-g-g-group that's financing this new picture reorganization, and . . ."

"I know who he is," Brent said disgustedly. "Close that suitcase. We don't need to plant any stuff here. Damn it, Peters, your mind is warped! You couldn't go straight if you had to, and you'd be a damned good man if you weren't so crooked."

"I'm not c-c-c-crooked," Peters said, "just r-r-r-resourceful."

Brent snorted, turned his flashlight on the desk, opened a drawer, said, "Here's the day book," and started scribbling notes on a piece of paper.

For several minutes the men worked with smooth, silent efficiency. Peters found the filing drawers where case histories were kept. Brent, seated at the desk, called for the cards he wanted, and, as Peters brought them to him, made copious but swift notes.

From time to time the portable radio outfit, tuned in on the police wave-length, echoed the routine instructions given to various cars.

SUDDENLY, following a period of comparative silence, the radio squawked into activity. A voice droned, "Car 57—calling car 57—car 57 proceed at once out Hollywood Boulevard to investigate a tip that narcotic addicts are robbing the office of Dr. Granville Copeland. This is a hot tip. Start at once down Hollywood Boulevard until you come to Highland. A squad car from the Hollywood station will be waiting there. Cooperate with them. That is all."

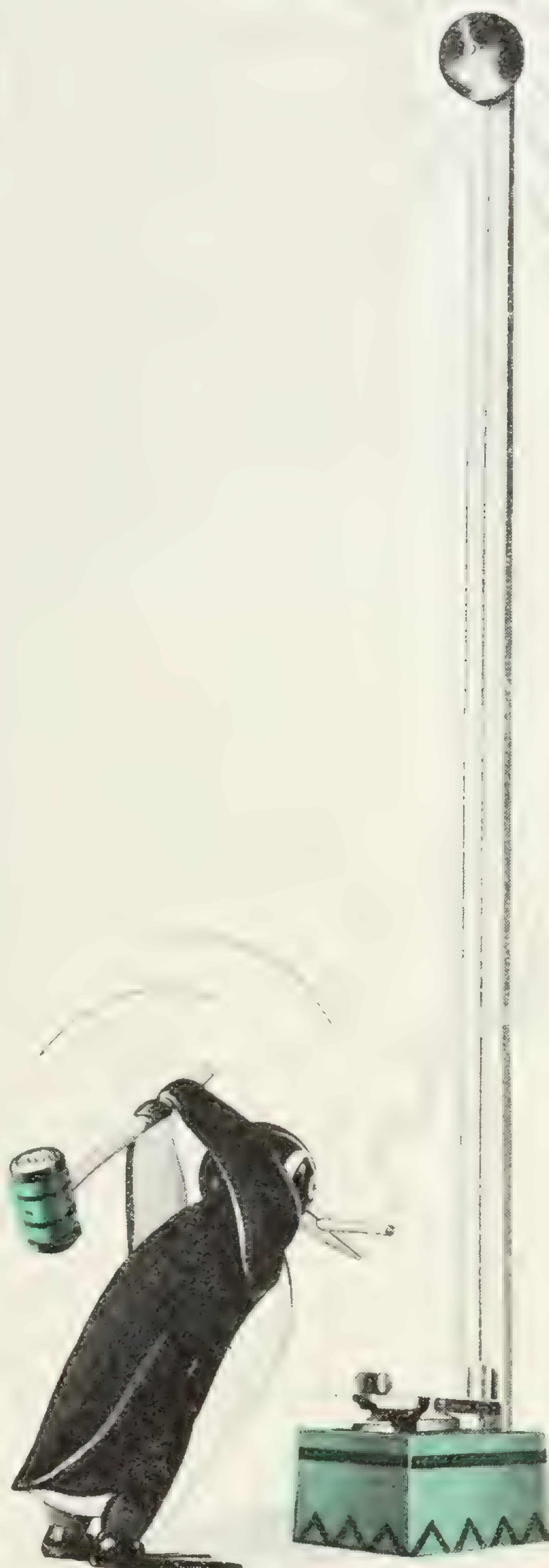
The two shadowy figures in Dr. Copeland's office wasted no time on words. Peters jerked out the radio cord, wrapped it around the small receiving outfit, dropped it into the suitcase, held the door open for Brent. The two men slipped into the corridor. Not until they were racing for the stairs, did Brent say under his breath, "The dirty, two-timing double-crossers!"

CHAPTER IV

DICK BRENT pushed his car through the rain-filled darkness. The drops were larger now. Wind, sweeping up from the south, was piling low-flung clouds against the tops of the mountains to the northwest of Hollywood. Myriad miniature geysers mushroomed up from the pavement.

Brent's radio, tuned in on a news program, finished a statement concerning the consolidation of the conservatives in both Republican and Democratic parties, mentioned that there was some talk of calling the new fusion the "Constitutional Party," and then the voice of the radio reporter ceased its mechanical intonation.

"A flash!" it said. "The body of Dr. Granville Copeland, prominent psychologist, psychoanalyst and specialist in nervous diseases, was found lying face down in the rain within a hundred feet of Hollywood Boulevard. The doctor had evidently been shot from behind by an unknown assailant as he prepared to enter his parked automobile. Death was caused by



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two shots at the base of the skull which police say were fired at close range.

"The body was discovered when police investigated a report that two drug addicts were burglarizing Dr. Copeland's office. The rumor turned out to be false, since the office showed no signs of having been entered, but in connection with the investigation, the police car, turning into the alleyway on the side of the building where Dr. Copeland had his office, found the body. Death had taken place some two hours earlier."

Dick Brent swung the steering wheel of the car, skidded on the street car tracks where Highland runs into Hollywood Boulevard, then followed Highland up to its intersection with Cahuenga, turned near the summit of the grade to the left, and followed a winding road. He was just below the dripping clouds.

THE rain fell more gently here, but rivulets of water were rushing down the gutters, rippling across the road in ribbons of moisture which hissed into spray as the automobile wheels plowed through them. Below, and to the left, the lights of Hollywood blinked up through the moist night like globules of phosphorus on the surface of an agitated ocean.

The house of Vilma Fenton was a blaze of light. Expensive cars were parked in the cemented area just outside the garden wall. The big house perched upon the mountain side with that ingenuity of construction which has been developed by California architects. The grounds fell away in a series of terraces until they merged into the native shrubbery of the mountain side. On a clear day it was possible to see Venice, Santa Monica, Signal Hill, the hazy blue outlines of Catalina Island, the sun-drenched city and the jagged skyline of mountains. On a clear night lights twinkled in a shimmering sea of brilliance. Now rain blotted out all except the Hollywood lights in the immediate foreground. The sound of laughter came from behind the huge windows. Raindrops falling from the soggy clouds which clung to the top of the dark mountain were changed to gold by some magic touch as they fell past

the brilliantly lighted windows of the mansion.

"Indeed I do," had made Vilma Fenton. The picture had been a natural.

Writers with imagination, a director who understood, a supervisor who was so concentrating upon another picture that all the gag men, associates, assistants and others who give to so much of the Hollywood broth the appearance of having been brewed by too many cooks, had held hands off.

As a result the picture had not tried to imi-

Vilma Fenton had been like a skyrocket streaking redly upward in hissing destiny to burst into blazing brilliance.

The butler who answered Dick Brent's ring surveyed the glistening raincoat, the soggy hat brim, the white, determined face, the brown business suit, and said, with a voice, which contained no regret whatever, "I'm very sorry, but it will be impossible to even convey your name to Miss Fenton unless you are expected, and I'm quite sure you're not."

The butler was a big man, square of shoulder and steady of eye. His six foot two of brawn rested upon a pair of feet incased in square-toed shoes. A swelling at the base of the large toe on the left foot marked the location of a bunion which crowded against the pliable leather.

Dick Brent's profession required that he exercise his powers of observation. His eyes took in the expression on the butler's face, dropped to the butler's feet. Having selected the vulnerable point in his enemy's armor, Dick Brent acted with the smooth speed of a well-oiled piston rod on a steam engine.

His heel came down on the butler's bunion. The butler doubled over, grasped the tortured foot, hopped around in moaning, cursing circles.

Dick Brent walked on toward the sounds of clinking glasses and laughter which came from the big room to the left.

He pushed aside the expensive hangings.

THERE were a dozen people in the room. The faces of five of them would have been known anywhere in the world. The others were executives whose

words were law, men who controlled the destiny of the silver screen.

Vilma Fenton looked up.

There could be no mistaking the dismay in her eyes when she saw Dick Brent's face, as the impact of his steady blue eyes fell upon her in silent accusation.

Her fingers opened. The cocktail glass crashed to the table.

The Facts of Hollywood Life

RIFTS IN THE LUTE

Nancy Carroll: to Reno to discard writer-husband *Bolton Mallory*. His predecessor—*Jack Kirkland*, "Tobacco Road" playwright. *Van Smith*, Beverly Hills millionaire, said to be Nancy's favorite name now.

Lila Lee: six months married to but one month together with Chicago broker *Jack Peine*, broke ties officially. Name now coupled with *John Beach*, wealthy polo-playing New Yorker.

Natalie Moorhead: on matrimonial vacation since last August permanently parted from director husband *Alan Crosland*.

Adrienne Ames: asked and got freedom from *Bruce Cabot*, and custody of daughter, *Dorothy Jane*, legally adopted by Cabot after their marriage. Said Cabot disliked her family and no longer loved her.

Wini Shaw: Warner Brothers blues warbler, divorced from *Leo Cummins*, Manhattan orchestra leader.

Buster Keaton: divorce suited by his second wife, *Mae Elizabeth Keaton*, who named *Mrs. Leah Clappitt Sewell*, wealthy Los Angeles matron, in \$200,000 loss of affection suit.

OPTION DEPARTMENT

Florine McKinney engaged to *Barry Trivers*, screen writer. Met while making a picture. No definite date for the chimes.

WEDDING BELLS

For *David Newell*, former Broadway leading man for *Ethel Barrymore* and *Mae West*, and *Katharine Lewis*, Hollywood actress.

For *Ernst Lubitsch*, of the "Lubitsch touch" and Paramount, and *Vivian Gaye*, former *Randy Scott* heart throb, at Yuma, after plane elopement.

STORK STOPS

At the home of *Stu Erwin* and *June Collier*, to leave a precious seven-and-a-half pound package. Named *June Dorothea*, looks like her mammy. Erwins prayed for a girl, got her. Have a son already.

Wings flapping for *Evalyn Venable* and *Hal Mohr*, now adding a nursery to their home for November occupancy.

Late Fall visit expected by *Joel McCrea* and *Frances Dee*. Second visit for this couple.

DEAR DOCTOR

Binnie Barnes, carted from the set to the hospital with a throbbing appendix. It came out and Binnie came out of it nicely.

Gail Patrick collapsed in her home town Birmingham, Alabama, after death of father, *L. G. Patrick*. Illness followed dramatic airplane race with death from Hollywood. Recovered now.

Arlene Judge caught scarlet fever, hives on top of that. Fever light, but hives bad. Closed her eyes. Agony now gone.

GOOD MORNING, JUDGE

Vince Barnett, ribber de luxe, found guilty of drunkenness and punching a policeman, was granted a new trial on the late Summer docket.

Lottie Pickford, Mary's sister, filed suit for \$540.50 against *Al St. John*, veteran comedian. Says a note for \$400 is over due.

Hal Le Roy, 21-year-old slim legged dancer, sued his father, *George Schotte*, for an accounting of the \$70,000 he claims to have earned on the stage and in pictures since 1930.

NEW DEALS

Ronald Colman initialed new contract with United Artists making him highest paid male star on the screen. Ticket calls for \$150,000 per picture and share of the profits.

tate any of the current hits. It showed that delicacy of touch which can come only from the purposeful treatment of one director who understands, a star who is young, eager and earnest, a leading man whose emotions are genuine, photographers who enthusiastically register an entrancing form and a face which photographs perfectly at any angle and in any light.

"You!" she said.

"Yes," Brent told her slowly. "I came to pay my personal respects to Miss Mary Smith."

For a moment she fought with her emotions, her face chalk-white, her lips quivering. Then the actress in her asserted itself. Her face was still drained of color, but only a keen student of psychology could have told that the smile which twisted her lips was not one of glad greeting, and her voice was vibrant with pleased surprise.

"Dick!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I've been thinking about you so much lately! I hoped you'd come. I've got so many things to talk over with you. Why didn't you write or at least send a wire? My, but you startled me!"

The big butler, having recovered somewhat, came limping purposefully down the corridor, his huge hands bunched into belligerent fists.

Vilma Fenton's eyes focused past Dick Brent's shoulder, and she said to the butler, "Arthur, will you please show this gentleman into the Jade Room and see that he is served with a cocktail and *hors d'oeuvres*." She turned to her guests, making a little gesture of pleading with her hand.

"Please," she said, "I want you to understand. I'll introduce Dick some time later, but now I want to see him alone."

A dozen voices chorused assurance that they understood, told her to go, but Vilma Fenton said:

"No, I'll have another cocktail with you and then you'll excuse me for just a few minutes."

The butler took a deep breath, held it for a moment, and then said, with cold deference, "Will you please step this way, sir?"

Dick followed the man down a long corridor, up a flight of stairs and into a room whose great windows looked out over Hollywood. From those windows the slope dropped so abruptly that one had the impression of being in some huge dirigible suspended high above the city.

THE butler bowed and said, "Won't you please be seated, sir, and damn you, sir, if I ever catch you outside, I'll bust your jaw . . . and would you prefer a Martini or a Manhattan, sir?"

Brent grinned, wormed out of his dripping raincoat, tossed it to the butler and said, "Take that, James, and my hat, and bring me both a Martini and a Manhattan."

"Very good, sir," the butler said, holding the raincoat as though the touch might contaminate him. "And the name isn't James, sir. It's Arthur, if you don't mind."

He turned and limped from the room.

Brent grinned, lit a cigarette, listened a moment to the wind moaning around the corners of the house, and then suddenly stiffened to attention.

He thought he had heard a choked exclamation, the sound of a blow.

A moment later something thudded to the floor in the corridor.

Dick Brent rushed to the door, jerked it open.

The long corridor was deserted. Midway down it, a sprawled figure lay, with Dick Brent's raincoat half concealing it.

Brent's hat had rolled on a few feet down the corridor. As Brent stood there, held for a moment in the rigidity of startled surprise, he heard a terrific crash as a plate window shattered to fragments, and a blast of damp night air rushing down the corridor billowed behind him the green tapestries of the Jade Room.

[Next month—more thrilling surprises in this great mystery story of Hollywood.]



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Primrose House

CHIFFON POWDER

Mitzi Rides the Social Whirlwind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

Said she, "he woke up one night with the urge to be a lighthouse. 'What's the idea?' I demanded. He snickered in the dark! 'What's wrong with the idea? You do light housekeeping, don't you?'"

Nice mad people, these Fords.

The missus looked very cute with her golden hair tucked under a bright green beret. I sat beside her as we watched the game and envied her long locks, done up in a large knot at her neck. Suddenly, in the midst of goofy runs, Benny Rubin, who was the announcer, yelled excitedly over the mike: "Here's an extra treat for you, ladees and gents! Miss Ann Harding is sitting over there with a bright green beret on!" There was a sudden exodus from all the seats to where "Miss Harding" was sitting. The lady next to me strained to see, and exclaimed delightedly, "My, my, she's even prettier in real life than she is on the screen!" I giggled in my cuff and peeked around to see poor Mrs. Wally Ford besieged on all sides by autograph hounds who just wouldn't believe the golden-haired lady wasn't Ann.

Speaking of Anns, I used to think, in the days when she was a line dancer, that Ann Dvorak looked like Joan Crawford. But now I think Ann just looks like herself. Many moons have passed since we'd had a good talk so I steered my petrol pram over to her ranch, was met by several hundreds of Ann's dogs, took a good sniff at all the fruit tree blossoms, presented myself at the hacienda for lunch. Ann looked glorious. She'd just finished taking a dip in her pool. (And, ma'am, she swims "raw" when folks aren't about!)

What did we gab about? Oh, Cabbages and Kings and lotsa other things! You do, you know, in two hours and a half.

We snickered over the time she and her husband, Leslie Fenton, decided to add a wing to their house. During the alterations they had been out late one night, and on their return found to their chagrin that Leslie had forgotten the key. They finally decided the only thing to do was to break a window. The lord and master beat it around to where the wing was being added

and there discovered that the entire side of the place had been torn out during their absence, so they walked right through into their living-room—and so to bed!

My nomination for the world's smartest dresser, talker and charmer goes to Hedda

She talked a lot about her friend, Tallulah Bankhead, and told me about some of Tallu's kind deeds. Seems a certain great actress was down and out, living in some poor suburb near London. She was offered a part in a play in the States, but didn't have either the clothes or the money to do anything about it. Tallu heard about it, sent her a note inclosing a check for the passage, and ordered her to go to her apartment and pick out as many gowns as she wished. The nicest part of all this is that the actress got the part and really made a smash hit in New York. Nope, we give no names!

Hedda has an exquisite little house. It's filled with priceless antiques she's collected. She prizes particularly her collection of rare Bristol glass and a tremendous mirror which belonged to Teddy Roosevelt's administration and which Hedda bought for the magnificent sum of fifteen greenbacks! I guess the presidential missus must have said to her husband, "Teddy, that mirror is awfully old-fashioned, let's get rid of it and buy something modern!"

I inserts a fashion note at this juncture. Mebbe you're going barelegged cause you're nicely tanned, but when you purchase some hose for your shapely shafts, you might take a tip from Ann Sothern and Virginia Bruce and go in for net hose. Each gal bought two dozen pair just recently.

Speaking of the Sothern damsel reminds me that her mama is a singing teacher. She got ahold of Roger Pryor and made him take a couple of lessons. To everyone's surprise, the band leader's acting son, who can play every instrument under Old Sol, found he had musical tonsils!

And now let me hop back to the fashions department. If you own a white suit, or are about to get one, do something

about this, will you? Gloria Swanson wore one yesterday at the Vendome. It had black velvet lapels and black velvet vest. She wore a tiny, matching pill-box on her noodle around which whirled a fetching veil. Kitten, you could do big things with an outfit like that!

Now I'm going to tell you a nifty story. It's

All Hollywood's Playing This Game

"Who am I?"

Now don't say, "I'll bite—*who* are you?", because we're just about to introduce you to a swell way to drive yourself and your party guests completely potty in the best approved Hollywood manner.

"Who am I?" messieurs and mesdames, is a game. And everyone in Hollywood is playing it right now.

Here's what you do:

Go out of the room and determine who you are. You can be Lincoln, Roosevelt, or Dizzy Dean, Clara Bow, Garbo or any famous person known to everyone.

Come back and announce the last initial of your new self. The initial is "L," we'll say. You say, "I'm not Abraham Lincoln." Now everyone knows the initial is "L."

Someone asks:

"Are you a movie star?"

To which you must reply using a real name starting with "L":

"No—I am not Stan Laurel."

They keep it up, going clockwise around the room: "Are you a financier?"

"No—I am not Thomas Lamont." And so on. You've got to reel off the negative replies right now. If you don't, the gallery can ask you a specific question about yourself—such as, we'll say, "Are you alive?" or "Do you live in the United States?"—pin-you-down questions, which, of course, you'd rather avoid. You can also challenge them, and if they're faking on questions and can't name an "L" person in the classification they have named (movie star, dancer, painter or what not) then they're out of the game.

Finally, of course, they'll probably get you. But it takes a long, long time, during which everybody, including yourself, can hoist an indefinite number of highballs or lemonades, until in the end maybe even you will have forgotten just *who* you are—but you won't care a bit.

Hopper. She fancied herself up in a knock-you-down hostess gown when I went over to lunch recently, and got me so stunned I could only toy with a salad, six corn pones, one glass of sherry, a fruit compote and two cups of coffee! Time whizzes by when you're with Hedda, there's always so much to talk about.

all about Robert Florey, a director who has made fine pictures for Warner Brothers. Now, Mr. Florey is a Frenchman, and when he came to this country several years ago to get himself a job in ye movie business he didn't know there was any difference or distance between Hollywood, Culver City, and Los Angeles. So, he got off the train downtown, laden with luggage, and walked around looking for studios until he came to Chinatown.

"This," said Mr. Florey to himself (he couldn't talk to anyone else because he couldn't parley-vous enough English), "this must be a movie set. But where are the lights? And the cameras?"

FINALLY a Frenchman appeared from somewhere, informed Mr. F. that Hollywood was where the movies were made, and put him on a street car going in that direction. At the end of the line, which was Sunset Boulevard and Western Avenue, the conductor put him off. Florey then wandered into the then wide open doors of the Fox studio and right onto a set where the first scene of "The Count of Monte Cristo" was about to be shot.

Now our little man had just made that picture in France so he was very interested to see what was going on. He noticed that the costumes were all wrong, and the medals, but conceived the idea that this was a burlesque. However, when it was apparent that such was not the case, the excitable Frenchman suddenly leaped up in front of the cameras roaring, "Stop! Stop! Eet is wrong!"

Everyone thought he was crazy, and tried to throw the madman off the set. But he stuck to his guns, and finally found a Frenchman who interpreted his comments to the director. Mr. Florey was told to set things right, and after he did, was made a technical adviser! Ergo: If

you stay on a street car to the end of the line, you're bound to get-somewhere!

I like to go places with Michael Bartlett because when we dance he sings in my ear and I get a hundred thousand dollars worth of a million-dollar voice free for nothing! I also like to roam with Mike on account of becuz he knows everyone in the world and said folk adore him.

The night we went to the formal preview of "Anna Karenina" we had us a special evening. The picture was lovely—ah, but my heart must remain true to John Gilbert who played the rôle opposite Garbo in the silent version. In the lobby we bumped into Peter Lorre and his missus who were very excited at seeing their first big American première and who posed for a picture with us. We nearly didn't get it taken, though, because the lady Lorre, who doesn't know about such things, started to walk away before the flashlight went off.

We, Mike and me, decided the Trocadero was the place to go afterwards, and whilst racing to the parking lot for the car, bumped spank into Claudette Colbert. (Michael is playing opposite her in her new picture, "She Married Her Boss.") A quick greeting took place, after which we leaped into the go-cart, steered through hundreds of swanky limousines, and arrived at the Troc.

We go in! We danced! We laughed! We had fun, and Michael sang in my ear and heaven flitted about. Then Charlie Farrell, sitting at a table with his wife and Mary Pickford, hailed Michael. We shoved through the mob and got there. Although I was bumped in the fender, and my four-and-a-half double A's were trod upon, I had time to notice that Mary wore a pair of luxurious diamond and ruby clips and that her smile was as sweet as ever.

I also met Gladys Swarthout, the lovely opera star, now here to make pictures, and I

can't remember who else, as it went on and on. But I'd rather melt into Sire Bartlett's arms and list to his mi-mi-mi's than say Howchado to millions of people, so I yanked him to the floor where he warbled softly, as commanded, and I got dreamy-orbed. When Mike doesn't sing I like him to smile. He has dimples!

Haven't you heard that "Good things come in small packages"? Seymour Felix, who was general producer for Florenz Ziegfeld, was titled "The King of Dance Directors." He is no elephant for size, but an awful biggie when it comes to arranging the light fantastic. His best friend is Eddie Cantor, so when one of Eddie's dotters had a birthday recently, Felix's two pretty girls gave her a party. A costume party, very, very gala, with a replica of Miss Cantor in costume atop the big birthday cake! But one look at the houseful of sixteen-year-olds and I skooted up to Mrs. Felix's lovely boudoir to do a bit of gabbing out of sight of the wee ones whose hoots of merriment, echoing through the halls, made me feel like a withered hag!

BUT the Missus Felix and me had fun. She told me wondrous tales of this one and that one. I'm still chuckling at Cantor's experience in an airplane recently. He had to fly East with a gent who was scared jittery of flying. He filled himself with Dutch courage and Eddie poured him into a sky-wagon. Half-way across the continent a terrifying storm arose and the plane began to dip perilously. By this time, our aforementioned friend was loving it, but Eddie was in a panic, and screamed to the cock-eyed one, "Good Lord! The plane is going to be dashed to the ground any moment!"

"Let it!" tee-heed his pal. "It ain't ours!"
Happy Landings!

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*Montreal
Paris
London*

The Secret of Bing Crosby's Greatness

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

foot on the final note; or answer jibe for jibe in a string of repartee for which the crooning star is noted.

Now conduct such as this argues control, a certain discipline of life, and such a discipline Bing Crosby practices, it may be without being wholly conscious of the fact.

He is not supported by delusions of grandeur, which have been helpful to many an actor in the past.

"That voice of mine has plenty of gravel in it," he told me cheerfully. "What talent I have is no more than any young American with an ear for music can successfully develop."

Then what has brought him to the position he occupies—that of chief crooner to the vast motion picture audience? To a fame so widespread that it is possible for an admirer in Hot Springs, Arkansas, to send a postcard merely addressed, "Where the blue of the night—" and have the Hollywood post office deliver it to Bing? Which happened while I was at the studio.

WHAT causes movie stars to rise from obscurity—for they almost invariably do so—to become the darlings of the world audience for motion pictures? And don't tell me it's luck.

There is no such word in the vocabulary of those who have been making a study of modern psychology.

But what about the breaks that so-and-so got?

The modern psychologist answers:

"We deliberately choose our experiences. They don't just happen to us."

What am I talking about? Why, a group of psycho-analysts, centered in Vienna, headed by Dr. Alfred Adler, exponent of what he calls Individual Psychology.

This may sound like a formidable statement, but their discoveries—and truly amazing discoveries they are—can be reduced to simple language.

We deliberately choose our experiences, they say, and we begin choosing them at an amazingly early age. What happens to us before we're five years old—and how we meet it—determines our character for the rest of our lives.

If the reader happens to be a young man with what he believes is some musical talent—perhaps it's some other talent, he still may profit by example; even if it happens to be a young woman reading this article—these hard-headed men of science will tell you there's a simple way to find out whether you are a potential Bing Crosby.

It has nothing to do with your appearance or your present situation in life. It may be you are laboring under what you consider a bad handicap. You may be one of a large family with older brothers and sisters, hogging everything, you think, and slapping you down at every opportunity. If so you are in the exact position to learn something interesting about your future.

So come along and we'll take a peep inside an old-fashioned American home, into a plain little house set among shade trees on a quiet street in Spokane, Washington. The time is summer, about 1916. It is the home of Harry L. Crosby, good-natured, harassed white-collar worker, struggling daily at his job as

auditor to support his wife and seven children. And immediately we should be introduced to this wife, to her who was Catherine Harrigan, for the young man at the piano—the young man who receives a staggering sum of money weekly for the exercise of a talent that he admits is in no way exceptional—owes his present position largely to her. It's common for boys to say, "I owe my success to my mother." But I'm not speaking now of early education and so on, but of maternal influence as students of the individual psychology understand it.

THE child just emerging from infancy models him or herself on one or the other parent. The boy who clings too closely to his mother's apron strings will grow into the effeminate type who is greatly handicapped in later life because of being different from other males, yet may achieve great things, usually in the arts. The boy who is a diminutive replica of his father is unbalanced on this side.

His future is limited by his entirely masculine approach to life.

You would conclude that the ideal is a compromise, and you are right. Now—into the house.

"Bingo" Crosby—the nickname derives from childish interest in a now defunct comic sheet called the *Bingville Bugle*—is alone with his mother.

He is digging his diminutive bathing suit out of a bureau drawer, reaching for his straw sailor—preparing to leave the house, supposedly for the swimming pool nearby where he has a job as locker boy.

Harry Lillis Crosby, as he was christened, is the third boy in this large family. Larry, Everett and Ted, the three eldest, also work to earn their way through school. But the little Bingo is sandwiched in between two sisters, Catherine and Mary Rose. Bob, the youngest of the family, is only a baby now. Too young to compete with the three older boys, Bing has been made the butt of their childish superiority urges.

SOMETHING in his manner as he gets ready to go to the swimming pool catches the sharp eye of her who was Catherine Harrigan. She knows today is the swimming contest for which the boy has been practicing all Summer, and she knows with the intuition of a mother that Bingo is going to duck it.

Yes, the inferiority feeling we all have in early childhood, has unexpectedly cropped up again in Bing. He knows he can't outswim those older boys. The raucous taunts of Larry, Everett and Ted have planted a doubt now grown during a sleepless night into a horrible certainty. But he can't tell Mama Crosby. It was her idea that he go in for athletics. She has encouraged him all Summer while he trained for this meet—and she expects her son to do his best. . . . Well, he'll just take his swimming suit and start out as usual—but he'll not go near that swimming pool today.

"Wait a minute, son. I'm going with you."

The small boy turns guiltily, a blush mantling his freckled face.

"But, mama—"

"It's all right, son. Just a minute till I get

my parasol. I might as well take my knitting too, I guess."

Equipped with parasol and knitting, Mrs. Crosby accompanied her offspring to the scene of his great boyhood trial.

Mrs. Crosby had never heard the phrase "inferiority complex," but she knew Bing had to lick that funk.

That afternoon Bing Crosby swam away with the meet.

He won seven medals.

And whenever he looked up at the bleachers between events, he could see the snapping eyes and approving smile of his mother as she made the knitting needles fly. Mama's boy won the meet that day and thereafter never faltered on the path that took him slowly but in regular sequence to the pinnacle of success on which he is perched today at the early age of thirty-one.

Mrs. Crosby could have made quite a different character out of the son whom playmates called Mama's boy. Because he was too young for the other boys to tolerate in their games he was left with her. She could have turned young Bing into a sissy—and handicapped him for life. But she influenced him in the other direction, in athletics, in competition with other boys. Bing achieved the ideal compromise of character I spoke about—a feminine wit and understanding coupled with a strong masculine outlook.

BECAUSE he had to stand for the childish tyranny of older brothers he learned that mighty virtue, patience. That's why he sat at the piano crooning that lyric over and over when something happened that was no fault of his—and never complained.

And because of the struggle with his brothers he learned to adjust himself socially to be a mixer.

Everybody justifiably wants to succeed. Individual psychologists call this desire the "goal of superiority."

That goal was early fixed in the right direction for Bing Crosby, thanks to maternal influence.

It was threatened by the bugaboo of the swimming meet and again the mother influence brought the boy through. Bing took up the study of law at his mother's instigation. In college where he had to earn his way, he found out there was money in a jazz band and that started him on his musical career.

Our dreams are the best guide to what our goal of superiority may be. Dreams, however disagreeable, are fulfillments of desire. When they are disagreeable they have been censored by our own mental censor. It is significant that Bing Crosby says he dreams but little. That is, he doesn't remember his dreams.

"I can't think of any dream that recurs frequently," he told me when I questioned him. "Generally I dream about things that have transpired during the day. And the dream is usually influenced by my physical condition."

PRESSED him to tell me more about his dream life. Then in answer to a question about the last dream he remembered, Bing said:

"The last dream I remember was about Henry Ford. I was talking to Mr. Ford and

his son Edsel. What about? Crooning. No, I don't remember whether Ford liked crooning or not. I think the dream was caused by somebody on the set telling about the Ford exhibit at the San Diego Exposition. There was one curious thing about this dream. Henry Ford appeared as a tall, dark individual. I know he's light and rather slightly built."

Now viewed in the light of psycho-analysis this is a dream of transferred identity. Strange as it may seem the dreamer identified himself with the tall, dark individual who was Henry Ford. The original of the tall, dark man was some character, a teacher perhaps, admired at some time by the juvenile Bingo; possibly, but not probably, a reflection of his father. Bing was right in saying the dream was suggested by somebody mentioning the Ford exhibit at the Fair. But that was only an excuse for the dreamer to identify himself with an individual who in a way is the very prototype of our modern American civilization—America's most successful man in the two fields most admired by Americans: mechanics and finance.

THUS the dream is a guide to Bing's superiority desires. Why, you might imagine, didn't he dream about Caruso and identify himself with a great singer? Because he's too smart to take his singing over-seriously. Bing fairly bristles when you ask him if he aspires to light opera.

He rightly considers the question an insult to his intelligence.

His feet are on the ground.

As with the average American youth, financial success means a great deal to Bing Crosby. As for radio, pictures, the stage—he's willing to quit the moment he thinks the public has had enough of him. From present indications that moment is far removed, but Bing means what he says.

Individual psychology concerns itself with three attitudes of the individual—toward society, toward work, toward love. I believe we've pretty well disposed of the first two in Bing's case.

When I asked him what first attracted him to the girl he married, Bing answered without any hesitation:

"A mutual sense of humor."

Friends bear out this assertion. Dixie Lee, the young actress who became Mrs. Bing Crosby and the mother of three young Crosbys, has the same sense of humor as her husband, the kind we call wise-cracking. Wit, in other words.

This is generally considered an Irish heritage and so we come back to the mother influence in Bing Crosby's childhood. Catherine Harrigan was a high-spirited young woman possessed of a sharp Irish wit when she married Harry Crosby, descendant of the Puritans who came to these shores in the Mayflower. It was Catherine who ran the house. She ran the family and the easy-going, hard-working Harry gladly submitted to her guidance.

THERE is no physical resemblance between Dixie Lee and the girl Harry Crosby married back in the gay nineties. But there exists a strong mental affinity. The spirit, the fighting qualities and the sense of dignity that goes with an appreciation of an individual's importance are evident to an observer in both ladies.

Bing Crosby is utterly lacking in what the English call "side." So is his mother and so is Dixie Lee.

You can't take yourself too seriously and have a sense of humor.



SUZETTE

YOUR FACE-VALUE GOES UP
WHEN "foot-fag" DOESN'T
LET YOU DOWN



NINA

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Fr. Rich

LADIES prefer brunettes. And one of the favorite dark-and-handsome heroes in Hollywood is Chester Morris. The fact that Chet is a happy husband doesn't still fluttering hearts of the girls out front

Joan Crawford Entertains

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79]

GREEN PEAS are a perfect accompaniment. Cook them slowly for twenty-five minutes in a covered heavy vessel, with no water. Instead, use half a head of lettuce. Add a bunch of green onions, cut in rounds. The water in these vegetables cooks and flavors the peas. Add a teaspoon of sugar and salt. When cooked, add half a pint of heavy cream, butter, and serve. These are delicious, and you can leave out the cream for every day. Once you have cooked this vegetable this way, you will always want to!

For salad, Joan prefers a mixture of plain green vegetables. French endive, if it is in your market, watercress, lettuce and chicory. With a plain French dressing. Another nice salad for a squab dinner, is sections of Mandarin oranges (can be purchased in tins) with lettuce and simple dressing.

The nicest dessert you can serve is *crêpes Suzette*, the luscious French pancake. And much easier to accomplish than you think. The batter consists of one cup of flour, three well beaten eggs, two cups of milk, one-half teaspoon salt, one tablespoon of olive oil, the grated rind of an orange, and a teaspoon of sugar. Mix eggs and flour first, add other ingredients. Have your griddle hot, pour the batter on thinly and spread evenly by turning the griddle until the surface is covered. If it is a large griddle, you will need a little practice to turn such a large pancake, but it is really very simple. When baked a light brown on both sides, cut the cake in the center, to make two services. Butter lightly, spread with currant jelly (Bar le Duc, preferably), roll up, and dust with powdered sugar. Pour burning brandy over, and serve in flames.



Errol Flynn and Olivia De Havilland are one of the newest and most attractive screen teams. You'll see them in Warners' "Captain Blood"

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How to avoid Lipstick Parching? You can... with Coty's new Lipstick—the "Sub-Deb". A lipstick that gives your lips tempting, ardent color... but *without* any parch-

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A revelation! Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder... with a new tender texture.



"SUB-DEB" LIPSTICK 50¢

What Love Has Done for Charlie Chaplin

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

anywhere much even with his tremendous publicity and prestige behind them. Without them they didn't seem able to get over; no other director seemed to be able to get from them the performances that Chaplin had.

Virginia Cherrill's blind girl in "City Lights," in particular, was a beautifully inspired characterization which she has never since even remotely approached. Merna Kennedy had many big leading rôles after "The Circus"—the biggest of them in the ill-fated "Broadway"—but has never clicked. Georgia Hale is living quietly in a little Hollywood bungalow, scarcely ever even heard of any more.

Three outstanding performances followed by as many let-downs can scarcely be coincidence. The answer is simply that the *Trilbies* are adrift without their *Svengali*—and so the spark is no longer there.

Goddard's career, he visualizes it as the beginning.

The film will be Charlie's first talkie, which he will write and direct, but in which he will not appear. He expects to start it within a month after winding up the present comedy of his own, which is a quite unheard of procedure for Charlie. It is all because of his enthusiasm for Paulette—as one of his most intimate associates put it, "Charlie is all pepped up."

WHEN Charlie was making "City Lights," it took him two weeks to get Virginia Cherrill to pick up a rose in just the way he wanted her to do it. The film took two years to make and cost practically two million dollars.

The present picture has been completed in nine months—a record for Charlie. He is cutting it now, and has only 150,000 feet of

The locale of the picture is a modern city—Charlie goes to work in a factory, with a lot of machinery for gags and such. Paulette is a gamin; Charlie gets into a jam with the cops to save her from being arrested, and so finds himself in jail. There is a jailbreak, and Charlie is the hero who prevents it, all of course unbeknownst to himself. He does not get the girl in the end any more than he ever has in any picture. Charlie knows that he can't have her in the picture, because it would ruin the pathos of the character he always plays.

That's the reason that character has never made a talkie, either, and never will. How would that character talk—with a mellifluous British accent?

But although Charlie can never have the girl in the picture, nevertheless Paulette Goddard is having a tremendous influence in his life. She is directly responsible for his desire to star her in the forthcoming film, and so may be indirectly responsible for whatever innovations Charlie says he will bring to the screen. And although his present comedy is his biggest production so far, he promises himself that her forthcoming picture shall be still bigger.

Perhaps, for the time being anyhow, it is Charlie who is the *Trilby*.

In his cutting-room, patiently going over every foot of film he has taken frame by frame—nobody else can substitute for Charlie here any more than anywhere else—he has seen how each of his leading ladies has reacted to his *Svengali*. The saying is trite but true: in Charlie's case genius, besides being heaven-born, is that infinite capacity of his for taking pains.

HE sees over again every take of every scene, and Charlie rarely takes a scene less than twenty times. Often as many as a hundred times. His patience is proverbial; he is never in a hurry; production costs, as far as Charlie is concerned, can go on and on forever . . . he is paying them. He makes pictures for the sake of the pictures themselves, not to a budget or release schedule. That is why "City Lights" made him six million dollars—*net*.

What he sees now gets him all excited. He rushes out of the cutting-room door with a strip of film in his hand. He conceived that scene, directed it, but it hits him anew.

"I say, look at this! Isn't she superb!"

He buttonholes the first of his staff whom he meets and holds up the strip of film. They go back into the cuttingroom; an hour, perhaps, and the other man comes out. But Charlie stays far into the night, meals, everything else forgotten. Paulette goes in, and they look at the film together. Paulette grows tired, goes home. Charlie is still there the next morning.

For the first time in several years Charlie really wants to work. Feels like working. Wants to create something for the sheer joy of creating and for the sweet pleasure of having some one to show it to, to do it for. Charlie had been getting a bit bored, a bit blasé. It had been a long time between pictures because he didn't feel the urge to do anything much. Had nobody to work for, no inspiration to work with. An idea just wouldn't come.

Another picture only a month from the last one?

Charlie had never done anything like that until Paulette came along.



Leo Carrillo donned a sombrero to entertain his distinguished Mexican guests, the Governor of the State of Sonora and Sheriff Bissuliz. The gentleman on the end, ordinary hat in hand, is comedian Fred Stone

Back in the old days, as a fitting climax to Edna Purviance's career, Charlie Chaplin made a picture called "A Woman of Paris." He made it largely in tribute to Edna, who had been his leading lady steadily since the Keystone era; in it, under Charlie's direction, Edna climbed dramatic heights nobody had ever dreamed of for her.

Incidentally, it was that picture, too, which made Adolphe Menjou. More than that, it was largely that picture which made the movies what they are today.

At the time its sophistication and technique were almost as startling an innovation as talkies later became. Charlie blazed new trails, and the other producers were quick to follow him. That seems to be a long way from *Trilby*, of course—except that Charlie now contemplates another picture which he anticipates will be an even greater innovation than was "A Woman of Paris."

Only, instead of being the climax of Paulette

film—another record. He says that the sole reason for the unheard-of speed and the amazingly small footage is simply that Paulette is so much easier to work with, so much more intelligent to take direction and so much more naturally talented than any of the others.

Charlies believes that he has found his perfect *Trilby*.

Charlie Chaplin's working method is pretty well known. He does everything. He writes the story, visualizes the sets, picks the camera angles. Nobody can help him because nobody else knows what he wants. He rehearses every scene for every character, playing each part exactly as he wants it played.

During the last scenes of this picture one of the players had difficulty getting over just what Charlie wanted. Charlie did it over and over again. "Do it just like that," he directed.

"If I could do it just like that," the player remarked, "I'd be Chaplin—but I'll do it as well as I can."

What is it that Charlie has which enables him to get from his leading women performances that other directors can never get after they have left him? What is it that enables them to feel what Charlie wants, actually to portray it as he wants it portrayed, when they can't do it for anybody else?

As well ask why is the sky so high or the ocean so blue—because that's the answer.

It must be just that same instinct that makes him what he is—that truly God-given instinct to understand human nature even while he stands aloof from it—or did. He doesn't so much any more. He used to wander aimlessly about like a lost soul, wander pointlessly about in that vast mansion of his, going from room to room and doing this and that for no earthly reason; going always to night-clubs by himself, wandering along Main Street or the Boulevard by himself, drifting here and there. . . .

But Paulette has changed all that, too. Now she goes with Charlie to the night clubs, and instead of just sitting there as he used to do, merely looking on, he seems to enjoy himself as thoroughly as any young college kid. He has bought a little boat and goes fishing—has cruised up the coast as far as Santa Cruz, though he goes usually to Catalina. Charlie seems to have found a completely new zest in life, as though his spirit has been rejuvenated.

He's still on the same pedestal he always was, but there's somebody there with him. Being a genius has always been a lonesome business for Charlie, but Charlie isn't lonesome any more. And although as always his work remains his absorbing interest, now he has some one whom he feels can share it with him, can understand and sympathize with what he is trying to do more than anybody else ever has.

Maybe *Svengali* has hypnotized himself this time—you never know.



Phillips Holmes, back in movie-town after a sojourn in England, escorts his pretty young sister to a welcome-home Hollywood party

Katherine DeMille, featured in "The Crusades," selects a silver Armor Mesh collar with matching bag.




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Know Luise Rainer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

bothered to tag her as much of anything when she first arrived, except, of course, Messrs. Ritchie, LeMaire and Brown who had marked her tremendous talent in Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author."

Her status to practically everyone else was something like "x," the unknown quantity, because she certainly didn't look like anything worth labeling "dangerous."

I remember seeing her, months ago, sitting self-consciously in an office at M-G-M, looking very much like a stenographer about to ask for a job. She was being utterly miserable parting with the facts of her life history.

"That's Luise Rainer," someone said, "the new actress from Vienna. She's going to be something. You ought to write about her."

PEERED again and she quickly turned her face. Her hair was down over her eyes like the tassels of a curtain. A few faint freckles saddled her perky nose. I didn't see the eyes—those eyes.

"So?" I said politely, "interesting—very interesting." What I meant was that I wasn't interested. And that was all right with Luise, I'm sure.

This little wonder girl from Vienna has, frankly, sneaked right up on Hollywood, under its very nose which she has seen fit to tweak delightfully in the very first picture she ever made in her life.

She came—and she vanished (which is great for the "Going Garbo" game now) to a remote house in Santa Monica Canyon where she still lives alone save for two servants, a Scotch terrier named Johnny, who growls unless addressed in German, and one of those musical contraptions which plays records all day long if you let it.

There for months, while the busybodies forgot about her, she walked up and down in the rambling garden as the long winded phonograph ground out the strains of Beethoven, her musical god. It seems she used to tread a certain tree-lined lane in a Vienna park where the composer had heard his immortal symphonies through the boughs, and this synthetic California lane helped her, no doubt, to rise above the tedious task of learning English, which had been started on the boat over, but which hadn't flourished so well in the throes of *mal de mer* or under a Harlem moon.

In fact, this learning English was the big *bete noir* she had to whip. A liberal education in some seven European schools for some reason had skipped it.

So from the very minute she arrived until Myrna Loy took an unexpected powder on "Escapade" Luise plugged at it with various and sundry tutors.

ALL the while, Luise shunned the studio like poison—to all appearances. They had to call her at least three times to persuade her to come on the lot.

The secret of her shyness, in this respect, she confessed to a friend, was that she knew the longer she stayed away the more noticeable her improvement in English would be each time she did show up!

On the sly, however, she invaded the lot and crept mouselike into sound mixing booths and into the dark shadows of sound stages, getting a wise eyeful of how it was done. Her visits

presented the inevitable picture of a glossy bob flying in wisps in front of her tanned face above a queer little tailored jacket, hardly in the Hollywood mode.

This worried a certain gentleman at M-G-M. "You should dress up more," he hinted.

Luise took this in stride. "For my lover, yes," she admitted, "for my producer—no." And that was that.

It was a surprise for everyone when she was picked to pinch hit for the runaway Miss Loy in "Escapade," despite the fact that Luise had played the rôle on the stage in Europe. You see, most everyone had forgot about her even being here, and the few that remembered had no idea her English was anywhere near ready to record.

So one big surprise was the test which rushed her right into the co-starring part with Bill Powell.

But the biggest surprise was Rainer herself, about whom, as you might have gathered, the sum of all Hollywood knowledge added up to practically nothing.



Benita Hume and Edmund Lowe agree it's been a pleasant evening. They were caught by the camera just as they left the Trocadero

She surprised the natives by flashing a dynamic, tomboyish personality, capricious and humorously naive one minute; solemn, sophisticated and stunningly inspired the next.

Her little turned-up nose with its powdering of freckles was into everything. She wanted to ride on the rubber-tired camera dolly. She twisted her sturdy little body and threw her firm, slim legs in mad tap dances to the phonograph arias of Cab Calloway and the Mills Brothers, for whose "hi-de-hoes," oddly enough she developed a mad passion. One particularly she demanded, "the one about why Miss Otis cannot go to dinner."

SHE ran away to haunt the set where Ted Lewis was sobbing on his clarinet, regarding him in wide-eyed wonder. "He plays loose music," she explained.

She made bosom friends of Charles Laughton, Peter Lorre and Lillian, the make-up woman, under whose ministrations she would fidget until that worthy threw up her hands and threatened.

"If you don't be good, Miss Rainer, I'm going to quit and go."

She had a way about her that immediately won the hearts of everyone around her, and she kept them all in convulsive stitches with her earnest but often comic attempts at colloquial English. The day, for instance when she arrived whirling on the set in a bubble of excitement.

She had seen a snake in her garden.

"It had a doorbell on the tail," she said. That didn't get over, so she ran around the stage going "b-z-z-z—b-z-z-z." Yes—it was a rattlesnake.

And at the cocktail party which Bill Powell cooked up on the set the last day of the picture, Robert Leonard, the director, thinking to have his little joke, said jovially, "Well, Luise, it's too bad—just too bad that your part of the picture had to land on the cutting room floor."

Whereupon Luise raised sad eyes mournfully and reproached:

"Do not say such things."

The same Leonard, doubtless unaware of the international significance of his act, introduced her to the mysteries of apple pie one day in the commissary.

From then on she ate practically nothing else except the bars of Dutch chocolate which her mother forwards in great bundles. Leonard had no idea he was founding a gastronomic bond between America and Austria. For Luise immediately secured the recipe and had her mother distribute it among all her friends in Vienna and Düsseldorf, where her father, a wealthy merchant before the Depression got him, and her family still live.

The Rainer nature is such that when she goes in for anything there are no half measures, and no compromise with time.

Someone, observing the apple pie and chocolate diet, told her she was getting fat. Even though the scales told her that her five feet weighed only a little over a hundred pounds still she worried.

Donald Loomis, physical conditioner at M-G-M, was called in.

"How quick you make me thin?" asked Rainer.

LOOMIS said he thought some weight ought to vanish in about six treatments.

"Good," was her answer, "I take them all right now!"

Her moods, volatile and spontaneous, can change in an instant. From an eager, bubbling child she can become a serious artist with the weight of the world on her slender shoulders. A few bars of the inevitable Beethoven on a portable phonograph does it. Rainer lives in a world of music. If the repeater phonograph isn't playing she's playing the piano. On the set she snaps on a record, sits and listens a moment, snaps it off and walks right into her scenes in the perfect mood, no matter if she has been flinging her feet to a jazz band the minute before.

Bill Powell, Robert Leonard and everyone who was in on the first demonstration has been walking about shouting the praises of this

strange little exotic as a valid, gifted, job-understanding actress.

Personally, too, beneath the theatrical masque and the elfin exterior, lives a very deep thinking, elemental person. In her way she's deeply religious.

One of her closest friends is Krishnamurti, the Hindu messiah.

I don't know whether or not his teachings have had any effect on her philosophy, but she believes devoutly in several things, and she orders her life by her beliefs.

SHE believes in living very close to nature, for one thing. The first ones to talk to her discovered, to their astonishment, that in the few months she has been here she has taken in practically all of the sights of California—all by herself.

Right after "Escapade" was completed, Luise told her maid she would be gone "about an hour" and rolled away in her little Ford roadster. She had fifteen dollars in the pockets of her little jacket, but she didn't let that stop her.

She stayed away five days, during which she penetrated Mexico to the little town of Ensenada, sleeping in rural inns and eating fifteen and twenty-cent meals. She took up with some picknickers for one day's outing, stopped back by the World's Fair in San Diego, which she thoroughly investigated, and arrived home broke but happy, lugging a seat full of souvenirs and samples, wildflowers and rocks.

She's just home now from another roadster tour through the Northwest and Canada.

You look in vain to the background for the why of Luise Rainer's genius or her personality. She was merely the daughter of a middle class European, who migrated from Mexico to Austria and became a wealthy merchant. There were no artists in her family and she had never read a dramatic line until the day when she walked into the small theater of Luise Dumont near her beer-and-schnitzel sounding hometown of Düsseldorf and after a half hour's study gave a scene so well that she won a part.

All of this was at the age of sixteen years, when the family wealth vanished. There is little to account for the spark of her brilliance except, as Bill Powell guesses, "It started before she was born."

Somewhere, and not so far back, a love tragedy clouded Luise Rainer's life. She doesn't speak of it, and no one knows much except that he was killed in an accident. But the tragedy hasn't clouded her outlook, for she believes in the immortality of the mind and of love.

Also she believes in the power within herself to do anything she wants and be anything she desires.

PERHAPS that accounts for the extreme capable confidence which Europe labelled "prodigy" six years ago and which Hollywood terms "talent" today. Perhaps that is why Luise could walk, when she had to, into that small theater and make it lead her upon a career through Shakespeare, Ibsen, Pirandello, on to Max Reinhardt's theater and then to Hollywood.

Perhaps that's why this little twenty-two-year-old Viennese *extraordinaire*, who is the screen's current sensation, can smile her sweetly mischievous mouth into apple dumpling cheeks and puff her bangs with a chuckle when she hears the cry that haunted Dietrich and many another invader from across the seas—"imitating Garbo."

She knows herself—and she knows better than that.

School girls keep their faces young and alert by enjoying Double Mint gum daily



Don't Try to Explain Warren William

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

about this man who's seldom mentioned by the press. On the contrary, he is sincerely fond of people, interested in their ideas and problems. And although inefficient at strutting, he is one stay-at-home who is pleased with company.

Twenty miles from Hollywood is the house which he recently bought and remodelled beautifully, imaginatively. Its charming cheerfulness speaks volumes, if he doesn't. His lovely gardens, a riot of shade trees and flowering plants on rolling ground bisected by a brooklet, resound with the gay laughter of his guests. The picturesque swimming pool and model tennis court are there for him to share.

Nor is a ban placed on the Hollywood scribblers. A number of them are frequent visitors, sipping delightful cocktails, enjoying his and Helen's genuine hospitality. But much as they want to reciprocate a bit by giving him some publicity breaks, they cannot. Warren can talk well on all but personal subjects.

ON Broadway he made his first real hit in a show in which he sang "Express Yourself, My Boy!" In Hollywood he has never been asked to croon a tune, but repeatedly he's been begged to trot himself out on display. When Helen recalls the theme of that early song Warren replies that he was merely acting—so isn't bound to accept his own advice.

There is a great deal he could find to chat about if he ever chose to prod himself into probing his own mind.

Love is the pet space-grabbing slant for the stars. Exceptionally handsome, Warren is the recipient of many ardent letters from women who sense that an amazing tenderness lurks not far below the surface of his urbane manner. He is the type who might profitably play up the sophisticated lover line. And he could paint a glamorous tale of his own love story—if he were a man given to disentangling his emotions.

His and Helen's ideal union had a strange beginning. Fate seemed to be testing, toying with them.

She fell in love with a photograph of him. She saw it in his sister's apartment. Subsequently, she was blue because the first two opportunities she had of meeting Warren were muffed by sudden illness on her part. A wealthy, much-traveled parentless girl, Helen was horribly shy. She had gone to New York City to become an actress. But, in spite of possessing a tremendous affection for the stage, she was too timid to attempt the struggle.

But she was determined to arrange to meet the original of that picture, however! She moved into the building where Warren's elder sister lived and became close friends with her. Warren was then at Camp Dix, waiting to be sent overseas for war duty. Bound to know him, Helen succeeded on the third try. She tagged along when his sister went to see him at camp.

After hours of delay, Warren sauntered into the room where they waited. His sister was angry at his nonchalance, but he proffered no excuse. He tranquilly sat and said about four words. But he sat alongside Helen!

When they finally rose to go he declared he'd accompany them to the train. He

climbed aboard, too. His sister was horrified when he made no move to get off. Casually he returned to the city with them. Again he slid into the seat by Helen. And that evening he dated her. Early the next morning she awoke to get a special delivery note which he'd dashed off the minute he'd arrived back at camp. He would be in again shortly.

Never having shown any special concern for girls, he fell instantly for this one. That first evening together they'd gone to an Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village, with his sister and her beau. When Helen had to reach across the table, Warren stooped and kissed the back of her neck. His astonished sister commented next day, "Well, he isn't as slow and backward as I thought!"

Fate threw in an influenza epidemic to keep them apart. Camp Dix was quarantined and Warren was stuck there. So he wrote her every day without fail. Finally it was over and he advised her he was borrowing a motorcycle on which to ride into the city. Helen, her head in a whirl, waited for hours that night. He never came. Quarantine had been slammed down again.

Then a year's parting was given them to triumph over. Warren had to sail for France without a chance to tell her good-bye. But the letters continued, and they were thrilling *billet-doux* that came from somewhere in Flanders. He composed poetry to her, too. Lovely it was, she remembers. Today, Warren gasps, "Good Lord, don't ever admit that!"

In the Spring of 1919 he was sent home to America. The ship didn't dock at New York and he'd written Helen that he'd spend a month with his family in Minnesota before returning to the city. He stayed twenty-four hours in the Mid-West and then tore East.

HE had studied to be an actor. Warren's father was a newspaperman, puzzled as to what to do with his only son. When high school plays revealed a talent for acting, the family decided that the theater probably was the best bet for the dreamer. So he was shipped off to New York's finest dramatic academy.

Totally different from the Bohemian kind who usually is fascinated by the artificiality of the stage, Warren never had any Barrymore or Mertonish characteristics. He was, instead, an inconspicuous, painstaking scholar, enjoying the profession selected for him because he could carefully create characterization. He comprehended what a vast art it really was. The two year course wound up just as war broke.

So now, the ghastly foreign interlude over, he emerged from it comparatively unaffected to seek his first job. He joined Equity and was sunk when they called a general strike. The only thing looming on a dark horizon was a road show. Appropriately for his mood, the title of the drama in which he thereupon went barnstorming was "I Love You." He thought not of the play, but the girl he'd left behind him.

The tiny, ultra-feminine Helen captivated him. But his courtship was shy.

Returning from the road, he sampled films, portraying a half-witted carpenter in one epic and heroing for Pearl White in a serial. Next he went out on the road again, but this time with Ruth Chatterton in "La Tendresse."

When that closed he couldn't delay any more. Helen and Warren were dining in her apartment when he proposed. It wasn't flowery. Indeed, he wondered why she'd want to marry a fellow like him.

His sister had warned Helen that he'd be a terrible husband. So complex, inclined to be stubborn, indifferent to many ordinary inclinations! And Helen had replied that she hadn't the faintest intention of matrimony. So she said yes quickly and there was a secret ceremony at an Episcopal Church and a honeymoon at Atlantic City—before they let anyone else in on their news.

Followed Summer, hot and jobless. With nothing in sight, Warren resolved to try Hollywood. They separated tearfully and for three months he sought in vain for a movie tumble in California. There wasn't a solitary bid, so he returned to New York.

ONE memorable day a little theater group offered him a rôle. Warren was supposed to be a member of Parliament. He stuffed himself with a pillow and orated so nobly that he won huzzahs. Somehow too dignified to be a regulation juvenile, he next was the ultimate choice for the young lover in Rachel Crothers' "Expressing Willie." From then on he was set. Continued good luck on Broadway and, going to the Coast for "The Vinegar Tree" with Mary Boland, he was seized by the studios.

Many a happily married actor starts stepping after Hollywood has showered fame upon him. But there's never been a when-ladies-meet climax in this star's private life. Sixteen years have sped by since the runaway wedding and no other woman has ever romantically sidetracked him. Of course, he might discourse on how he's avoided passion's pitfalls. Only he doesn't speculate on bridges he hasn't crossed.

Helen, meanwhile, has buried her own ambition in his success. She insists she has overcome her old shyness, deliberately, so that she and her husband will not be imposed upon. She tags Warren as "almost stupidly honorable" at times. He hates to argue and fight for his rights. In Hollywood she feels those who fling reserve to the winds go farthest.

Still, Warren is perfectly satisfied as is. He can't exploit his emotions; in fact, he would be miserable if he were a puppet on continual promenade. He says thanks but he'll take Hollywood his way.

The only complaint he can be induced to register is about rôles. Idealism burns as brightly as of yore, and he longs for a crack at film characters of depth and importance.

HE has never had any particular struggle and so cannot summon up a saga of Horatio Alger proportions. Never broken-hearted, he has no yesteryear chapters on which to reminisce effectively. He abhors gossip, and has never been known to slam another actor. Which is downright peculiar in Hollywood!

He can talk winningly on current crises, literature, the drama, music, sports, gardening, and best of all—about the sea. But switch to Warren William and how he ticks and he's dumb. Too fatalistic to be lured into a nervous tension by Hollywood, he will never succumb to the grand gestures.

Why Male Stars Marry Plain Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

deeper beauty is to him as refreshing as a frosty mint julep on a hot day. Or a Tom and Jerry on a cold one.

Fredric March shares top honors in the feminine heart pit-a-pat class. The famous beauties of the screen fight for him, demand he play opposite them to bring their film romances to the ultimate in power and appeal.

Yet for Freddie, in his intimate life, there is but one woman, companionable Florence March. Florence who is rather on the intellectual side, quiet and compelling. Florence who makes his house a home.

Bob Montgomery, whose boyish charm and good looks have made him a prime favorite with the femmes of a nation, is most happily married to Betty Montgomery, who is pretty in a delicate way but certainly no match for the fiery force of Crawford, the sophisticated appeal of Harding, or the glowing magnetism of the other lovely ladies of the screen to whom Bob whispers, in excellent dialogue, those intriguing suggestions.

BOB, without a doubt, could pretty much pick and choose from the loveliest should he want a new, a different wife. He doesn't.

Leslie Howard is still another. Leslie who makes the girls—young and old—troop into darkened theaters to absorb second hand what they may from his unusual appeal.

Even in his personal life Leslie has had many and persistent attentions from screen beauties who would like to poach on Ruth Howard's private domain.

So what? They can't get to first base. Ruth Howard holds a willing Leslie by far more powerful ties than a finely chiseled brow or dark glowing eyes. Such beauty fades; Ruth's personality is enriched by the years of their association together, by her being the mother of Leslie's two lovely children.

Once upon a time Bob Young was the beau gallant for lovely Virginia Bruce. Then Virginia married John Gilbert.

What happened to Bob? Did the great flame die? Nonsense. He promptly married little Betty Henderson, the girl who sat behind him in school in the by-gone days. It wasn't any rebound marriage either. Bob simply woke up, realized where his real happiness lay, and grabbed it.

HE wouldn't let it go now for all the Janet Gaynors, the Jean Parkers, the Merle Oberons, the Ruth Chattertons.

Thus it goes, likewise, with Richard Dix whose rugged good looks led him a merry chase of romance among the filmland beauties and who married his erstwhile secretary, Virginia. She alone possessed, obviously, what it took to tie tightly his wandering affections.

The same thing is true of the wives of Paul Muni, John Boles, Otto Kruger, John Beal and others. Lovely women, all of them. Women of charm. But no Dietrichs, no Lombards, no Harlows. They frankly admit it and forget about it. It isn't important to their happiness.

Francis Lederer, widely heralded as the great lover, prefers the piquant charm of literary Mary Anita Loos to throbbing beauty. Paul Cavanagh chooses writer Reine Davies to beau.



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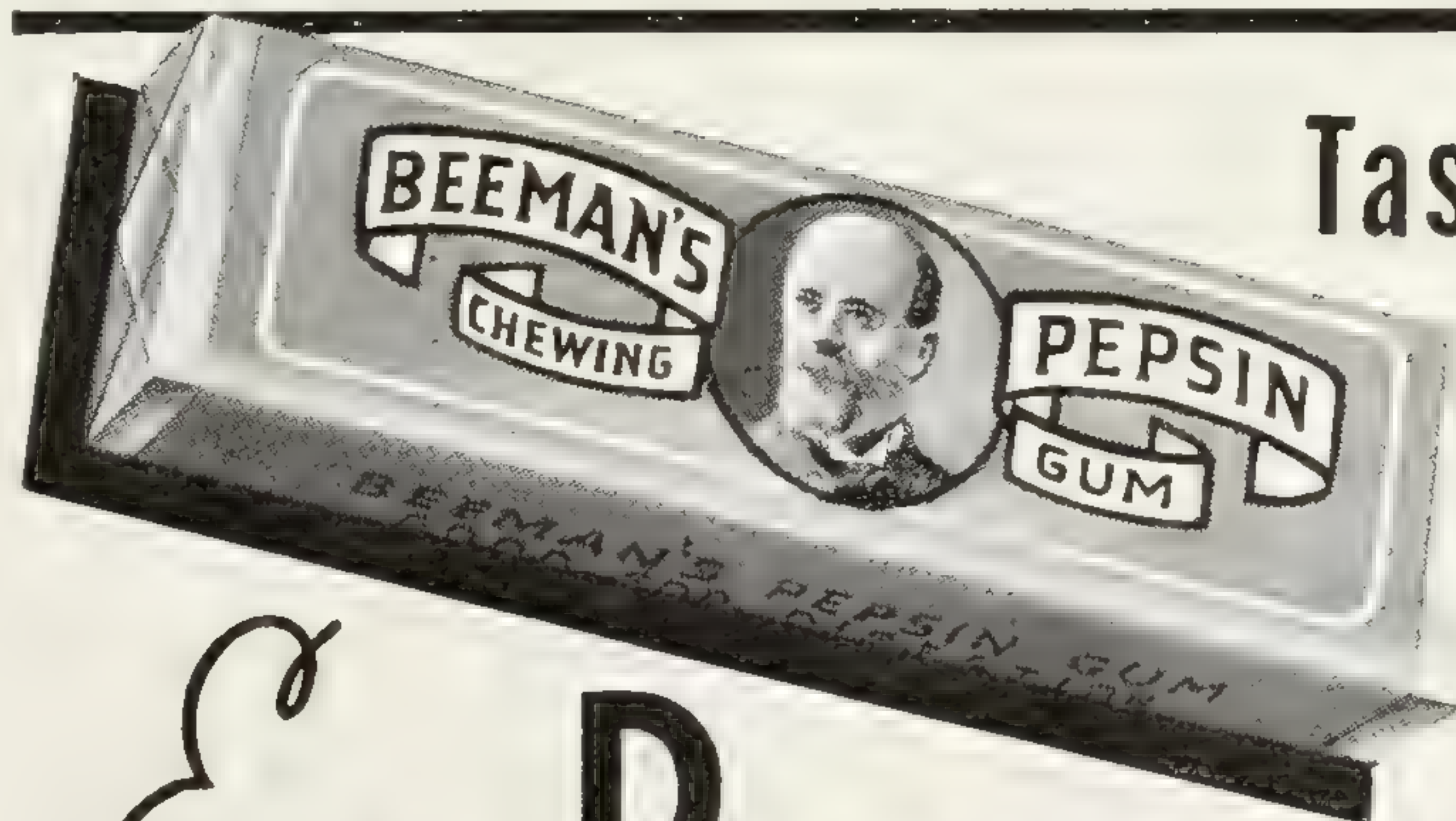
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So frequently as to be amazing, the eligible bachelors of filmdom, for whose time and attention ladylike but nonetheless grim battles are waged by the famous beauties, forsake the glamour girls for women more like the rest of us, just average girls, just nice girls.

Well, how come?

One can't, with impunity, approach a man and ask point blank. It isn't cricket, for one thing, and it's downright nosey, for another. But one can face facts, turn a mental hand-spring and hazard a guess or two.

Candy merchants invariably permit new employes to eat as they will of the saccharine wares. It's a slick system; within a week they are surfeited.

So, it seems to be with glamorous beauty. Despite its variations of line and coloring, beauty can become cloying when served in steady, generous rations.

Less beautiful women apparently bring more—far more—to marriage. Possessing less physical appeal they needs must exert themselves. Their wares, frankly, must be varied and potent. Wares such as an even disposition, perfectly attuned to supplement the mood of the man. A smoothly running household. A charming hostess. A devoted mother. Selflessness to the *n*th degree yet with it strength of character.

Men, handsome or not, are boys at heart. They need mothering. They want it. It's good for them. Applause generously given for accomplishment. Consolation for disappointment. And above all, understanding which takes both time and patience.

SUCH are the ways of women who bring qualities other than beauty to their men, and such are their gifts in lieu of beauty.

Lastly, do not forget the instinctive desire of the male to dominate. He wants the power and the glory spotlighted on him. He wants to be the focal point for attention and fuss. He wants, simply, to be the big shot.

Easy enough to attain when there is no competition but definitely on the difficult side when the world is ringing with the renown of his wife, when her beauty is flashed from every billboard, and her name a household word.

It's every man for himself, then, and the devil take the hindmost. In the scramble to keep from being the hindmost, love goes overboard.

This desire of men for the spotlight, the center of the stage, is a natural one. There is a sound reason for it, rebel at the idea as women may.

It is one of the basic laws of nature. The dominant male, lording his super strength by

giving the female the protection of it. Consider the jungle lion with his magnificent mane and his mate so colorless in comparison. Consider the brilliant peacock and the dull brown peahen. Or the common little robin with his breast of flaming red where his mate must be content with dowdy gray-brown feathers.

Man wants, with that domination, security of possession, freedom from nagging jealousy or tearing fear of loss.

Somewhere among these guesses may lay the answer to why so many kings and crown princes of Hollywood give their passing fancy to a beauty and keep their love for gentler, less spectacular women.

Dorothy Parker once wrote a sprightly bit she called "Words of Consolation to be Scratched on a Mirror."

"Helen of Troy had a wandering glance;
Sappho's restriction was only the sky;
Ninon was ever the chatter of France;
But oh, what a good girl am I!"

If, in their hearts, these less beautiful wives sometimes envy the glamour of their sisters, they may well paraphrase that last line to "Oh, what contentment have I!"

They may well remember, also, two things: that beauty is skin deep; and that the lonely beauties envy them their security.

Don't Talk to Me About Diets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

And the first thing I see is one of the town's most beauteous damsels eating extra helpings of boiled brisket of beef.

While I was recovering my poise, and my appetite, Charlie Chaplin came in with Paulette Goddard. I didn't need to have Charlie identified for me—he wasn't so effectively disguised as Jean had been in her gray sweater—and I assumed correctly that the svelte young woman was Miss Goddard. Here, I said, are two worldlings who will be content to plumb for a chicken's oyster or angle for that tiny white morsel which lies under the eye of a river trout. Immediately they went into a huddle with both Johnnys—there are two at the Beverly Hills, both masters of the culinary art—and when the dishes began to appear, I noticed that they, too, were eating a substantial repast. Both had large plates of Scotch broth with barley and ox joint *a la* Derby, and they didn't hesitate to take the latter firmly in their fingers so as to get all of the meat that was coming to them.

THAT was not all. The hour of dessert had struck. Aleene, fragile, bird-like, blonde Aleene, who looks the way Bessie Love used to look, was dangling before Charlie's and Paulette's delighted eyes a huge tray of assorted cakes.

Aleene, who has a passion for cake herself—and how does she do it?—was recommending the various brands. The suspense was terrific, but brief. Paulette, good girl, chose chocolate cocoanut; Charlie, sponge.

I looked around. In all that roomful of celebrities, only four were eating what anybody could call a light meal. Three of the four were men. The dainty woman was Norma Shearer; she contented herself with scalloped breast of chicken—I wanted to tell her that the best place in the world to eat that dish

was on the sidewalk outside of Botti's in Rome—and an avocado in cream. Ricardo Cortez was toying with plain broiled filet of sole and chopped spinach; George O'Brien had filet of sole, too, only his were fried, and instead of spinach he drank a cup of coffee with hot water; Warner Baxter was luxuriating in what I later learned was his favorite dish, clam chowder.

Everybody else was displaying what I was soon to learn was a typical Hollywood attitude toward food. Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland were eating Brown Derby lamb stew; long, lean Ned Sparks, filet of sole Marguery followed by cocoanut custard pie; Wesley Ruggles and Arline Judge, a *wiener schnitzel* and chocolate cake; Charles Ruggles, spaghetti Derby; Ernst Lubitsch, a steak Tartare; and Louella Parsons, who first gave publicity to the famous Hollywood Diet, a hamburger de luxe with mustard sauce.

I took out my own diet list. It was a wow. I could eat zwieback and joreh bread, spinach and krumbles, zoolac, fermillac and lactone. My high point was one egg a day, just like a hen. My luncheon should be one slice of very coarse bread toasted, without butter, and one cup of hot water flavored with coffee without sugar or cream.

But it's funny how the very thought of going on a diet stimulates your food imagination. As I meekly ordered my bread and water, I saw myself as a boy again, diving into the big brown crock on the lower shelf and coming up with a doughnut impaled on each of ten stubby fingers. I recalled that later and more sophisticated day at the *zakouska* table in the Chateau Basque, high on a wave-worn rock at Biarritz, with the proprietor, a grand-ducal old bird with a long beard, industriously plying me with successive courses of smoked gooselish, raw herring, spiced eels, stuffed chilis, smoked sturgeon,

pickled mushrooms, minced cabbage and fresh caviar.

"Aleene," I called, "bring me one of those hamburgers!"

All this was luncheon. That night, I dined at Sardi's, where Alex, the suave *maitre d'hôtel* who used to preside over the refined revelries at the Beverly Hills Hotel, pointed out the celebrities and their favorite dishes. Since Nick, the famous Vine Street restaurateur—whose beard grew so fast he had to shave between noodle soup and hot cakes—was sold down the river to the motion pictures, Alex and John Portilla are the best known French *maitres* in Hollywood. John is a Spaniard; and Alex, whose last name is Psihoyios, is a Greek. Come to think of it, Nick isn't a Frenchman, either. But the point is, Alex knows his Hollywood stuff.

The diners I saw that evening were certainly not erring on the delicate side. Marlene Dietrich, who is always pictured eating in some very foreign restaurant—and does eat there some of the time, because I saw her one night with her husband and daughter and Brian Aherne under the trees at the Russian Eagle—was doing very well this evening on a good husky filet mignon, which had been preceded by a Sardi's *hors d'oeuvres*, a meal in themselves. I couldn't see what Mr. Von Sternberg was having for his main dish, but he had Liederkrantz cheese after it—I didn't need to see that!—and a drink of Sliwovitz brandy from his own bottle which Alex keeps for him in the Sardi wine cellar.

THE hour-glass Mr. Menjou was making a good meal on eminence of tenderloin *a la* Menjou—roast beef hash to you and me—with a special sauce of mushrooms, lamb kidneys and green peppers. His wife, Verree Teasdale, required something more substantial; she looked the bill over carefully,

then ordered lamb sauté. Alex says she always does. Lili Damita, in the next booth, was struggling with a great plate of *bouillabaise*. Busby Berkeley and Myrna Kennedy were sampling pressed wild duck and sweet potatoes. And in the big booth in the corner, the whole Harold Lloyd family was devouring hamburger Sardi and broccoli Hollandaise.

Since that fateful day, when I abandoned for all time the idea of dieting in Hollywood, I have eaten many meals, not only in these two restaurants but in Perino's, Levy's, the Vine Street Derby and The Hat. I have sampled most of the delicacies of those rendezvous of elegance, the Vendome, the Trocadero and Victor Hugo's; I have dined and danced at the Biltmore Bowl, in the Gold Room at the Beverly-Wilshire and, of course, in the far-famed Cocoanut Grove; but the answer has always been the same: Hollywood eats, and eats plenty.

And it isn't only the kind of food; but the size of the portions. Nowhere, even in New York, except at Frank Case's Algonquin which also caters to the theatrical trade, are plates so heaped as they are, for example, at good old Al Levy's tavern. Al boasts that he has catered to three generations of Hollywoodians, and after getting outside one of his famous *ragouts* it is easy to see why he has kept his trade. Quality plus quantity is Levy's slogan.

THE miracle of the thing is that it doesn't seem to do anybody any harm. Even I, who brought my stomach to Hollywood an international, nay, an intercontinental ruin, have experienced no increase in pain. Yesterday the ache lasted only two hours. Two hours out of twenty-four! That isn't much to pay for the happiness I get out of this wonderful Hollywood Diet. Moreover, eating out here in California doesn't seem to change the waistband. Fat fellows like Irvin Cobb and Wallace Beery stay fat. Slim girls like Jean Harlow and Connie Bennett stay slim. And so everybody eats and eats, and goes right on eating.

"How do they do it?" I asked Mario, the headwaiter at the glittering new Victor Hugo, "and keep their figures?"

Mario used to be such a good headwaiter in New York, and now he is such a good headwaiter in California. In fact, he is fast becoming a native son. His answer was brief, and, from every Chamber of Commerce standpoint, conclusive:

"It must be," he smiled, "the climate!"



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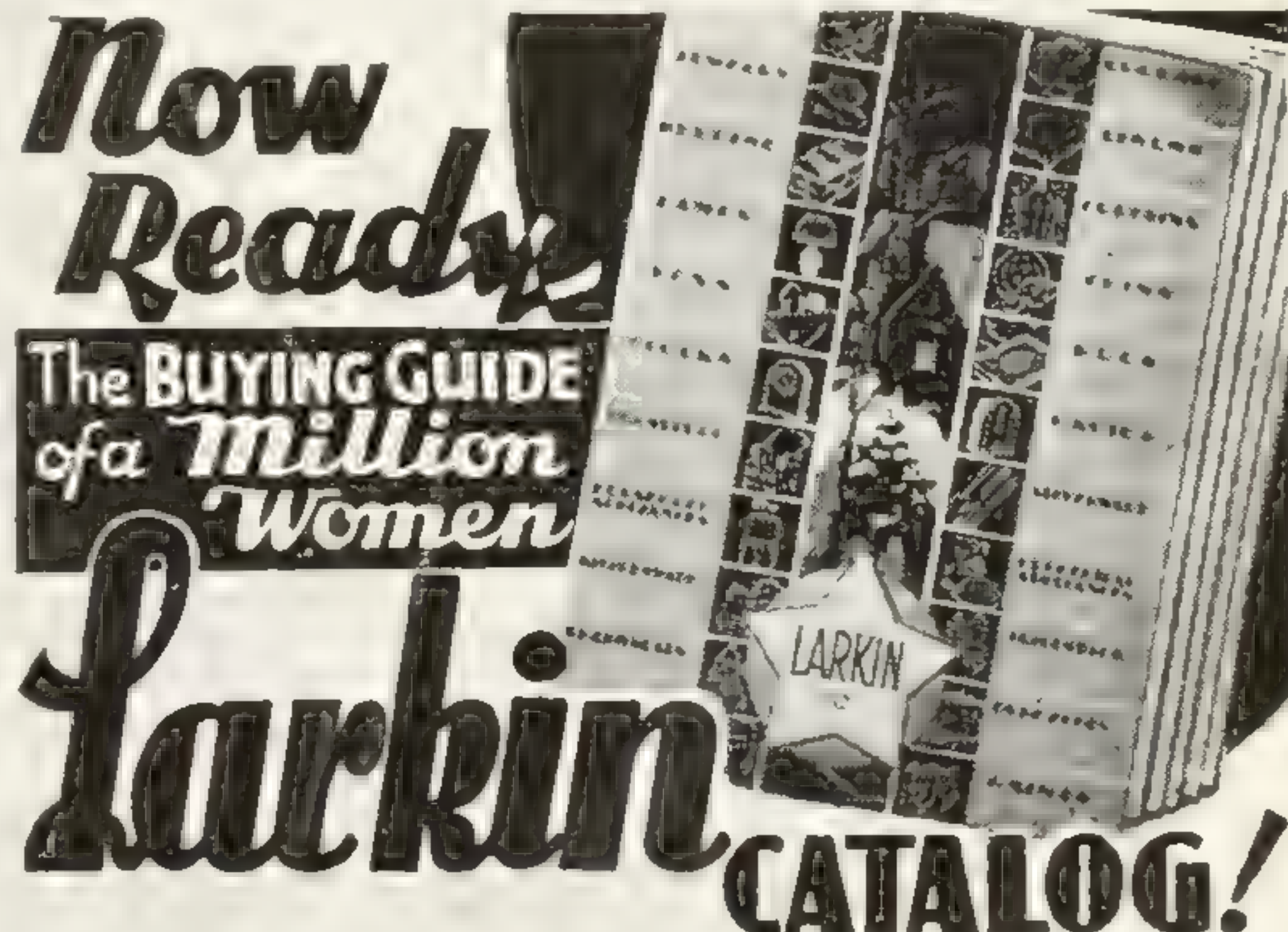
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Letters

On these pages letters from all over the world discuss films and stars. And when the movie-goer speaks, Hollywood listens

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

POWELL SUBSIDIZED?

I LIKE William Powell. I like his acting. He has poise, lightness, and deft humor. I like his plays, particularly "The Thin Man," and "Star of Midnight." Both were clever and amusing, with plenty of quick action, surprises and pat dialogue. But, has the suave William been subsidized by the alcohol industry?

In scene after scene drinks appear with such clockwork regularity as to give an almost-monotonous touch in contrast to the fresh originality and unexpectedness of the other details of these plays.

One pauses in child-like wonder at the amazing capacity.

ALLENE GATES, Chicago, Ill.

ON TEAMING

IT seems that when producers team up the stars for pictures they have no regard as to whether the personalities match. Ian Hunter seemed much too old to play opposite Bette Davis in "The Girl from 10th Avenue," and Tullio Carminati didn't need much more age to be the father of Lillian Harvey in "Let's Live Tonight." I suggest teaming actresses with actors their own age, and *vice versa*.

HAROLD ROSENTHAL, Blytheville, Ark.

HOLLYWOOD OKAYED

AN extended visit to Hollywood has proved to me that but a small percentage of the people there live extraordinary lives.

HARRY J. FRAZIER, Bellevue, Nebraska



Margaret Sullavan was offered a six-room bungalow while on location for "So Red the Rose," but she chose to live in a tent instead



After working indoors under lights for weeks in "The Crusades," Henry Wilcoxon and Katherine De Mille enjoyed sea breezes and sunshine when they spent a holiday ruling the waves on Wilcoxon's yacht.

ON RETIRING

WHY can't actors retire gracefully when their popularity wanes, instead of being forced by their tremendous egotism to accept unsuitable rôles and then—oblivion? So, you old-timers, we salute you as having done your work faithfully and having afforded us many hours of pleasure and entertainment. So, then, won't you step aside for the new Swansons, Pickfords, Barrymores, Cantors, and Jolson who aspire to your places, and whom we hope will fill those places as capably as you have done?

MRS. A. G., St. Louis, Missouri

LOVE FOR FIELDS

WE people down here in Tennessee keep the guest room in each of our hearts clean swept and in perfect order for W. C. Fields. We believe him to be the greatest guy and the best actor on the screen. There's something in Fields that makes every fellow remember that bluff and hearty old granddad of his; he's so entirely real and so little of artificiality that we couldn't keep from loving him if we tried.

TURNER W. CLINARD, Charlotte, Tenn.

HUMAN NATURE

MANY of the screen and stage players change planes here in Pittsburgh on their Coast to Coast trips. It's amusing, and sometimes astonishing, to compare their manners; some are so charming and kind, while others are not. To quote a young lady who was asked for her autograph by the waitress in the airport's lunch room: "That's not what I'm here for." But, I think it would be wrong and unfair to judge all by one.

MRS. M. FAY, Pittsburgh, Penn.

THINKING OF SELVES?

ARE not the comedians thinking only of themselves instead of the public which made them prematurely independent when they "retire" or contract for one picture a year? What of Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Polly Moran, Ben Blue, Buster Keaton, Joe E. Brown? More credit to Edward E. Horton, Charlie Chase, Laurel and Hardy, and the others who have given us one good laugh after another. If we had more laughter, and more actors like them, we'd live in a kinder, better world.

MARION M. LAMB, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THINK it is about time some of the comedy producers realized that the present crop of so-called comedians like Clark and McCullough, Smith and Dale, and Ben Blue are not funny but silly. It is a pity to waste the film on them with so many real comedians on the screen, like Charles Chase, Andy Clyde, and Clyde Cook. The rôles should be given to comedians who know how to play them.

MAXINE BANTA, Terre Haute, Indiana

UNA AND FRANCHOT

UNA MERKEL and Franchot Tone rate another picture together for their grand work in "One New York Night." They are a fine team. Is that right, Merkel fans? Come on and give her a big hand.

JACK KILROY, Port Huron, Michigan

NO CORSET!

WONDER why so much money is spent by producers to make perfect some details of a picture while other details are entirely neglected. For instance, when a girl is dressed in an old-fashioned way, she never takes the trouble of wearing a corset corresponding to her dress. Doesn't she realize that such negligence spoils her appearance? The movies have been able to show correctly everything with one exception: A girl of the Victorian period neatly dressed, with proper corset, small waist—every detail in keeping with the period.

CLAUDE LUCAY, Buenos Aires, Argentine

EXAGGERATED?

ARE not the "evils of sex" somewhat exaggerated by our would-be film reformers? Surely a majority of adults and adolescents have had upbringing and education good enough to offset "evil effects" of our films. As for the juveniles, to them sex means but one thing—boredom! They chatter and fidget when such a film is on. Watch them at a Western or any action story—every fibre is thrilled. The greatest harm perpetrated by a nasty film is surely to the man who exhibits it.

W. BEECHAM, Perth, Australia

TO OLDER PEOPLE

AM a 73-year-old "movie fan," and I believe I voice the sentiments of all older people when I say that I think the producers should make more Will Rogers, George Arliss, and Shirley Temple pictures. They bring more lasting pleasure than any other characters.

MRS. C. W. BEAM, Lincolnton, N. C.

FRED AND GINGER

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LUCILLE JENNINGS, Springfield, Ill.



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For many years after Edward William Lane completed his famous translation from the original Arabic it was published as an elaborate set of volumes, priced at \$60.00 and upward. It was not, however, until comparatively recently that an enterpris-



WILLIAM WALLINGER

IN deep shadows, a beam of light suddenly sweeps across three faces to make this dramatic photograph. Left to right, Cary Grant, Gertrude Michael, and Claude Rains, leads in Paramount's "The Last Outpost"

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

MANHATTAN MOON—Universal

DOROTHY PAGE, fresh from radio popularity, and Henry Mollison, of the English stage, make their American film debut in a light movie of hackneyed plot. Ricardo Cortez, an East Side boy who becomes the owner of a night club, wants to meet society. He buys an introduction to concert singer Dorothy Page, and falls in love with her, only to be confused in his courtship by her hired double. Hugh O'Connell and Henry Armetta, henchmen for Cortez, furnish the laughs.

DRESSED TO THRILL—Fox

TUTTA ROLF is charming, but this, her first American picture is disappointing. The little French modiste, who loves and loses Canadian Officer Clive Brook, rediscovers him in Paris when she has become the rage of the continent as a Russian dancer, and his struggle to choose between this glamorous new love and the memory of the little dressmaker make a thin story, despite lavish staging and a good cast.

KEYSTONE HOTEL—Warners Vitaphone

If you remember the custard-pie-cop-chase era of screen humor, you'll heave a sigh for your lost youth. If not, you'll get an eyeful of the stars and startling antics of the dear, dead days. Two reels of this is unadulterated old time slapstick with Ford Sterling, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, Marie Prevost, Hank Mann, Vivien Oakland and Dewey Robinson. A side splitting revival.

THE BLACK ROOM—Columbia

A DUAL rôle for Boris Karloff, portraying on one side the brutal lord and on the other his twin brother gentle and civilized. Their death at each other's hands (with a weird twist of course) realizes an ancient family tradition. Done in costume, with a foreign background, makes it picturesque, with very little else to recommend it. Marian Marsh and Katherine DeMille are lovely.

PURSUIT—M-G-M

If you like a good old serial chase, with racing trains and roaring automobiles, you'll eat this up. Chester Morris and Sally Eilers try to smuggle Scotty Beckett, a wealthy child across the Mexican border to his mother and away from custody seeking relatives. It's quite a job. Loose story threads and thin gags don't make it too interesting. Henry Travers, Dorothy Peterson.

CHEERS OF THE CROWD—Monogram

AN amusing, but confused, picture dealing with a press agent's idea of having an old carnival pal pull an "Honest John" sandwich man stunt to increase his theater attendance. Harry Holman, as the rapid-talking old pitchman who finds the planted \$10,000 and returns it to the police station, is the one bright spot in an otherwise ineffective film. Russell Hopton and Irene Ware fair.

HERE COMES THE BAND—M-G-M

A CONFUSING but fairly amusing story, largely because of the contribution of Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton, band-minded taxi

drivers. There's very little of Ted Lewis the star. Virginia Bruce, though lovely, is a little remote. Harry Stockwell, another lad from nowhere with a voice, does justice to several songs. A large cast works hard without achieving any particular results.

ALIBI IKE—Warners

THE screen version of the late Ring Lardner's Alibi Ike stories provides a perfect vehicle for Joe E. Brown—full of baseball and good humor. Brown is appealing and amusing as the Sauk Center youth who, apologizing for everything, even when he's right, wins the "World Serious" for the Chicago Cubs. Olivia de Havilland is romantic prize, William Frawley, Roscoe Karns, Ruth Donnelly, all A-1.

DON'T BET ON BLONDES—Warners

WHEN Warren William starts a freak insurance agency and writes a \$50,000.00 policy for Papa Guy Kibbee insuring him against his daughter, Claire Dodd, marrying within three years, it's a good comedy situation. But the comedy is muffed, weighted under with old gags, too much burlesque and not enough sparkle. Just so-so entertainment.

JAVA HEAD—First Division

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER'S famous story of the young Englishman who returns home from the Far East with a Chinese princess bride, makes a rather slow-moving photoplay. But Anna May Wong as the unhappy princess is beautiful and arresting, and there is also good direction and atmosphere to recommend the picture. Elizabeth Allan, John Loder, and a capable supporting cast.

SHE GETS HER MAN—Universal

THE timid country mouse, *Esmeralda* (ZaSu Pitts) becomes the tiger woman of the hour when she falls on her face and thwarts the bank robbery engineered by Eddie Brophy and executed by Warren Hymer, et al. Hugh O'Connell, in a Lee Tracy-ish way, brings her fame and fortune with the aid of his gal, Helen Twelvetrees, and a lot of feverish running around. But *Esmeralda* pines for her *Elmer* (Lucien Littlefield). Don't bother too much.

THE GOOSE AND THE GANDER—Warners

AS clever and delightful a comedy of embarrassments as you've seen in moons. Kay Francis plays both ends against the middle in a merry overnight marital infidelity game with George Brent, Genevieve Tobin and Ralph Forbes. Nobody hurt, but lots of fun when gem crooks, imposters, cops and nosey relatives complicate things. Some priceless situations, bright dialogue. Done in the sophisticated farce manner—and well done.

Are You Following

"THE FACTS OF
HOLLYWOOD
LIFE"?

See Page 92

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Today's silverware, its designs wrought to Sterling-like loveliness, its most-used surfaces doubly shielded from wear by the purest silver. Yours for so little . . . and you can save from \$2.50 to \$10.00 by the Quantity-Discount Plan.

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TUDOR PLATE

Fine Silverplate by Oneida Ltd.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]



Wallace Beery and Spanky McFarland consider themselves expert lion tamers since they taught baby Leo a few tricks. Wally, Spanky and Leo are playing together in M-G-M's picture, "O'Shaughnessy's Boy"

WONDER why no one thought of this before? Lyle Talbot, dismayed by the hot and then cold state of his romance with Peggy Watters, the Alabama charmer, called in all his friends, including Peggy, of course, and poured cocktails.

They drank to the off-again-on-again heart flutters while Lyle distributed favors showing Cupid busying himself mending broken arrows. It was all very novel, and it seems to have worked. Up to this writing Lyle hasn't had a tiff with the little lady, and that used to happen about every week.

VICTOR McLAGLEN is burned up. People have been accusing him of promoting Fascism, just because he heads the regimented cavalry band "The McLaglen Lighthouse." Vic wants it understood that the organization is purely social, recreational, and strictly American. It has grown by leaps and bounds and it takes up about all of Vic's spare time.

If you have had a suppressed desire to climb your family tree and see if you really did come from William the Conqueror's line, take a tip from Lyle Talbot—and lay off.

Lyle succumbed to the ancestral curiosity lure. He hired a genealogist and bit his nails while the investigation proceeded.

Finally came the report. The Talbots were

an old English band of bad fighting men, it said. In fact, so bloody were they that mothers gradually cooked up a well known saying to warn their tots away from naughtiness.

"Stop doing that," they'd say, "or the Talbots will get you."

Lyle swished out his wallet at once. "That's enough," he yelped, "better not go any further."

YOU should give a gander to the new Jack Oakie! There's exactly 35 pounds and 4½ inches less of him. A verro verro strict diet did the trick, lassies.

Fruit and spinaches under the eagle eye of a medico.

Ah, beauty, thy price!

SHE who has thrilled thousands and stood unafraid before their eyes, quivered, quaked, and almost collapsed on the set at the start of the first day's shooting on "The Love Song."

Yep—it was lovely Lily Pons—*THE* Pons of the Met.

She couldn't take it from grips, publicity men and what-nots.

The set was temporarily closed until *la* Pons regained her emotional balance.

One thought, though, cheered her through the ordeal; she'd experienced the same agony in stage and mike fright.

BING and Dixie Crosby left t'other evening for a shot at the races at Saratoga.

Ma and Pa Crosby, the Brothers Crosby and their wives, and Andy Devine made it a bride and groom charivari affair replete with rice and shoes.

A bit confusing, withal, in view of the three young Crosbys.

THERE is something new under the Hollywood sun—the new Katharine Hepburn personality.

Once the bane of the publicity department's existence, Katie's right-about-face has left them gasping. Downright camaraderie and all that sort of thing.

Clad in one of her tailored get-ups she wears as a boy in " Sylvia Scarlett " she came a-calling in the publicity department the other day, a picture of beaming good nature. So exuberant, in fact, she vaulted the railing and out the door.

NOMINEE for the swell people department: Roy Beaver, prop man on "The Rainmakers" with funsters Wheeler and Woolsey. The company was sweltering under an Imperial Valley dose of 116 degrees on location. Woolsey's rainmaker machine flopped, so Beaver donated a daily ten-gallon keg of icy lemonade. Without benefit of front office okay.

LADIES of the screen playing with paper dolls? Tch! Tch! Yet that's just what the old snooper saw on the "Freckles" set. Well, yes, the ladies were Virginia Weidler, 8, and her stand-in.

ADD Hollywoodia: bewhiskered little old Wallace Howe, valet and handy man, fussing over Harold Lloyd in the same capacity for seventeen years. Somewhere, in every Lloyd opus, Howe's face peeks out in a bit.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]



A fellow can't even find privacy in a telephone booth in Hollywood! The candid camera snapped this very intriguing picture of Frank Morgan through the glass door

Why Jack Oakie Has Changed

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

a really deep friendship, I waited rather smugly for life to "slap him down" just once. I waited confidently for some jolt to wipe that perennial smile off his face for just twenty-four hours.

"It will do him a world of good," I joined the pompous conclaves of his studio pals. "He's really a great artist, but he's so busy showing-off to the nearest audience, he's so busy collecting laughs at every party in town, he'll never get to the very top where he belongs. Why, look how he goes over walking through his picture, just being Jack Oakie in every darned production. But wait, something is going to trip him up one of these days and send him sprawling. Do him no end of good, too."

Well, eight years is a long time to wait for that satisfying moment when you can say, "I told you so." Very recently something tripped Jack up, something that has caused his funny, corrugated smile to vanish for days at a time. He still collects laughs, but it's easy to see that he has lost his old taste for guffaws.

THE other day I ran into Jack on the Paramount lot. Six months had passed since our last meeting. I was stopped by his familiar greeting of, "Hi, babe. Whereyabeen? Whereyagoing? Whatchabeendoing?" But somehow it didn't boom out at me with the old Oakie ear-splitting vigor. And then I noticed that his smile was strangely smooth looking, that it had lost a lot of its puckers.

We went to his dressing-room for a talk. After all, we had six months to hash over. Jack started the conversational wheels spinning with his usual buffoonery.

Had I heard how he had made the dour and disapproving executive's wife collapse into hysterical laughter at her own prim party the other night?

Did I know about his latest fishing trip with Gary Cooper, Dick Arlen and W. C. Fields, and how they were stranded on a yacht with only four cases of beer for nourishment because they had left the ordering of the food supplies to Fields?

Did I want to hear his latest imitation of Bing Crosby singing "I Surrender, Dear"?

But thirty minutes later, with the corners of his mouth strangely stiff, Jack was telling me that life had finally "slapped him down." He said:

"It was the deaths in rapid succession of three friends last year, Dorothy Dell, Lew Cody and then Bill Boyd. I'm not superstitious about death or even afraid of it. In fact, I've never thought about it at all until lately. At first the sudden passing of those three swell people left me just numb and shocked. But gradually during the months that followed—more than a year now—I've had some disturbing doubts about my pet theory that life is just one long laugh, just a good joke.

"You see, I began to wonder if maybe we aren't given our short span on earth to accomplish something, to leave some sort of a record. I went over the records of good and fine things these three people had left behind them, and wondered what mine would be. So far it's just a million laughs. And, Julie, I don't like the sound of that—just a million laughs.

"I've been a show-off all my life, born that way, I guess. Don't interrupt, you know I'm a show-off, that I'll probably always be one, but

from here on all my showing-off will be done in front of the camera. Mrs. Offield's little boy is retiring as the life of Hollywood's parties and is about to take life seriously.

"Funny, isn't it, getting growing pains at thirty-three?"

But Jack's belated entry into the realm of adult-responsibilities and accountabilities isn't funny or strange, it simply completes the pattern of a really amazing childhood and youth.

You see, Jack's actual entry into the world was belated. He came along years after his parents had given up their prayers and hopes for a son. And you know the answer to that sort of drama, a thoroughly pampered young man, only Jack didn't pamper too easily.

Now add to this situation a mother who was a well known psychologist who believed in the unhampered expression of a child's individuality, a rich father, the town's leading banker, and a worshipping sister five years his senior, and you have a good working blueprint of the Offield (Jack's real name) family life in Muskogee, Oklahoma.

Mrs. Offield continued to run an exclusive seminary for young girls in her home following her marriage because she had to keep herself busy and occupied, and the fifteen carefully selected students enthusiastically joined the family's unified adoration of Jack.

When he was still in the toddling age he was included in all the seminary class plays at the insistence of the girls.

When he was just emerging from the romper age he discovered how easily he could make people roar with laughter. He could put on his sister's second best hat, go into a funny walk, squeak out a little song and the seminary students, his family and even big black Narcissus in the kitchen held their sides with merriment.

When he was seven he was permitted to stay up for the school's monthly dancing parties, and the girls never refused his invitation to waltz in favor of some romantic adolescent their own height and age.

In fact no one in the twenty-two-room house filled with women seemed able to refuse Jack anything.

EVEN his father, who tried on occasion to be stern with his only son, could not hold out against the youngster's strange appeal.

Jack once told me that when he was eight, his parents took him to see his first circus. The large tent with its myriad lanes of ropes, bleachers, trapeze equipment and ladders enchanted him. He didn't even see the clowns, the acrobats or the animals, only that beautiful, dirty, dun colored flapping tent.

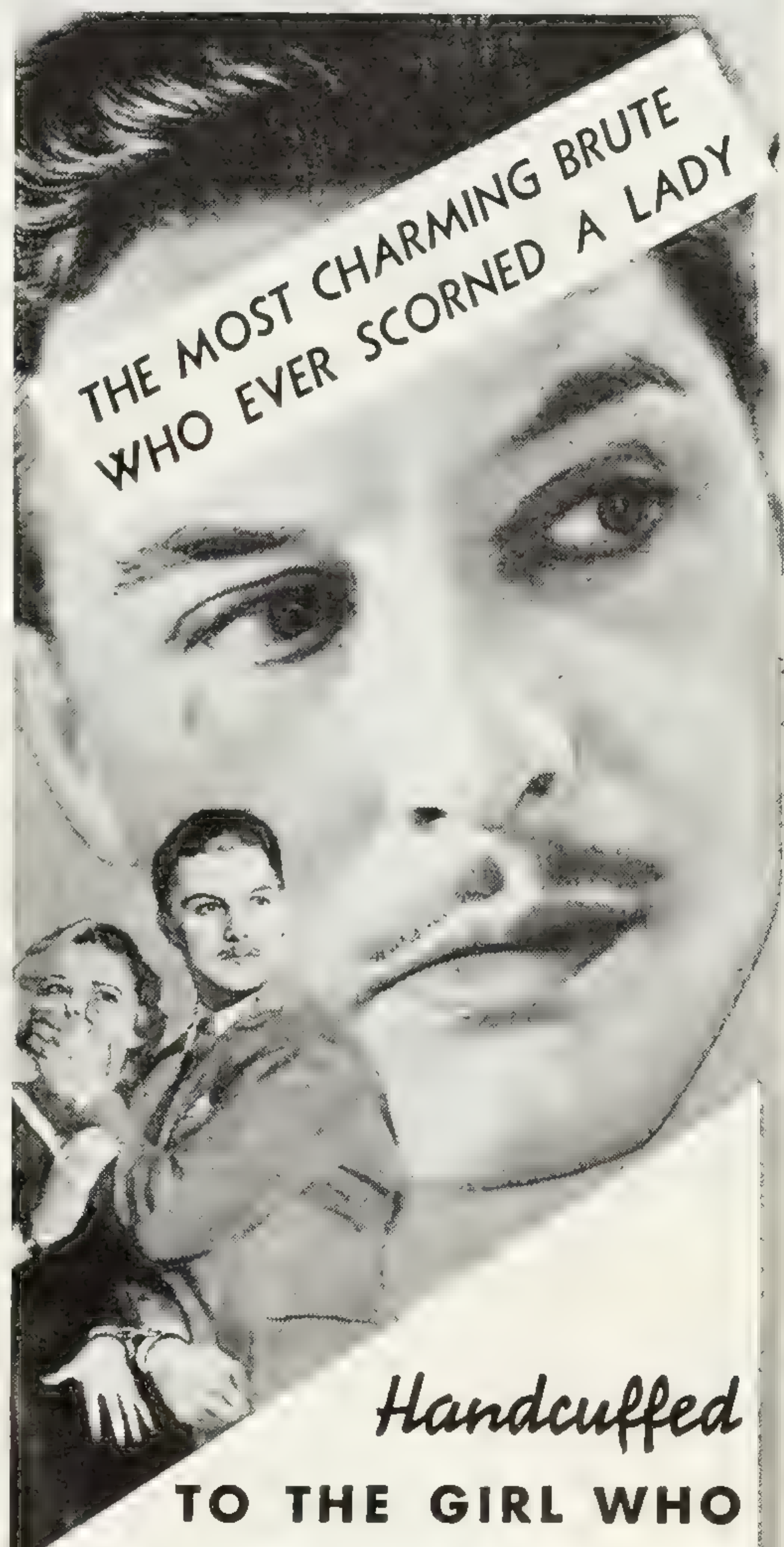
On the way home he asked his father for a circus tent. That night he asked both his father and mother for a circus tent, and at breakfast the next morning he remembered to mention his longing again.

And believe it or not, within a week, Papa Offield managed to secure a very old but large circus tent from a bankrupt traveling show, and he had it erected in the backyard. And Jack's mother didn't wince once (that is, not openly) when that eyesore of soiled canvas was raised over her favorite half acre of lawn and flower beds.

That tent became Jack's stage, and the entire male population of Muskogee between the ages of six and twelve became his audience:

The MAN who put the MAN in roMANce!

His first picture since "Monte Cristo"



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TO THE GIRL WHO
DOUBLE-CROSSED HIM

ROBERT
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REDUCED
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... writes Miss Healy.



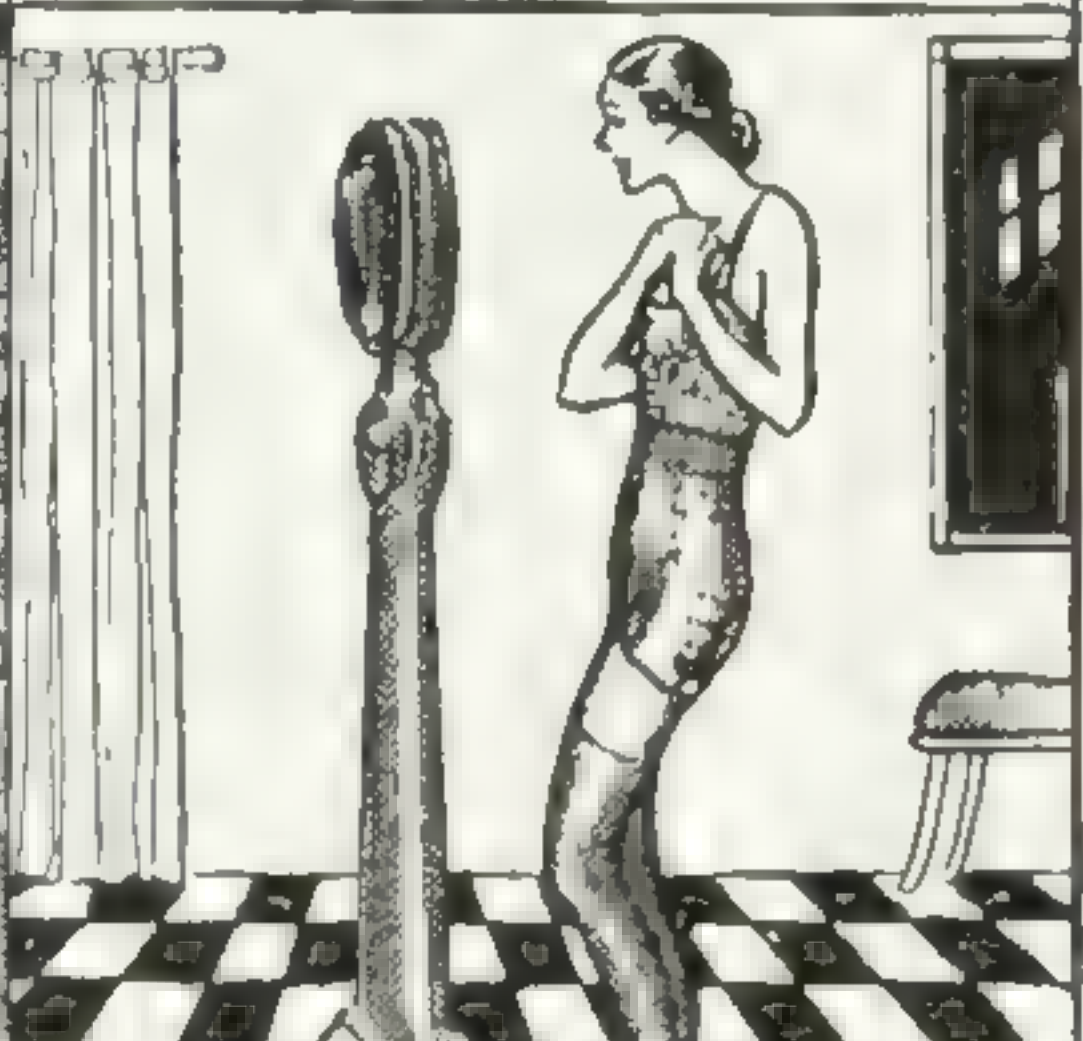
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He tempted the reluctant ones with promises
of food and an opportunity to sleep all night in
the tent on one of the eighteen cots he had
managed to coax from his father. Mrs.
Offield and the indulgent Narcissus doled out
anywhere from twenty to thirty lunches and
dinners each day to Jack's famished audiences,
without a whimper.

When Jack was twelve Babe Ruth became
his idol and his father had the tent taken down
and a baseball diamond put down in its place.
A year later the diamond was turned into a
track because Jack's medium for showing-off
had been visibly affected by the flying feet of
famous runners.

Mr. Offield died when Jack was fifteen and
the family wealth dried up a year later in a
group of Oklahoma oil wells. But in the
pinched years that followed Mrs. Offield never
permitted her children to brush against the
harsh reality of "being poor folks."

WHEN she learned the worst, she hopped a
train for New York City, found herself a job
clerking in an exclusive book store and then
sent for her children. And Jack remembers
that there was such a determined air of cheer-
fulness about her that he didn't quite dare ask
why they had to live in a cramped, dark flat
that was servantless and startlingly shabby.

But within forty-eight hours Jack had for-
gotten his drab surroundings, he had found a
new audience, the neighborhood gang. And
then he was occupied with the business of win-
ning over a new school teacher and principal
and then the several hundred housewives who
lived in the Offield's flat building.

After graduation from high school, Jack
went to work and even this first plunge into the

economic struggle left him miraculously un-
marked. He found the broker's offices where
he was a "runner" just another stage, and his
long faced bosses just a new and highly exciting
audience to conquer with laughter.

It was Jack's luck that the big boss liked his
showing-off. He was soon taking Jack to all
his exclusive clubs for lunch and dinner to
amuse his banker and broker friends. Later
the boss placed Jack in a number of benefit
shows put on by New York's Junior League
and other society organizations. It was from
this springboard that he took an easy dive into
Broadway's footlights.

The rest of the story is familiar to every
Oakie fan! His stage apprenticeship and his
friendship with Joan Crawford way back in
1923 when she was a chorus girl and he was a
chorus boy in "Innocent Eyes;" the astonish-
ing philosophy of patience and perseverance
Joan taught Jack, the lesson that helped him
joke his way to Hollywood and success.

WITH a quip or a witticism he could, and still
can, coax a vacation or a coveted part from
any grim visaged studio executive, just as he
used to wheedle circus tents and baseball
diamonds from his father. No wonder he used
to say, "Life is just a million laughs."

But reality has finally left a bruise on Jack's
laughing soul, the reality of death.

At thirty-three, Jack has decided to grow up,
to take the business of life and living seriously.
It will be interesting to see how it affects Jack,
what it does to his work, what it does to his
life.

It will be interesting to watch but I wish
it hadn't had to happen. Clowns are so rare—
and anyone can be serious.



You may not believe it, but here's a family party—mother and son!
Helen Broderick, in "Top Hat," and her big boy, Broderick Crawford

THE FAN CLUB CORNER

MOVIE fan clubs are growing in number and popularity. Groups of movie-minded young people in every locality are busy organizing clubs to sponsor their favorite screen stars or general fan clubs to increase their knowledge and enjoyment of the movies. I have had many requests as to how to form a fan club. A few months back I gave full directions as to how to go about organizing a fan club. If you look in your PHOTOPLAY for May you will find same. I will print this information again in the near future so be on the look-out for it.

To the Lanny Ross Fan Club of Pittsfield, Mass. I would be glad to mention your club in my corner.

Why not send me in one of your monthly bulletins so that I can see just how you are progressing.

The Ruth Roland Fan Club bulletin "Ruth's Rambles, Jr." has just arrived and it is chock full of news. The fans are all so pleased with Ruth's broadcast over station KMTR of Hollywood, every Thursday night at 8:15. (But Coast, Central or Eastern Standard Time not specified.) They would like all her fans who haven't written congratulations to her to do so as she would be very pleased to hear from all of you. Any fans wishing to get clippings for their scrapbooks write to the Ruth Roland Fan Club, 4822 Meade Ave., Chicago, and they will furnish you with information as to how to secure them.

Lucille Carlson, president of the Alice White Club, sent in an extremely interesting club paper. Among other things she reports that Una Merkel has become one of the honorary members of the club.

Anyone wishing to join a Lina Basquette Club write to Lenore Heridon, President, 5737 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, Ill.

She would like to have some new members in the club.

To Victor P. King, publicity manager of the

Madge Evans Fan Club of Brandon, Manitoba, Canada: This is the first time that your letter has reached my desk and I would be only too glad to hear from you and have you as a member of our circle. Do you publish a monthly bulletin? If so send it in to me.

Terry Scalella has resigned as president of the Gene Raymond Fan Club News and has appointed Eva Highsmith to replace him. He says that Eva has done very fine work in the past and he is sure that she will be able to carry on in the future. I was pleased to hear that the club has six new members. Dues have been reduced until January, 1936, to twenty-five cents.

Ramon Novarro Service League Members have been performing many good deeds among their friends. It is nice to hear of people being kind to others. They have appointed a new secretary in London, Miss Page, of Tufnell Park.

They have a new branch league in Birmingham, England, and one in Austria.

I would like very much to receive bulletins from any fan clubs publishing one. If you are interested in securing new members write to me and I will print your address in my column so that they might write to you.

Listed below are the addresses of some of the clubs open for new members: Norma Shearer Club, Hans Faxdahl, Pres., 1947 Broadway, New York; Alice White Club, Lucille Carlson, Pres., East Main Street, Detroit Lakes, Minn.; John Boles Music Club, Lillian Musgraves, Pres., 2700 Vincent Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.; Tom Brown Club, Donato Cedrone, Pres., 288 Nevada Street, Newtonville, Massachusetts; Bing Crosby Club, Fay Zinn, Pres., 95 North Walnut Street, East Orange, New Jersey; Joan Crawford Fan Club, Marian L. Dommer, Pres., 9717 81st Street, Ozone Park, New York; Clark Gable Fan Club, Ruth Fiffer, Pres., 3506 West 64th Street, Chicago, Illinois.



Ronald Colman has one of the most brilliant rôles of his screen career as **Sidney Carton**, Dicken's famous character in "The Tale of Two Cities." Jack Conway directed the film version for M-G-M

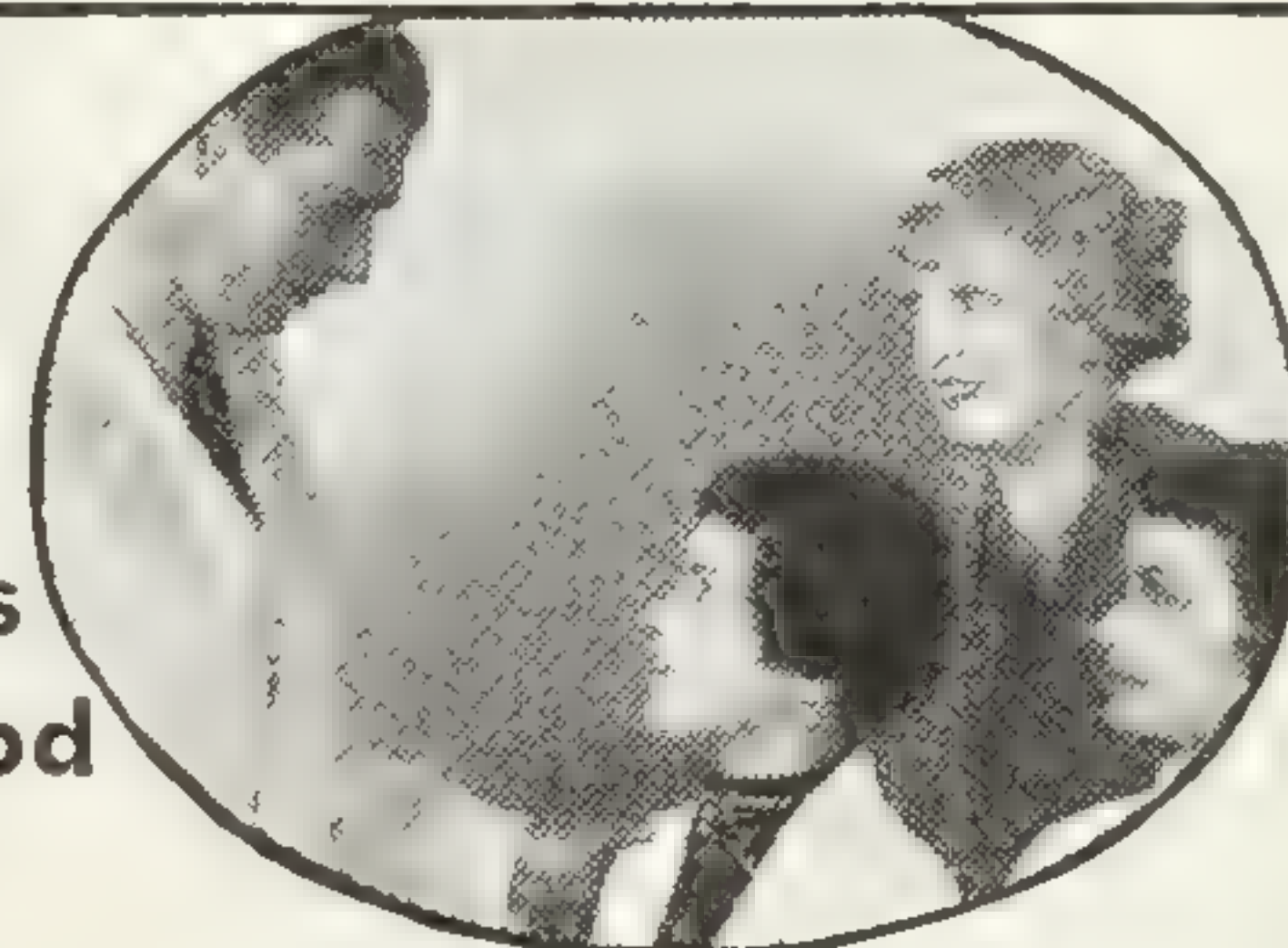
RICHARD ARLEN PICKS NATURAL LIPS AS LOVELIEST!



HERE'S WHAT RICHARD ARLEN SAW



Film star
chooses
girl with
Tangee lips
in Hollywood
test



● And most men agree with Richard Arlen!

Richard Arlen makes lipstick test between scenes of "Let 'em Have It," a Reliance Pictures production.

They prefer lips that are rosy and soft... not coated with paint! If you want your lips to be lovelier, use Tangee Lipstick. It can't give you "that painted look", because *it isn't paint*. Instead, it brings out your own natural color... makes your lips kissable... more appealing. For those who prefer more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical.

Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

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New ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle



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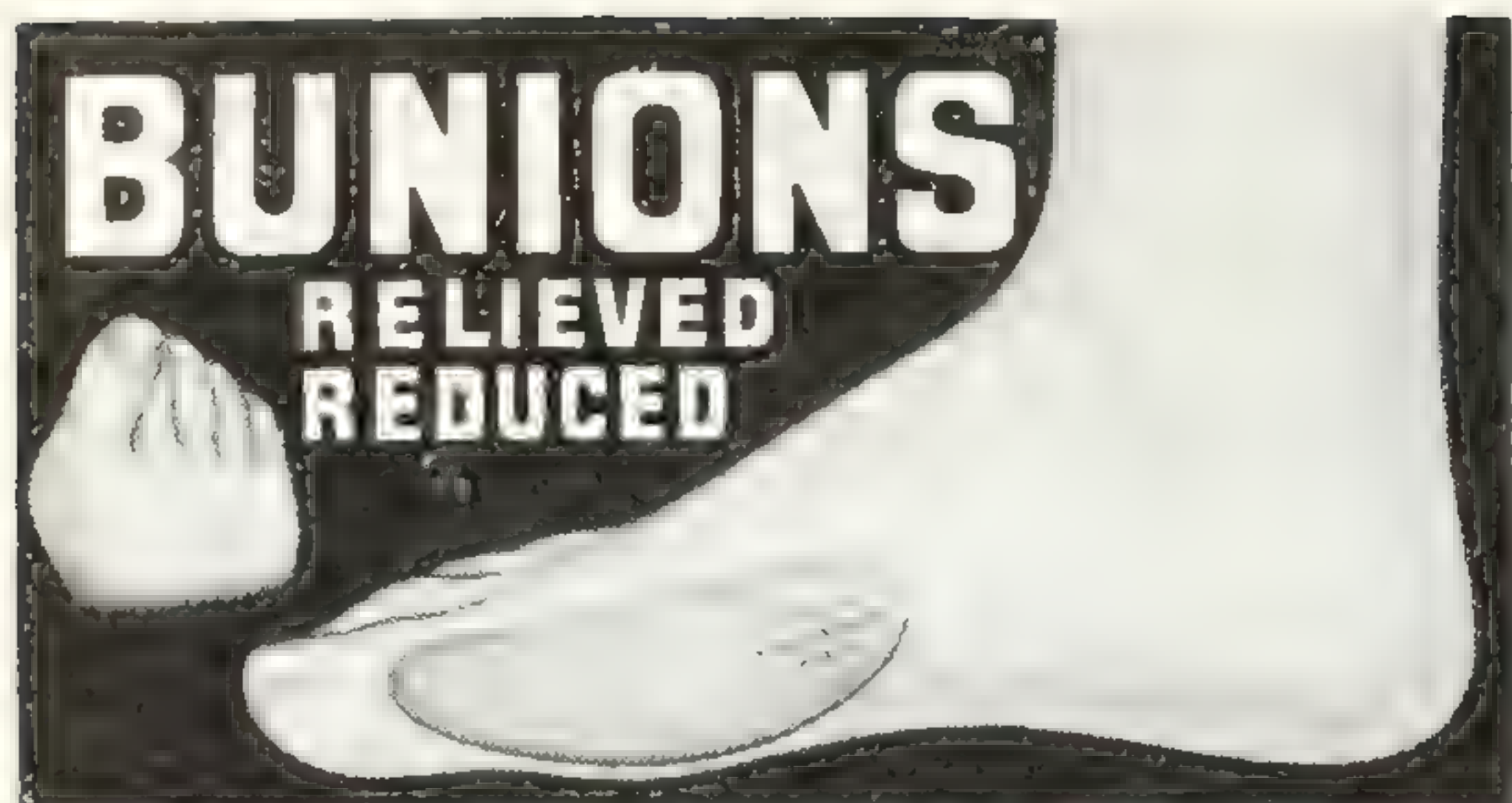
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

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For wear *outside* the stocking, *Dr. Scholl's Bunion Protector*. Made of leather with soft felt padding to protect joint from shoe pressure and preserve shape of shoes. 75¢ each. Sold at all drug, dept. and shoe stores. Write for FREE BOOKLET, "The Bunion" to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., 341 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.



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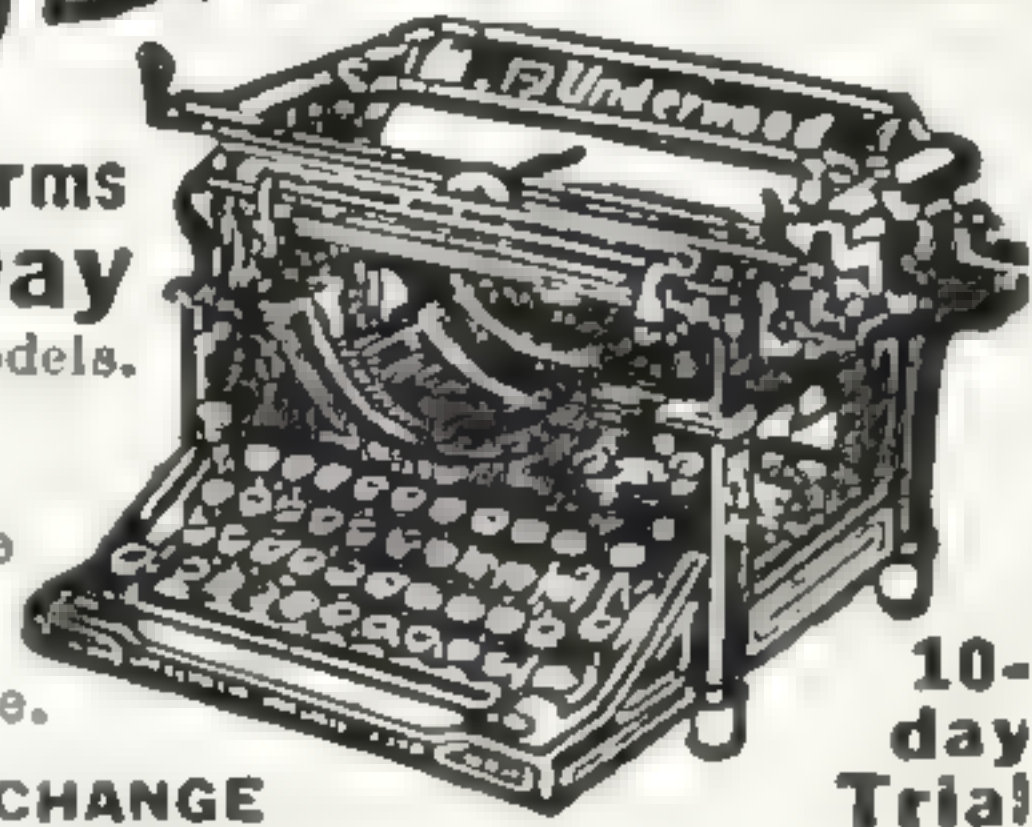
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14 " partly covering " \$6.75

Send ankle and calf measure. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

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I will also send you my full list of Oriental Mandarin Lounging Pajamas, Silk Kimonos, Geisha Girl Cigarette Boxes, etc. All personally imported by me.

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SCREEN MEMORIES FROM PHOTOPLAY

15 Years Ago

GOSSIP: Harold Lloyd was busy denying rumors that he and Bebe Daniels were engaged. As proof, he showed telegrams from Lila Lee, Mildred Davis, and other lady admirers saying, "If Bebe and I were engaged, all these girls wouldn't be sending me wires." He and Mildred have been happily married now for twelve years. Mollie King had just left the screen to take care of her baby son, Kenneth Dade Alexander, Jr.; Mildred Harris was suing Charlie Chaplin for divorce, on grounds of cruelty. David Wark Griffith had just incorporated, with a capital of fifty million dollars. Today, Griffith is reputed broke. Hoot Gibson, comparatively unknown, was identified as "the young man who rides bucking broncos for Universal." Hoot's fame and popularity be-



MARY PICKFORD

gan to spread rapidly about this time. It was worthy of mention in this issue that "Connie Talmadge has not been reported engaged to anybody this month." The contract problem of the day was whether or not Nazimova would sign again with Metro. With the boyish figure all the rage, ladies were going in strenuously for reducing. Sylph-like Mae Murray recommended a milk diet. Dorothy Dalton said hard work. Alice Brady's recipe was exercise. Take your choice. Films of the month included: Norma Talmadge in "Yes or No;" "One Hour Before Dawn," starring H. B. Warner and Anna Q. Nilsson; Alma Rubens and Montagu Love in "The World and His Wife;" Conrad Nagel in "The Fighting Chance;" Mabel Normand in "The Slim Princess." Cover: Mary Pickford.

10 Years Ago



RUDOLPH VALENTINO

A DECADE ago the rage of the hour was the Charleston. Rudy Valentino and his wife staged a Charleston contest. Winner was Bessie Love. PHOTOPLAY's photographer took pictures of Bessie, Charlestoning, step by step. Our favorite step was No. Three: "Bend body forward, knees bent, place hands on knees while moving knees inward and outward, crossing arms with hands on knees, scissor fashion." And they called it a dance! Man of the Hour was Jack Gilbert. His romantic rôle in "The Merry Widow" put him up as the only serious rival of Rudy Valentino. Gilbert's closest rival for screen popularity was Ronald Colman. Barbara La Marr had just returned to Hollywood, on a stretcher, determined to make a really fine picture after the two poor

ones which threatened to wreck her career. Her film, "The Girl from Montmartre" was released in October, and Barbara died in January, only twenty-six years old, and one of the most beautiful, intelligent and talented girls that ever hit Hollywood. She had been married five times. The new fashion note was Russian boots—okayed by the film colony because Pola Negri looked so smart in them. The month's film offerings included: "The Merry Widow," with Jack Gilbert and Mae Murray; "Little Annie Rooney," starring Mary Pickford; "Winds of Chance," with Anna Q. Nilsson, Ben Lyon, Viola Dana; Bebe Daniels in "Wild, Wild Susan;" "The Wanderer," with William Collier, Jr.

Cover Girl, Esther Ralston.

5 Years Ago



DOLORES DEL RIO

HOLLYWOOD was in the throes of talkie-panic just five years ago. Tearjerker of the month was the star of silents who said to his director friend, "Wwwwwill you lllllllend me tttttten bucks till this ttttttalkie craze bbbblows over?" Then there was the crack, "Pictures have gone from bad to voice." David Belasco said, "Talking Pictures are a great mistake. If I were younger I would go into the production of silent pictures. Good silent pictures would sweep the country." Today the same kind of discussion is going on about color. What will be the status of black-and-white films in 1940? Recent weddings included the marriage of Cedric Gibbons and Dolores Del Rio, and that of Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan. The Gibbons are still happily

together. Nils and Vivian broke up soon after, a tragic, bitter heart-break for both. Romantic rumors about Rex Bell and Clara Bow had reached a new high because Rex, on Clara's request, dyed his ruddy locks black and had his bushy eyebrows plucked. The miniature golf craze had hit movie-town. Mary Pickford was having a course laid out on Hollywood Boulevard as we went to press. There was a picture of a brunette, playing bits, named Harriet Lake. The lady is now a blonde, starring in hits, and her name is Ann Sothorn. Films of the month: Eddie Cantor's first movie, "Whoopie;" John Barrymore in "Moby Dick;" "Abraham Lincoln," with Walter Huston; Jeanette MacDonald in "Monte Carlo."

Cover Girl was Bebe Daniels.

Casts of Current Photoplays

COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

"ALIBI IKE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Ring Lardner. Directed by Raymond Enright. The cast: *Frank X. Farrell*, Joe E. Brown; *Jack Mack*, Eddie Shubert; *Owner of the Cubs*, Joseph King; *Cap*, William Frawley; *Valet at Hotel*, Adrian Rosley; *Mug-Crawford's 2nd Lt.*, Huey White; *Minister*, Spencer Charters; *Dolly*, Olivia de Havilland; *Bess*, Ruth Donnelly; *Carey*, Roscoe Karns; *Lefty Crawford*, Paul Harvey; *Conductor*, Joseph Crehan; *Lieut. of Crawford*, Pat Collins; *Smitty*, Gene Morgan.

"BLACK ROOM, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Arthur Strawn. Screen play by Henry Meyers and Arthur Strawn. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Gregor*, Boris Karloff; *Anton*, Boris Karloff; *Thea*, Marian Marsh; *Li Lussan*, Robert Allen; *Col. Hassel*, Thurston Hall; *Mashka*, Katherine DeMille; *Beran*, John Buckler; *De Berghman*, Henry Kolker; *Li Hassel*, Colin Tapley; *Peter*, Torben Meyer; *Karl*, Egon Brecher; *Franz*, John Bleifer; *Josef*, Fredrik Vogeding; *Doctor*, Edward Van Sloan.

"BORN FOR GLORY"—GB.—From the novel by C. S. Forester. From the scenario by J. O. C. Orton. Directed by Walter Forde. The cast: *Elizabeth Brown*, Betty Balfour; *Albert Brown*, John Mills; *Lieut. Somerville*, Barry Mackay; *Ginger*, Jimmy Hanley; *Max*, Howard Marion-Crawford; *Captain Holt*, H. G. Stoker; *Kapitan Von Lutz*, Percy Walsh; *William Brown*, George Merritt; *William Brown, Jr.*, Cyril Smith.

"BRIGHT LIGHTS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Lois Leeson. Screen play by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Directed by Busby Berkeley. The cast: *Joe Wilson*, Joe E. Brown; *Fay Wilson*, Ann Dvorak; *Peggy*, Patricia Ellis; *Dan Wheeler*, William Gargen; *Otto Schlemmer*, Joseph Cawthorn; *J. C. Anderson*, Henry O'Neill; *Wilbur*, Arthur Treacher; *Wellington*, Gordon Westcott; *Post-Office Attendant*, Joseph Crehan; *Depot Detective*, William Demarest; *Taxi Driver*, Jack Wise; *Doorman at Theater*, Phil Ryley; *Cop at Theater*, Tom Kennedy; *Mr. Aldridge*, Howard Hickman; *News Photographer*, Gene Morgan; *Critic*, William Geffery; *Russ Kendel*, Eddie Larkin; *Airport Attendant*, Irving Bacon; *Woman in Plane*, Grace Hayle; *Box-office Man at Bijou*, Sam Ash; *Band Leader*, Charles Kaley; *Box-office man*, Milt Kibbee; *Occupants of box in theater*, William Davidson and August Tulare.

"CHEERS OF THE CROWD"—MONOGRAM.—From the story and screen play by George Waggner. Directed by Vin Moore. The cast: *Lee Adams*, Russell Hopton; *Mary*, Irene Ware; *Walton*, Bradley Page; *Honest John*, Harry Holman; *Lil Langdon*, Betty Blythe; *O'Reilly*, Wade Boteler; *Betty*, Roberta Gale; *Eddie*, John Quillan; *Barney*, John H. Dilon.

"CHINA SEAS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Crosbie Garstin. Screen play by Jules Furthman and James Keven McGuinness. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: *Alan Gaskell*, Clark Gable; *China Doll*, Jean Harlow; *Jamesy Macardle*, Wallace Beery; *Dauids*, Lewis Stone; *Sybil*, Rosalind Russell; *Dawson*, Dudley Digges; *Sir Guy*, C. Aubrey Smith; *McCaleb*, Robert Benchley; *Rockwell*, William Henry; *Mrs. Vollberg*, Live Demaigret; *Mrs. Timmons*, Lillian Bond; *Timmons*, Edward Brophy; *Yu-Lan*, Soo Yong; *Carol Ann*, Carol Ann Beery; *Romanoff*, Akim Tamiroff; *Ngah*, Ivan Lebedeff.

"CRUSADERS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Harold Lamb, Dudley Nichols and Waldemar Young. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille. The cast: *Berengaria*, Loretta Young; *Richard*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Saladan*, Ian Keith; *Alice*, Katherine DeMille; *The Hermit*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Conrad of Montferrat*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Blondel*, Alan Hale; *Philip of France*, C. Henry Gordon; *Sancho*, George Barbier; *Blacksmith*, Montagu Love; *Frederick of Germany*, Hobart Bosworth; *Hugo of Burgandy*, William Farnum; *Earl Robert of Leicester*, Lumsden Hare; *John Lackland*, Ramsey Hill; *Karakush*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Michael*, Prince of Russia, Paul Satoff.

"DANTE'S INFERNO"—FOX.—Screen play by Philip Klein and Robert M. Yost. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: *Jim Carter*, Spencer Tracy; *Betty McWade*, Claire Trevor; *Pop McWade*, Henry B. Walthall; *Jonesy*, Alan Dinehart; *Alexander Carter*, Scotty Beckett; *Dean*, Robert Gleckler; *Dancers*, Rita Cansino and Gary Leon; *Inspector Harris*, Willard Robertson; *Captain Morgan*, Morgan Wallace.

"DIAMOND JIM"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Parker Morell. Screen play by Preston Sturges. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Diamond Jim Brady*, Edward Arnold; *Emma Perry*, Jean Arthur; *Jane Matthews*, Jean Arthur; *Lillian Russell*, Binnie Barnes; *Jerry Richardson*, Cesar Romero; *Horsley*, Hugh O'Connell; *Pawnbroker*, George Sidney; *Harry Hill*, William Demarest; *Sampson Fox*, Eric Blore; *A. E. Moore*, Robert McWade; *Mrs. Perry*, Maidel Turner; *John L. Sullivan (as a young man)*, Bill Hoolahahn; *Secretary to Horsley*, Fred Kelsey; *Drunk*, Otis Harlan; *Station*

Agent, Charles Sellon; *Railroad President*, Henry Kolker; *Brady (as a boy)*, George Ernest; *Physician*, Purnell Pratt; *Brady's Mother*, Helen Brown; *Brady's Father*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Barlender*, Lew Kelley; *Jewelers*, Albert Conti and Armand Kaliz. Also, Dorothy Granger, Dot Farley, Barbara Baroness, Arthur Houseman, Matt McHough, Del Henderson, Irving Bacon, Mary Wallace, Richard Tucker, John Miltern.

"DON'T BET ON BLONDES"—WARNERS.—From the story by Isabel Dawn and Boyce De Gaw. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *"Odds" Owen*, Warren William; *"Numbers"*, William Gargan; *Marilyn Young*, Claire Dodd; *Switchboard Operator*, Mary Treen; *Brains*, Vince Barnett; *Doc*, Spencer Charters; *Philbert O. Slemph*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Professor Gruber*, Herman Bing; *Markham*, Coay Clement; *David VanDusen*, Errol Flynn; *Colonel Jefferson D. Youngblood*, Guy Kibbee; *Ella Purdy*, Maude Eburne; *Boardman*, Walter Byron; *J. Mortimer Slade*, Jack Norton; *Steve*, Eddie Shubert.

"DRESSED TO THRILL"—FOX.—From the play "La Couturiere de Luneville" by Alfred Savoir. Screen play by Samson Raphaelson. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: *Colette Dubois*, Tutta Rolf; *Nadia Petrova*, Tutta Rolf; *Bill Trent*, Clive Brook; *Gaston Dupont*, Robert Barrat; *Anne Trepied*, Nydia Westman; *Henri*, George Hassell; *Sonya*, Mme. Smirnova; *Raskolnikoff*, Leonid Snegoff; *Charles Penfield*, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; *Auctioneer*, Andre Cheron.

"EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the original screen story by Stanley Garvey. Screen play by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *"Tops" Cardona*, George Raft; *Dixie Dean*, Alice Faye; *Susan Moore*, Frances Langford; *Daphne O'Connor*, Patsy Kelly; *Three Radio Rogues*, Henry Taylor, Jimmie Hollywood and Eddie Bartel; *Harry*, Harry Barris; *Master of Ceremonies*, Walter Catlett; *Trick Drummer*, Dillon Ober; *Italian Singer*, Eddie Conrad; *Chicken Lady*, Florence Gill; *Sound Effects Man*, Charles Forsyth; *Joe Schmidt*, Herman Bing; *Martin*, Booth Howard; *Huxley*, John H. Dilon; *New Employee*, Louise Larabee; *New Employee*, Louise McNames; *Piano Mover*, Herb Ashley; *Mrs. Snyder*, Louise Carver; *Fresh Sailor*, Richard Powell; *Mail Sorter*, Lynton Brent; *Telephone Operator*, Phyllis Crane; *Telephone Operator*, Gertie Green; *Chief Operator*, Nina Gilbert.

"FARMER TAKES A WIFE, THE"—FOX.—Based on the novel "Rome Haul" by Walter D. Edmonds. Screen play by Edwin Burke. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: *Molly Larkins*, Janet Gaynor; *Dan Harrow*, Henry Fonda; *Jotham Klore*, Charles Bickford; *Fortune Friendly*, Slim Summerville; *Elmer Otway*, Andy Devine; *Sam Weaver*, Roger Imhof; *Della*, Jane Withers; *Lucy Gurgei*, Margaret Hamilton; *Blacksmith*, Siegfried Rumann; *Sol Tinker*, John Qualen; *Ivy*, Kitty Kelly; *Freight Agent*, Robert Gleckler; *Lottery Agent*, Frank Melton; *Lottery Agent*, Lee Kohlmar.

"GOOSE AND THE GANDER, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story and screen play by Charles Kehyon. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Georgiana*, Kay Francis; *Bob McNear*, George Brent; *Betty*, Genevieve Tobin; *Lawrence*, John Eldredge; *Connie*, Claire Dodd; *Ralph Summers*, Ralph Forbes; *Aunt Julia*, Helen Lowell; *Winkelsteinberger*, Spencer Charters; *Arthur*, William Austin; *Sweeney*, Eddie Shubert; *Buller*, Charles Coleman; *Miriam Brent*, Olive Jones; *Teddy*, Gordon Elliott; *Murphy*, John Sheehan; *Hotel Detective*, Wade Boteler.

"HERE COMES THE BAND"—M-G-M.—From the original screen play by Paul Sloane, Ralph Spence and Victor Mansfield. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Ted Lowry*, Ted Lewis; *Margaret*, Virginia Bruce; *Happy*, Ted Healy; *Piccolo Pete*, Nat Pendleton; *Ollie Watts*, Harry Stockwell; *Don Trevor*, Donald Cook; *Spanky*, Spanky McFarland; *Colonel Wallace*, Addison Richards; *Judge*, Robert McWade; *Scurry*, Charles Lane; *Simmons' Lawyer*, Henry Kolker; *Simmons*, Robert Gleckler; *Banker*, Richard Tucker; *Salesman*, Bert Roach; *Dentist*, Tyler Brook; *DeValerie*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Miss Doyle*, May Beatty. Also Ted Lewis' Orchestra.

"IRISH IN US, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story idea by Frank Orsatti. Screen play by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Danny O'Hara*, James Cagney; *Pat O'Hara*, Pat O'Brien; *Lucille Jackson*, Olivia de Havilland; *Mike O'Hara*, Frank McHugh; *Carbarn*, Allen Jenkins; *Ma O'Hara*, Mary Gordon; *Captain Jackson*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Doc Mullins*, Thomas Jackson; *Joe Delaney*, Harvey Perry; *Mike*, Al Hill.

"JALNA"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Mazo de la Roche. Screen play by Anthony Veiller. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Alayne*, Kay Johnson; *Renny*, Ian Hunter; *Nicholas*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Maurice*, Nigel Bruce; *Eden*, David Manners; *Meg*, Peggy Wood; *Gran*, Jessie Ralph; *Piers*, Theodore Newton; *Ernest*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Finch*, George Offerman, Jr.; *Wake*, Clifford Severn; *Pheasant*, Molly Lamont; *Rags*, Forrester Harvey.

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"JAVA HEAD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Based on the novel by Joseph Hergesheimer. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Nellie Vollar, Elizabeth Allan; Jeremy Ammidon, Edmund Gwenn; Taou Yuen, Anna May Wong; Gerrit Ammidon, John Loder; William Ammidon, Ralph Richardson; Barzil Dunsack, Herbert Lomas; Edward Dunsack, George Curzon.*

"KEYSTONE HOTEL"—WARNERS-VITAPHONE.—Story and screen play by Joe Traub. Directed by Ralph Staub. The cast: *Ford Sterling, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, Marie Prevost, Hank Mann, Vivien Oakland and Dewey Robinson.*

"LITTLE BIG SHOT"—WARNERS.—From the story by Harrison Jacobs. Screen play by Jerry Wald, Julius J. Epstein and Robert Andrews. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Gloria Gibbs, Sybil Jason; Jean, Glenda Farrell; Steve Craig, Robert Armstrong; Mortimer Thompson, Edward Everett Horton; Jack Dore, Jack LaRue; Kell Norton, Arthur Vinton; Bert, J. Carrol Naish; Onderdonk, Edgar Kennedy; Gibbs, Addison Richards; Henchman, Joe Sawyer; Matron, Emma Dunn; Henchman, Ward Bond; Rajah Louie, Tammany Young; Henchman, Murray Alper; Henchman, Marc Lawrence; Lieut. Adams, Guy Usher; Second Matron, Mary Foy.*

"MANHATTAN MOON"—UNIVERSAL.—From the original story by Robert Harris. Screen play by Barry Trivers and Ben Grauman Kohn. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: *Dan Moore, Ricardo Cortez; Yvonne, Dorothy Page; Tools Malloy, Dorothy Page; Reggie Van Dorset, Henry Mollison; Speed, Hugh O'Connell; Luigi, Luis Alberni; Tony, Henry Armetta; Eddie, Regis Toomey; Secrelary, L'Estrange Millman; Lunch Man, Irving Bacon.*

"MURDER MAN, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Tim Whelan and Guy Bolton. Screen play by Tim Whelan and John C. Higgins. Directed by Tim Whelan. The cast: *Steve Gray, Spencer Tracy; Mary Shannon, Virginia Bruce; Captain Cole, Lionel Atwill; Henry Mander, Henry Stephens; Robins, Robert Barrat; Shorty, James Stewart; Pop Grey, William Collier, Sr.; Carey Booth, Bobby Watson; Red Maguire, William Damarest; Sweeney, John Sheehan; Rafferty, Lucien Littlefield; Sol Hertzberger, George Chandler; Buck Hawkins, Fuzzy Knight; Lillian Hopper, Louise Henry; Colville, Robert Warwick; Tony, Joe Irving; Pendleton, Ralph Bushman.*

"PURSUIT"—M-G-M.—From the story by Lawrence G. Blochman. Screen play by Wells Root. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Mitchell, Chester Morris; Maxine, Sally Eilers; Donald, Scotty Beckett; Reynolds, Henry Travers; Shawn, C. Henry Gordon; Mrs. McCoy, Dorothy Peterson; Auto Camp Proprietor, Granville Bates; Hale, Minor Watson; Jake, Harold Huber; Jo-Jo, Dewey Robinson; Cop, Erville Alderson.*

"RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play written and produced by David Belasco. Screen play by Francis Edwards Faragoh. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. The cast: *Peter Grimm, Lionel Barrymore; Catherine, Helen Mack; Dr. Macpherson, Edward Ellis; Mr. Batholommey, Donald Meek; William, George Breakston; Frederik, Allen Vincent; James, James Bush; Mrs. Batholommey, Ethel Griffies; Colonel Lawton, Lucien Littlefield; Maria, Greta Meyer.*

"SHANGHAI"—WALTER WANGER-PARAMOUNT.—From the original story and screen play by Gene Towne, Graham Baker and Lynn Starling. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *Barbara Howard, Loretta Young; Dmitri Koslov, Charles Boyer; His Excellency, Lun Sing, Warner Oland; J. B., Alison Skipworth; Tommy Sherwood, Fred Keating; Truesdale, Charles Grapewin; Hilton, Walter Kingsford; Mrs. Truesdale, Josephine Whittell; Mrs. Hilton, Olive Tell; Corona, Libby Taylor; Ambassador's Son, Keye Luke; Wang, Willie Fung; Manager Stock Exchange, Booth Howard; Von Hueffer, Arnold Korff.*

"SHE GETS HER MAN"—UNIVERSAL.—From the original story by Arken Kandel and David Diamond. Screen play by Aben Kandel. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Esmeralda, ZaSu Pitts; Windy (Richard Wiley), Hugh O'Connell; Francine, Helen Twelvetrees; Elmer, Lucien Littlefield; Flash, Eddie Brophy; Spike, Warren Hymer; Goofy, Bert Gordon; Chick, Ward Bond; Bartin, Richard Alexander. Also King Baggot, Gertrude Astor, Charles Regan, Leo Dillon, George de Norman, Jack Perry, Freddie Welch, Marion Schechter, Sailor Vincent, Johnny Indressina, Phil Bloom, Dave Wingrin, Dutch Hendrian, Jack Silver, Danny Sullivan, Puggy White, Virginia Gre.*

"STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND"—Fox.—From the novel by Ben Lucien Burman. Screen play by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Doctor John Pearly, Will Rogers; Fleety Belle, Anne Shirley; Captain Eli, Irvin S. Cobb; Sheriff Rufe Jeters, Eugene Pallette; Duke, John McGuire; New Moses, Berton Churchill; Efe, Francis Ford; Pappy, Roger Imhof; Matt Abel, Raymond Hatton; Chaplain, Hobart Bosworth; Jonah, Stepin Fetchit.*

"WE'RE IN THE MONEY"—WARNERS.—From the story by George R. Bilson. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert and Brown Holmes. Directed by Raymond Enright. The cast: *Ginger Stewart, Joan Blondell; Dixie Tilton, Glenda Farrell; Homer Bronson, Hugh Herbert; C. Richard Courtney, Ross Alexander; Max, Hobart Cavanaugh; Phil Ryan, Phil Regan; Claire LeClaire, Anita Kerry; Stephen Dinsmore, Henry O'Neill; O'Rourke, Edward Gargan; Jevons, E. E. Clive; Big Chief Pontiac, Myron Cox.*

"WESTWARD HO!"—REPUBLIC.—From the story by Lindsley Parsons. Screen play by Lindsley Parsons, Harry Friedman and Robert Emmett. Directed by R. N. Bradbury. The cast: *John Wyatt, John Wayne; Mary Gordon, Sheila Mannors; Jim Wyatt, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; Ballard, Jack Curtis; Red, Yakima Canutt; Young John, Bradley Metcalf; Mark Wyatt, Hank Bell; Hannah Wyatt, Mary McClaren; Lefe Gordon, Jim Farley; Young Jim, Dickie Jones.*

"WOMAN WANTED"—M-G-M.—From the story by Wilson Collison. Screen play by Leonard Fields and Dave Silverstein. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Ann, Maureen O'Sullivan; Tony, Joel McCrea; District Attorney, Lewis Stone; Smiley, Louis Calhern; Sweeney, Edgar Kennedy; Betty, Adrienne Ames; Peedles, Robert Grieg; Joe Metz, Noel Madison; Casey, Granville Bates; Collins, William B. Davidson; Lee, Richard Powell; Constable, Erville Alderson; Gertie, Gertrude Short.*



Jane Withers joined in animated conversation with Irving Berlin, famous composer of popular songs, when Berlin visited the 20th-Century-Fox lot recently to watch the starlet perform in "Meal Ticket"

Addresses of the Stars

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Paramount Studios

Benny Baker
George Barbier
Wendy Barrie
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Dolores Casey
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Jack Cox
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
Glenn Erikson
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Trixie Friganza
Cary Grant
Julie Haydon
Samuel Hinds
David Holt
John Howard
Marsha Hunt
Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Roscoe Karns
Rosalind Keith
Walter C. Kelly
Jan Kiepura
Billy Lee

Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Marian Mansfield
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Grete Natzler
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Elizabeth Patterson
Joe Penner
George Raft
Jane Rhodes
Lyda Roberti
Charlie Ruggles
Marina Schubert
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sydney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Fred Stone
Gladys Swarthout
Akim Tamiroff
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn
George Arliss
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
William Benedict
Barbara Blane
John Boles
Rita Cansino
Ronald Colman
Jane Darwell
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Alice Faye
Stepin Fetchit
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Pietro Gentili
Frances Grant
Harry Green
Jack Haley
Edward Everett Horton
Rochelle Hudson
Arlene Judge

Paul Kelly
Rosina Lawrence
Edmund Lowe
Fredric March
Nino Martini
John J. McGuire
Victor McLaglen
Frank Melton
Frank Mitchell
Warner Oland
Pat Paterson
Regina Rambeau
Bill Robinson
Will Rogers
Gilbert Roland
Tutta Rolf
Simone
Slim Summerville
Shirley Temple
Andrew Tombes
Claire Trevor
Edward Trevor
Henry B. Walthall
Jane Withers
Loretta Young

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Walter Abel
Fred Astaire
Lucille Ball
James Barton
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Helen Broderick
Margaret Callahan
Dave Chasen
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Preston Foster
Helen Gahagan
Wynne Gibson
James Gleason
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Alan Hale
Jane Hamilton
Margaret Hamilton
Ann Harding

Katharine Hepburn
Maxine Jennings
Molly Lamont
Helen Mack
Ray Mayer
Raymond Middleton
Helen Parrish
Evelyn Poe
Lily Pons
Gene Raymond
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Buddy Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Lionel Stander
Barbara Stanwyck
Kay Sutton
Frank Thomas, Jr.
Helen Westley
Bert Wheeler
John Wood
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks

Miriam Hopkins
Joel McCrea
Mary Pickford

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Jean Arthur
Michael Bartlett
Wyrley Birch
Tala Birell
Nana Bryant
Leo Carrillo
Nancy Carroll
Andy Clyde
Walter Connolly
Douglas Dumbrille
Leon Errol
Thurston Hall
Arthur Hohl
Victor Jory

Fred Keating
Arthur Killian
Peter Lorre
Marian Marsh
Ken Maynard
George McKay
Robert Middlemass
Geneva Mitchell
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Lloyd Nolan
Arthur Rankin
Florence Rice
Ann Sothorn
Raymond Walburn

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy

Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Granville Bates
Wallace Beery
Robert Benchley
Constance Bennett
Virginia Bruce
John Buckler
Ralph Bushman
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Constance Collier
Cicely Courtneidge
Joan Crawford
Live de Maigret
Dudley Digges
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Louise Fazenda
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
Igor Gorin
Jean Harlow
Frank Hayes
Helen Hayes
Louis Hayward
Ted Healy
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Gyles Isham
Allan Jones
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Frances Langford

Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Mala
Marx Brothers
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Chester Morris
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Reginald Owens
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Rosamond Pinchot
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Luise Rainer
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Frank Shields
Harvey Stephen
Henry Stephenson
Harry Stockwell
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Charles Trowbridge
Henry Wadsworth
Lucille Watson
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Baby Jane
Binnie Barnes
Willy Castello
June Clayworth
Andy Devine
Jean Dixon
Irene Dunne
Marta Eggerth
Sally Eilers
Valerie Hobson
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
John King

Frank Lawton
Edmund Lowe
Bela Lugosi
Henry Mollinson
Hugh O'Connell
Dorothy Page
Marina Passerowa
ZaSu Pitts
Jean Rogers
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

BURBANK, CALIF.

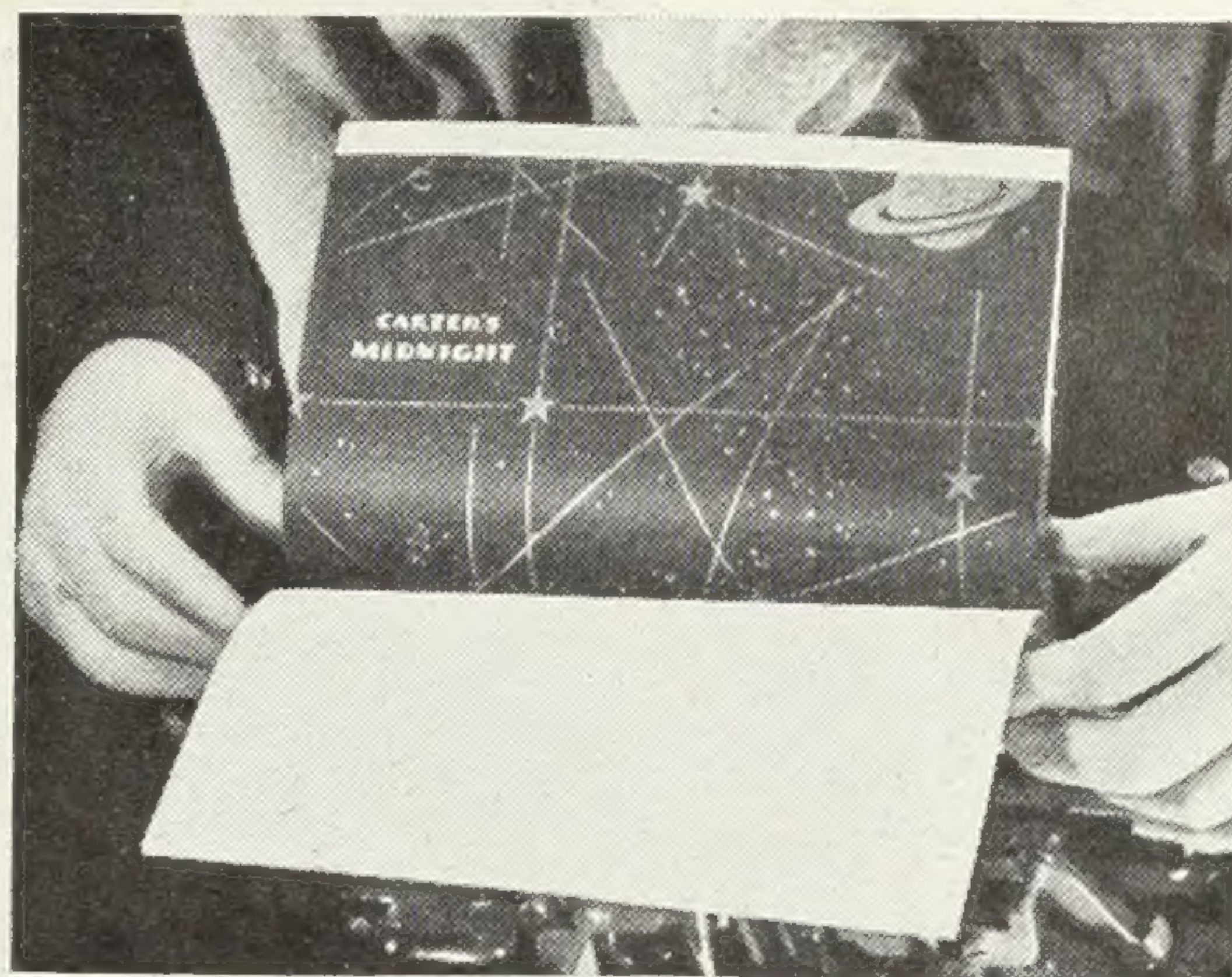
Warners-First National Studios

Eddie Acuff
Ross Alexander
John Arledge
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Joseph Crehan
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Paul de Ricou
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Gordon Elliott
Patricia Ellis
Helen Ericson
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Virginia Grey
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson

Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Anita Kerry
Guy Kibbee
Joseph King
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Helen Lowell
Barton MacLane
Everett Marshall
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Martha Merrill
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Mary Russell
Joseph Sauters
Louise Seidel
Winifred Shaw
Eddie Shubert
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Martha Tibbetts
Genevieve Tobin
June Travis
Mary Treen
Rudy Vallee
Warren William
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood.

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Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112]



It's out! And it didn't hurt a bit—maybe! When little "Alfalfa" Switzer of "Our Gang" had trouble with a loose tooth, Director Gus Meins stopped the cameras long enough to fix it with a piece of string

I SAW Kay Johnson on the set of "Jalna" where hubby John Cromwell was issuing orders.

"Mind your husband directing you?" I asked.

"Yes and no," replied Miss Johnson. "If you mean, do I do what he says—you're darn right I do. If you mean does it bother me—I should say not. I love it."

That's the kind of a wife to have.

It happened during the making of a recent George Arliss picture.

Arliss was to open the picture by walking into the scene. He conferred with the director.

"What have I been doing?" he asked.

"Why—nothing that I know of," said the director. "What do you mean?"

"What have I been doing before I walk in?" Arliss explained. "I must have been doing something. I must be thinking about something."

"I don't know what you mean," said the director.

"Where have I been?" Arliss tried again. "What's out there, where I came from?"

"Oh," said the director. "Don't worry about that. Just walk in. You don't have to be thinking about anything, because you haven't been anywhere. Look," he said, triumphantly, "there's nothing out there past that door—not even a set!"

It seems that Mrs. Offield, who is Jack Oakie's best girl as well as his mother, was

showing some friends around the lot at Paramount. She spied "Cracker" Henderson, who stands in for son Jack, and she wanted the folks to meet him.

Mrs. Offield beckoned to him.

Cracker came over, bowed low.

"I want you to meet Cracker Henderson," said Ma Offield, "he's Jack's step-in."

TO your collection of odd ambitions add that of Sally Eilers. Sally says her goal in life at present is to play in "just one artistic screen flop."

OUR personal vote goes to Alison Skipworth as the best-natured and most serenely tolerant actress in town. Of course, everybody takes advantage of her for that very reason, but Skippy just sits and smiles. If the company is working late, they all want *their* close-ups taken first, so they can get out and keep that date—and Skippy waits and waits and waits, never a cross word, never even a sigh.

The assistant directors, the camera boys and the props adore her, would do anything on earth for her. And of course, Alison Skipworth has always been my favorite person ever since I happened on her one morning, having pancakes and *beer* for breakfast!

"ROMAN SCANDALS" brewed the romance which led to Gloria Stuart's marriage with Arthur Sheekman, who wrote dialogue for the Eddie Cantor picture.

Therefore when Gloria and Art got married and later had a daughter, it was only fitting and proper that she should be named after Gloria's character in "Scandals." She was. Sylvia Vaughn Sheekman got her handle right from a moving picture script.

At present Sylvia Vaughn is doubtless wondering when her mama and papa are going to come home again. They're in Honolulu on a vacation prior to Gloria's return to the screen.

IT'S never too late to learn. Nossir.

Stumbling on the set of "Magnificent Obsession" the other day, we practically tripped over Bert Lytell former picture star and now important stage star sitting in a canvas backed chair and hanging on every word and action that Director John Stahl made. Bert says he's going to learn the tricks of first rate directing, and although he's been in the business for more years than you could imagine, he's starting right at the bottom, like any other student in choosing a new *metier*.



Johnny Weissmuller is determined to make an expert swimmer of this pup. He gives it a swimming lesson daily in his private pool. Johnny is busy these days at M-G-M. working in his third "Tarzan" picture